

THE LONDON READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

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[REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

No. 113.—VOL. V.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 8, 1865.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[THE FIRE IN THE DESERTED HALL.]

THE STRANGER'S SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Seventh Marriage," "The Warning Voice," "Man and his Idol," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DESERTED HALL.

"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old. But something ails it now: the place is cursed."

Wordsworth.

The light flashing in Neville Onslow's face as he entered the window to which the drops of blood had guided his steps utterly disconcerted him.

Alone, in the dead of the night, while the storm muttered and threatened, he had sought the desecrated chapel in the reasonable hope of finding it deserted. That it should be otherwise had never entered his head.

Whatever his object, he had worked toward it with care and precaution.

His plans were arranged with deliberation and forethought. This dark and stormy night had been picked out with a purpose. The feigned departure from the Manor House had occurred as the readiest means of securing a whole night's freedom from observation and restraint, should it be rendered necessary by the purpose he had in hand.

And now all this precaution seemed defeated, either by some human agency or by a supernatural power, the very thought of which filled his soul with awe.

As the light streamed into his eyes, he could hardly suppress a cry, and the instinct of flight almost overcame even his firm nerves. Luckily he still retained some power of self-command, and instead of retreating by the window, he cowered down in the darkness under it.

The light gleamed, flickered, and was gone. Darkness swallowed up the desecrated place, through which a meaning wind swept in fitful gusts, while the creaking by which Onslow had entered swung to and

fro, grating on its rusty hinges as it did so. Beyond those sounds the intruder heard nothing. Although he crouched in silence, holding his breath, and pressing a hand upon his heart to still its throbbing, he heard neither movement nor footstep.

It was strange.

Onslow was brave enough; but he could not help or stifle that heart-beat and the creeping sensation which comes over a man in the hour of mortal terror.

"No human soul can be in this place at this hour," he thought. "What should bring them here? The house is silent as the grave, and this part is divided from the rest by doors always locked. I could have sworn that was the flash of a lamp; but then whoever carried it must have seen the gleam of my dark lantern, and what object could they have in flying from me? Ha! the light again!"

A flash, a rosy glow, and then darkness.

It was only a gleam of lightning which had forced the exclamation of alarm from his lips, and he was angry at his folly in being startled by it.

"Fshaw! I am the fool of my own fears," he gasped. "Will this storm never clear off? I'm neither weak nor superstitious, but a man must have nerves of steel to carry out a purpose like mine against all these horrors. The place itself from its history and associations is enough to strike a chill into one's heart at time. But at this hour, and in such a storm, and with such ghostly company as may surround me—"

Again a forked and hissing flash, so like and yet so unlike the gleam which had at first so startled him, caused him to pause, and glance around with a shudder. It was followed by a peal of thunder, that rumbled overhead and shook the solid structure to its foundations.

"Such a storm might wake the dead in their graves," muttered Onslow. "The dead! God help me, what has come to me that my nerves quiver at the bare thought of those who are beyond the power of blessing or harming me. I will not be overcome with these fears of the supernatural. If it is possible that the spirit of the Unavenged could haunt this place, it would be to strengthen me in my purpose, not to

unnerve and terrify me. I know this. My reason tells me so, and yet I shudder and falter like a frightened hound."

Plucking up his courage with these words, Onslow quitted the spot in which he still crouched, near the window by which he had entered, and advancing boldly, suddenly opened the dark lantern at his belt, and raising it, took a deliberate survey of the place into which he had introduced himself.

It was a desolate place enough.

Even in the bright sunshine of a summer's noon it would have chilled the heart to look at it.

There is something in every human habitation, abandoned and falling into decay, which jars upon the feelings. We involuntarily conjure up the faces of those who have sat about the once cheerful hearth, and every forsaken household object makes an appeal to our sympathies.

Neville Onslow had felt this many a time before, but never so strongly as on this occasion.

He had travelled much and had gazed on desolation and decay in most forms; but this place inspired a feeling such as he had never before experienced.

It was a lofty hall, with the original chapel roof; but with walls wainscoted up to a certain distance, and then painted with floral designs in bright colours, the high lights heightened with gold—more in keeping with the banqueting hall than the religious structure. The huge oaken table, on which many a banquet had smoked, still held its place, sound as ever, though covered with a century's dust. At the head of it was a chair of state, once bright with Utrecht velvet and gold, but now colourless, and not to be distinguished from the cob-webs among which it rotted. Other chairs and stools, all of an early time, were scattered about, most of them crazy and rotten; some were wrecks, but one or two firm and sturdy as ever. The floor was soft, as if with garden mould, and covered here and there with patches of fungus.

These points were quickly noted, and all accorded with the legend Onslow had heard of the abandonment of the place, in consequence of some terrible doom which, it was stated, overtook the Edgewood

whose sacrilegious hand desecrated the chapel for its construction.

But these only engaged passing attention. It was not from mere curiosity that Neville Onslow had come there in the midst of the raging storm. A deep and solemn motive had prompted him to that step, and he was not forgetful of it.

"A grim and ghostly place!" he ejaculated, as a flash of lightning lit it up for a second with a vividness that seemed to extinguish the light he carried. "A strange, earthy, revolting place," he continued, "but what better adapted to the purpose they have applied it to? Standing here I feel my presentiments realized. What I once thought an idle tale, an invention of a spiteful woman's brain, grows probable—it may even be true!"

The hand that carried the lamp shook like an aspen as he thus seemed to feel the dread reality of what up to that time had only suggested itself as barely possible. And it was some time before he could recover from the tremor which unnerved and left him powerless. When he did regain composure, he set himself to the task of a close and searching scrutiny, extending to every portion of the apartment.

"First," he said to himself, "let me look for the blood-spots. I traced them on that night to the window by which I have just entered. Did they go any further?"

Directing his light upon the ground, he carefully examined the sodden and dirt-encrusted floor, beginning at the window.

The result was not satisfactory.

As garden mould shows traces of rain-drops, of the foot-prints of man or animal, and even the trail of the worm, and so the dust of centuries upon the floor took the impression of all that touched it. But examine closely as he would, for yards about the window, Onslow could discover nothing save the impress of his own footsteps.

"That settles one point," he muttered in a tone of disappointment. "My theory that the so-called apparition was a human being, who, on getting a bullet-wound, sought refuge in this deserted place, or passed through this into the inhabited part of the house, is at an end. No blood, no foot-prints inside the window. Clearly my sagacity was at fault, so far. What then? Am I forced back on the conclusion that this is really and truly the spirit of my—of the dead haunting the scene of the outrage upon its mortal form? My practical mind rejects the idea, and yet all I see, all I gather from others, drives me irresistibly toward that conclusion."

For some moments he stood absorbed in thought.

A flash of lightning, followed by a reverberating peal of thunder, recalled him to himself.

Then, shaking off the weight of oppressive and "thick coming fancies," he resumed his investigation.

His attention was first directed toward the door, which was of massive oak, with hinges spreading in a lofty and fantastic pattern over it. A lock of formidable proportions was conspicuous on the door, and Onslow saw with a quick eye that the key remained on the inside.

Yet the door was fastened.

He tried it with both hands, and it did not even creak.

The only conclusion at which he could arrive was that it was either locked on the outside, and that the key, which had rusted in the lock, did not act, or that the door was nailed up.

In the latter case it showed clearly that no one could enter the place, except by the means he adopted, and if so, how was he to account for the light, the flash of which had so startled him?

Fortunately, an easy means of ascertaining whether the door could be used was afforded by means of the dusty floor. No one could enter without leaving their mark on it.

Were any such marks visible, then?

He looked—held the dark lantern close to the ground and examined it closely.

No. The dust lay smooth and undisturbed.

Not a trace of anything but of a slight drifting, caused by the wind as it swept in under the door.

No foot-prints but his own. No indications of the presence of any living thing. To all appearance he, Neville Onslow, might have been the first who had entered that doomed place since it was abandoned in a bygone century. There was something awe-inspiring in the thought. It also awoke another feeling, partly of satisfaction, partly of disappointment.

"Here then the clue falls," cried the young man, looking gloomily round. "My sagacity is at fault. Whatever has happened, this is not the scene of it. Whatever form the mystery takes, it has yet to be discovered."

These thoughts were still in his mind—for he conceived rather than uttered them—when, happening to turn the stream of light in a fresh direction, he suddenly broke into a cry of surprise.

The light had fallen on the long table which, as we have said, Time had covered with a cloth of dust. It rested on one corner of it, and in so doing, disclosed that which upset all the conclusions to which the intruder had just arrived.

It was a very simple thing, too.

Only the impression of an outspread human hand!

Clear and distinct in outline, there could be no question but that this was really what it appeared to be. A hand had rested there, probably, from the outstretched fingers, to save some one in the act of stumbling or falling.

In spite, therefore, of the general appearance of things, in spite of the closed-up door and the smooth surface of the flooring near it, a human being must have found means of entrance, and this must have happened recently.

Jumping to this conclusion, the young man advanced to the table and hastily inspected the flooring around it. The result was what he expected.

There were footmarks!

Small, as if formed by a woman's foot, small and elegant in shape, they formed two lines, extending from the centre of the table—not toward the door, but toward a point in the wainscoting. From that point some one had come: to that point they had returned. Hence the two lines of footmarks.

But this discovery rather increased than lessened the mystery.

From the wainscoting to the table: from the table back to the wall. A single pacing each way and nothing more. There was something inexplicable to this, and Onslow reflected over it long and earnestly.

"There must be a secret door in the paneling," he decided.

A close and scrutinizing examination of the wall did not confirm that impression. Above it was stained and cracked, but the paneling, though damp, was solid and compact to the eye. The oak had been jointed together in solid planks, which had withstood the effects of time and neglect. Every plank was hollow to the touch, but not one showed any sign of the possibility of moving it.

Again to discover the secret of this mystery, he went over every seam, and examined closely every knot of the wood, with some vague idea that it might be a spring, the touching of which would reveal a concealed entrance.

No such result rewarded his scrutiny.

Again he paused, again reflected, the rumbling of the dying storm sounding in his ears as he did so.

"The spring may be at the top of the paneling," he thought.

Without a moment's reflection he seized one of the quaint old joint-stools, which had stood near the great hall table for a century past, and dragged it to the wall, was of sufficient height for his purpose and he hastily mounted it.

In the act of doing this, lamp in hand, he was startled by a sound, between a cry and an exclamation, and hastily turned toward the window from which it seemed to proceed. The clearing of the storm had caused the night to brighten; the heavens were no longer black, but were brightening under the rays of a rising moon.

Onslow saw this, and it enabled him to see more.

He beheld the outline of a human head black against the sky, and was conscious that his proceedings were being watched by two keen eyes peering in at the open window.

Starting at this discovery, his first instinct was to close the lantern; but in the act of doing so, the crazy support to which he had trusted himself gave way and came clattering down, while he, clutching in vain at the bare panels, fell backward and came to the ground with a heavy crash that stunned him.

Yet, lying there senseless and bleeding, it seemed to him that he had a dim consciousness of the light which had flashed in his eyes on first entering the deserted hall.

CHAPTER XVII.

DURING THE STORM.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky

Arrives the storm.

Emerson.

Yet woe in vain, for to the voice of love

No kindly sympathy the maid discovers.

Keats.

OWING to the storm—the coming of which the girl Ruth declared she could have foretold, owing to her having dreamed of riding to church on a camel—the inmates of the Manor House were late in retiring to rest.

Company seems to deprive such outbursts of nature of half their terror. So they formed a circle in the Great Drawing-room, as it was called to distinguish it from the others, and beguiled the time as best they might.

To please her father and Lord Englestone, both of

whom were fond of music—so fond that it had formed the chief link between them from boyhood—Florence played some selections from Beethoven and Mendelssohn, and Chesney Tofts distinguished himself by the assiduity with which he turned over the leaves.

It was, he declared, a delicious treat to him. And what if he did yawn, and perpetually change his feet, and wonder whether it was too late for a game of billiards with Englestone, or if he should have to content himself with a cigar with Gabriel, as Onslow was away? It was only what half the people who profess to be enraptured with music would have done in his case.

Moreover, he had a special reason for his enthusiasm.

It was one of a series of artifices by which he hoped to accomplish the object which had brought him to the Manor House, and which he did not despair of succeeding in, despite as his chances looked at this stage. Looking at Tofts, "loud" and vulgar, even in sober evening dress, and from him to Florence, the refined and beautiful, there seemed but a poor chance of the man's exercising any fascination over his companion. And yet that was what he had set himself, or, rather, had been set to do. He was only obeying orders to-night—orders long given, but acted on now as the first convenient opportunity. Ever since he had been under that roof he had understood his mission there clearly and unmistakably, nor had he shrunk from it, or regarded himself as unequal to it, but simply waited his time.

Now that it was come he was prepared. All that evening he had cooled his part to perfection. It was a little over-dressed, particularly in the matter of jewellery, waistcoat buttons, and a great red and white carnation in the button-hole—but it was well played. His language was pruned with care. Not an oath, not an allusion to a stable or a race, not a comic song or a "public," had escaped him. He had devoted himself to Florence with a deliciously evident result of training, and had kept his attention entirely for subjects which she displayed a taste for. Foreign as it was to his nature, he had even turned on poetry; but that was delicate ground, and he made off from that too shure as quickly as he could.

Attention was never lost upon a woman, where they may be shown by, and at the close of the evening Florence felt ashamed at having regarded Mr. Chesney Tofts at the outset with some degree of aversion.

"He is really an agreeable fellow," she thought.

And while the idea was in her mind he was summing her up in his characteristic fashion.

"Neville was right. She is splendid, by Jove!" he decided.

Among those who listened to the music with peculiar pleasure, when she could divert her mind of terror at the storm, was Blanche Selwyn. She reclined in an easy chair, fanning herself with a last-summer of ostrich plumes, and receiving the attention of a mother from Lady Edgewood.

But though soothed by music and anticipated in every wish, she was strangely ill at ease. Her eyes were hollow, her cheeks pale, and that fragile form of hers palpitated with nervous trepidation. And the presence of Gabriel, far from bringing her comfort, appeared to increase her unrest.

"I love him and yet I fear him! he fascinates and he frightens me!" she had said when lying in her sick chamber after her rescue from the perils of the waters at Scobie Head. And this feeling influenced her still, but with this difference, that the sense of love had diminished, while that of terror had increased.

His approach chilled her like an icy blast.

If he looked toward her, his eye had an influence in it—an evil influence, surely?—which seemed to paralyse her.

At the sound of his voice every nerve quivered, as a harp-string quivers under the touch, while the law thought of grasping his hand was intolerable to her.

And yet she could not credit but that she loved him.

Listening to the music which filled the night, drowning the thunder, except when at intervals a loud peal would roll through it like a discordant bell, the thought of this love was uppermost in her mind.

"Oh yes, yes, I have ever loved him!" she argued with her heart (and alas, for the love that needs such argument!). "What a handsome, brave, generous boy he was, and how my eyes filled with pride when they said I was his little wife, destined to be his from my birth! I am sure I loved him then. And when he came from college—a man, it filled me with a rapture of delight to meet him, and to read in his eyes the old love, the old devotion, the all-absorbing passion that time and absence could strengthen and mature, but could not kill. I loved him then. I do love him! I will love him! and heaven will help me to conquer this foolish fancy that makes me shudder and tremble at him, I know not why."

Following the bent of her thoughts, the girl

of the fair being turned towards the object of their gaze.

He was standing at one of the windows, from which he held aside the heavy curtains with one hand, and was looking out into the wild night. In the flash after flash the blue lightning played upon his face, and exaggerating the expression of it, rendered it terrible to look on. His eyes had a strange fire in them, his brow was knit, his teeth clenched, and the hair on his brow, through which he had passed an impatient hand, stood standing erect.

"Gabriel!" cried Blanche, with a suppressed cry.

He heard her voice, low as it was, dropped the curtain, and moved toward her. Involuntarily she started her head, and gave a convulsive clutch of the hands; then, by a strong effort, looked toward him. It was only the action of a moment, this turning aside; but in that brief space the aspect of Gabriel Edgecombe's face had wholly changed.

The brow was smooth as a lake, and a smile played over the handsome features.

"You called me, Blanche?" he asked, tenderly. She trembled even while Gabriel spoke; he saw it, and the smile died out of his face.

"I—I was afraid the lightning would strike you if you remained at the window," Blanche faltered, angry with herself for the readiness with which she had lavished this excuse to cover her impulsive outcry, yet feeling compelled to account for it in some way.

"You feared it?" he asked, half-reproachfully.

"Yes. But I am so timid, and—"

"Strange!" cried Gabriel, "and I have no sense of fear. I never feel it. I have no more idea what it is than a man who is colour-blind has of the tints of the rainbow."

He seated himself by her side as he spoke, and looking into her face saw with wonder that these words caused her exquisite pain.

But the lightning was playing bluely over your face," she returned. "It might have blinded you."

"True; but I did not feel that."

"You have the virtue of courage to perfection," said Blanche, forcing a smile, but seeking in vain to conceal her quivering lips.

Gabriel tossed his head proudly.

"Courage is no virtue," he said. "That is a popular delusion. It is as natural for some men to be brave as it is for apoplexy to swim. Courage and cowardice are only names for two distinct organizations—one strong, the other sensitive. You might as well set it down to the score of a man's virtues that he has black hair instead of red. He did not make his own hair, and had as little to do with his temperament. Courage a virtue, indeed! Cowardice a vice! You might as well hang a man for having no ear for music!"

It was natural to Gabriel Edgecombe to work himself into a fever of excitement when expressing an opinion on any topic on which he felt strongly, and now his eyes glowed and his cheeks flamed up.

Lady Edgecombe, who had watched her son from a sofa to which she had retired, stole toward him, and placed her hand soothingly on his shoulder.

"Take care, dear," she said. "You are exciting Blanche, and she is not strong yet."

Had her ladyship said, "You are exciting yourself, and you are not strong yet," she would not have expressed her meaning more distinctly.

Gabriel felt this, and mentally thanked her.

Unfortunately, Blanche also was conscious of it, and it did that nameless fear of Gabriel which was slowly undermining her love for him—slowly, covertly, but very surely.

So, conscious that her ladyship, in resuming her seat, continued to watch Gabriel with an anxious eye and palpitating heart, it was with the utmost difficulty that she forced herself to continue the conversation.

"It is modesty which induces you to underrate your own shining quality," she said. "But I can never forget it, since it is to that I owe my life, and gratitude."

Gabriel winced as if at a sting.

"Always gratitude," he said, in a low tone; "always that chilling word upon your lips."

"My heart prompts it," she replied.

"And my heart hungers for the expression of a deeper, a warmer feeling, as the bond of union between us. It may be wrong, Blanche, but I often wish to heaven that it had fallen to another's lot to render you the service which you have just named. Then you would have made him happy with your thanks, while for me you would have had only words of love—of the old love which once animated our hearts, and made the future of our lives glow with its radiance. Oh, darling, tell me no more of gratitude; only say that you love me, that you are unchanged, that your heart is still mine, and my happiness will be complete."

"You know—" Blanche began—then hesitated. Gabriel looked at her with distrust.

"No matter for my knowledge," he said, "but tell me all that you have in your heart to say. Let me hear from your lips once more that you love me. The blessing seems too great, too overpowering—let me have the assurance that I am not mistaken, but that indeed, indeed, you are my own."

"Yours, Gabriel," was the murmured reply. "Yes, I am yours. I am indeed yours."

They were her words, and he heard them, but found little comfort in their utterance. There needs something more than mere words to satisfy a lover's heart. A look, a tone, a mere inflection of the voice is worth a dictionary of words.

Love is painted blind. He had better have been dumb. To his votaries the eye expresses more than the lips, and so Gabriel found. He listened to this assurance of affection, and turned aside with an aching heart.

"Duty and gratitude make her mine," he felt, "not love—not love. That she reserves to lavish on another."

And then the image of Neville Onslow rose before him, disturbed by an atmosphere of jealous fears and doubts, and in that unlucky moment Blanche mentioned his name.

"Your friend Onslow stays late," she said.

Gabriel's eyes glared on her.

"You miss him?" he hissed out.

"I?"

"I mean that you—that we—have grown used to his society, and—"

"In a small circle one is missed," added Blanche, her face crimson, and then white as alabaster.

"Exactly. But he does not return to-night, I believe," Gabriel said; and in his heart he added, "I would give the world if he never set foot within these walls again."

"He is an old friend of yours?" the lady asked.

"We have often met."

"In England?"

"Chiefly abroad."

"You know his family?"

"No. He is, I believe, an orphan, born abroad, and left, with few relations, to the mercy of the world."

"Poor fellow!"

"Nonsense!" He checked himself, and added, "I beg pardon. I mean that you mistake me. He is left to the mercy—not the charity—of the world. His means appear to be ample, and I am not aware that he has any claims on your sympathies."

"Except that which all have who are deprived of the blessings of those natural ties which make up the happiness of life."

"Oh, never fear," said Gabriel, forcing a laugh.

"A young and well-to-do man has little difficulty in forming natural ties. And Onslow is not wanting in audacity. He will soon take steps to repair the misfortunes of his condition, if he has not already done so."

"You think, then, that he has—"

"Dear Blanche, we must not enquire too curiously into these matters. A man who has spent half his life in roving about the world is sure to have made many conquests, and who knows but that in the dangerous game of playing with hearts, his own may have got entangled?"

"No," cried the fair girl, thrown off her guard, and speaking with vehemence. "I will not believe it."

"Blanche!"

"You wrong him! You—Great heaven, what is that?"

She started from her seat as she spoke, and pointed to the curtained windows. They had become transparent. A red light appeared suddenly to have started up behind them.

The rest of the company perceived this at the same moment, and rushed toward the windows.

Lord Englestone was the first to tear a curtain aside.

Then the red light streamed into the room.

"The lightning has struck the house," he ejaculated.

"Impossible!" cried Sir Noel.

"See! See for yourself! Is it not so?"

Lady Edgecombe answered.

"The deserted wing is in flames!" she said.

"No! no!" shrieked the baronet, in a paroxysm of alarm. "Not that—not the old chapel?"

"Fortunately, yes," replied Gabriel, who had by this time thrown open a window, and was looking out.

"Fortunately!" gasped Sir Noel. "You talk like an idiot. You don't know—you—you—"

He staggered forward, and leaned against the wall for support, unable to give further utterance to the feelings which agitated him, while those around gazed on in consternation and utter bewilderment.

The baronet's emotion was inexplicable.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GABRIEL'S REWARD.

An icy horror lifted up my hair,
My heart turned cold and stopped, and then I knew
I had been blinded.

HAD the lightnings of heaven at last avenged the act of desecration which had converted a consecrated place into a hall of revelry and indulgence? So it appeared.

Unquestionably the deserted hall was raging with fire, the windows glowed red like the mouths of furnaces, and though the flames had not yet burst forth, they could be seen flickering and chafing within, impatient of restraint and confinement.

The effect of lightning, no doubt.

And yet it was strange that the electric fluid should have taken on the capricious course it must have done, leaving the outer shell of the building unscathed, and kindling the interior into a mass.

Superstition explained it, and justified it on the ground that it was only the inner portion which had suffered desecration. The sacred outer walls retained their sacredness, and so remained untouched.

But this was an after-theory.

At the moment, no one had a thought beyond the fact that the deserted end of the east wing was on fire and the entire Manor House in danger.

A fire is an awful thing, happen where it may. In the crowded city it spreads terror and consternation, for there its ravages are without limits, and the danger is so vast and undefined, that it spreads universal panic. But cities, forewarned of the foe, are prudently fore-armed. The click of the telegraph needle spreads the alarm far and wide, and engines, men, and all the resources on which it is possible to rely in such a case, spring up as if from the ground, like the armed men on the sowing of the dragon's teeth.

In the country, especially in isolated spots, the outbreak of a conflagration, though it is less likely to be widespread in its devastations, is even more appalling, since the means of suppressing it are almost wholly wanting.

Thus it happened that the fire at the Manor House paralyzed those who beheld it.

They looked on in stupid wonder.

"How had it happened?" they asked one another, as if that would in any way afford a clue to the means of extinguishing it.

Gabriel Edgecombe alone was equal to the emergency.

He rushed from Blanche's side, with burning eyes, and a fierce determination of manner that was contagious. Tofts, who had been accustomed to regard a fire in the nature of a "jolly lark," followed him, and soon the household was aroused—the servants being for the most part in their beds. The keepers, startled at the glare of light, hurried in from the park and preserves, and so a little crowd was assembled.

Certain preparations had been made against such a catastrophe; but, as usual, when it came, precious time was wasted in consequence of their being in a defective state.

A row of buckets hung in the servants' hall, and these, cracked and leaking for the most part, were speedily brought out. A reel of hose was also forthcoming, as soon as anyone had recovered presence of mind enough to remember where it was kept.

The buckets were, under Gabriel's care, soon placed in willing hands, and a line was formed from the ornamental water in the park to the part of the building where the fire raged.

Then the hose having been attached to a pump constructed for the purpose of receiving it, was got into action, Luke the groom, and Gidley the keeper, taking the lead in this matter.

Messengers were, meanwhile, despatched to the next village for the parish engine, and then all that was practicable had been done.

Both Lord Englestone and Cheney Tofts took their part with the buckets, for in a moment like that—a moment of common peril—distinctions of rank and class are at an end; they worked, and among the hardest.

Sir Noel alone seemed incapable of action.

He stood about with staring eyes, and hands clasped together, horror-stricken and powerless.

The great end window fell in with a crash, splintering and shivering as it went. The imprisoned flames rushed forth and rose, hissing, against the stream of water, instantly directed against them, and sending clouds of white vapour and innumerable sparks that floated over the roof endangered the safety of the rest of the Manor House.

The baronet saw this, but as with the eye of a dead man.

Stricken powerless, he could only watch the flames the sparks, the wheeling pigeons that circled high and higher in the rosy light, the dark faces below, the gathering crowd at the water's side, and take in the whole as a picture never to be erased from his brain.

In the midst of all a hand was suddenly laid on his shoulder.

A heavy hand, that caused him to start and turn. In doing so he encountered a man with huge, broad shoulders, but whose face was hidden under the lappet of a fur cap, purposely let down in front.

"Sir Noel," whispered this personage.

"Well?"

"There's a man inside there."

And he stretched out his arm toward the burning structure.

"A man in the building?" the baronet faltered.

"Yes."

"Nonsense. You are mistaken?"

"Not I."

"But it is impossible."

"Is it? I tell you he's there. I saw him with my own eyes."

"Then you—"

He put out his hand to grasp the arm of the informer, but the fellow had expected this, and was too nimble to be caught.

"No, no," he shouted from the shadow into which he had sprung. "Not to be caught. He's there. That's all. In there with the flames. Dead by this time, I daresay. All right."

And he was gone.

While Sir Noel stood looking after him in amazement, Gabriel darted up.

"What is it?" he demanded, reading something strange in the expression of his father's face.

"Some one is in the chapel," said Sir Noel.

"What! In where the flames are?"

"Yes."

"Great heaven! They will be roasted to death. But are you sure? Who is it?"

"I don't know."

"One of the household?"

"I can't tell you."

"No. Nor does it matter. He must be saved," cried Gabriel, spring up with his strange enthusiasm.

"No, no. It is too late," shouted Sir Noel. "No one shall enter the place now. It is dangerous and will be useless. No one shall go in. I forbid it. You shall not risk a life."

"Not my own?"

"No."

Gabriel burst into a wild, demoniacal laugh.

"You think I will stand here and let a fellow creature perish while I have the power to try and save him," he shouted. "No, father, no! Though you should disinheret me for it—no!"

In an instant he was gone.

With a helpless, imploring look, the baronet held out his hands in the direction his son had taken, then clasping his brow, groaned as one in mortal agony.

"He shall not, must not enter," was the exclamation which burst from him as he rushed toward the burning pile.

Meanwhile, Gabriel in his excitement had burst through the crowd which formed a circle about the flames, and reckless of consequences, appeared rushing upon certain destruction.

For a moment, and only one, his purpose was arrested.

His name, shouted in his mother's voice, caused him to look back, and he saw her ladyship among the crowd, with Flora and Blanche beside her, their heads covered with hastily snatched-up shawls.

"Why do you go there?" demanded Lady Edgcombe.

"To save a life, mother," he answered, proudly.

"A life?"

"Yes. Some one is perishing among the flames."

"And you?" shouted Blanche.

"I will save him or perish."

He rushed back, seized her white hand, impressed a kiss upon it, and then bounded forward to what appeared certain destruction.

"How brave and noble he is!" murmured Blanche; but for all that, she could not repress a shudder, that did not result from the chills of the night.

Brightly and high as it raged, the fire was confined to the extreme end of the building, and thus the part more immediately adjoining the inhabited portion of this wing of the Manor House, was still dark and untouched.

Toward this Gabriel made his way, and selecting one of the windows at a convenient distance from the ground, climbed up, and caught at the fastening.

To his astonishment it instantly yielded. In truth the window was not fastened, but had only blown to, having been left to swing as it would.

"This confirms the idea of some one having entered the place," he thought.

And while that thought was in his mind, he sprang, or rather swung himself, through the aperture, and descended on the inside.

The place was full of smoke, that blinded and choked him, and made his situation full of peril.

Thick, pungent smoke on all sides, shutting out every object, and rendering it impossible to tell in what direction safety might be sought or assistance rendered.

Only to the left the opaque gloom of the place brightened, and indicated that in that direction the fire was raging, and indeed, the heat which proceeded thence rendered this sufficiently clear.

With the fierce impetuosity, the reckless daring, the blind indifference to danger which came upon him at such moments, Gabriel Edgcombe dashed forward, shouting and yelling to arrest the attention of any who might be in the building, until the smoke got into his throat, and not only rendered him hoarse, but well-nigh choked him. Warned by this experience, he was silent; but had no idea whatever of retreating.

The thick, stifling air recalled to his mind what he had often heard—that in such cases it was more easy to breathe near the ground than elsewhere; and thankful that this had occurred to him, he threw himself down at full length, and proceeded to crawl forward, darting out his hands in all directions, in the vague hope of encountering some hapless being to whom he might be of assistance.

And in this he was not disappointed, for after running foul of the great oaken table, and dragging down upon himself the ruins of a chair which dropped to pieces at a touch, he almost recoiled at finding his fingers entwined in the thick locks of a human head!

Some one lay senseless on the floor.

Living or dead—who could tell which—some hapless being lay there, unknown to all except the mysterious being who had given the alarm.

The sensation of delight which filled Gabriel's heart on making this discovery almost overpowered him.

It is such a glorious thing to feel that one may have saved a life!

But it was not saved yet.

The difficulty of penetrating alone through the blinding smoke was as nothing in comparison with that of retracing the way, burdened with a heavy log-like body.

Already the air had grown too dense and foul to admit of Gabriel's standing erect. It was only therefore on his knees that he could move with his burden. And, worst of all, the density of the smoke prevented his finding with any certainty the window by which he had entered. The light on one side was a sort of guide, and there were voices shouting to him at the window, shouting their loudest, too, but in the general tumult caused by the rush of water, the roaring of the flames, and the voices of the crowd, it was almost impossible to tell the direction in which the sound came.

There was nothing for it but to make a dash in what appeared to be the right direction, and to leave the issue to the control of Providence.

A weary struggle—a long, fierce battle with the difficulties of his position, brought Gabriel Edgcombe to the verge of exhaustion. He panted and gasped for breath. An unnatural light flickered before his eyes. Strange cries rang in his ears, and the feeling of exhaustion became intense and overwhelming.

Still, he did not lose heart or courage.

"I will not die," he ejaculated, "I will not give in. I've come to save this poor wretch, and I'll do it. I'll do it."

He was in the act of speaking, when a rush of water pouring in upon him as he lay, exhausted by clinging to his burden, almost put an end to his resolution and his existence. Alarmed at his protracted absence, those at the window had ordered the water to play through the window by which he had entered, in the hope that if that part of the building had taken fire it might be extinguished in time to rescue him.

The blunder would have proved fatal, had not Gabriel, with one frantic dash, reached the window and held up an imploring hand.

There were twenty ready to clutch at it.

Then the water was stopped, and, refreshed by the pure air rushing in at the window, Gabriel seized the inanimate body of his companion and dragged it to light.

Words cannot describe the shout which rent the air at the appearance of the hero and the man he had rescued.

Before it had ceased, a cry of anguish rent the air, and a woman's form, light as that of a sylph, rushed forward.

"It is he! It is Neville Onslow! He is dead!" she cried.

And heedless of consequences, she knelt down on the grass, where he was by this time laid, and wrung her hands in anguish over him.

"Neville Onslow here!" cried Sir Noel Edgcombe, catching at the words and rushing forward.

"Yes," said Gabriel, bitterly, "he is here. I have risked my life to save him, and this—this is my reward!"

He pointed to the form of Blanche Selwyn, as she

knelt beside his rival, and all the jealous bitterness, all the evil that was in his nature, seemed expressed in the hideous look that distorted his face.

As to Sir Noel Edgcombe, he stood like a man paralyzed.

The discovery that Neville Onslow, who was supposed to be far away, had been concealed in the burning wing of the Manor House, congealed the very blood in his veins with terror.

(To be continued.)

ROSALIE.

CHAPTER X.

THIRD.

THERE was one prominent idea in the mind of Mr. Lorley at that moment—he was safe from the wolves. They had swept on like a whirlwind to the brow of the precipice, and there separated into two bodies, a part going to the right and the others to the left, in order to make their way down the cliff at some less precipitous point to the feast awaiting them on the rocks below. A few of them, in their excitement, followed the fate of the horse, going over the cliff and dashing themselves to pieces; but the majority had taken the course we have indicated, and in five minutes there was not a wolf visible to Lorley, although a grand snarling and yelping attested the carnival that was being held in the valley.

The chase had thus come to an end.

"Well, this is a grand escapade," muttered Lorley, as he looked around. "The horse dead, the wolves feasting, and the girl and I perched up in separate trees. It might be worse, though—that's some comfort. If that limb had broken, or if my hands had slipped, it would have been all over with me. Let's see—where can I be? This hill and that valley—the river beyond. Ah! is it possible? I am not more than two miles from the Junction. I know very well where I am."

Thus muttering to himself, he continued his survey of the scene. By ascending to the top of the tree in which he had taken refuge, he was able to make out the familiar outlines and windings of Horse Creek, and to perceive the bright streaks in the distance caused by the reflection of the moonlight upon Platte River.

"I see," he muttered. "I am just about as near the Junction as I care to be at this moment. Ha! there's the camp of the waggon-train! The lights flashing—a grand excitement taking place on account of the girl's absence! Perhaps they'll be coming this way to search for her. The howlings of the wolves may have suggested to her friends that there are visitors in this quarter. Let's see—what shall I do?"

He mused sulkily upon his position and prospects.

"Bad—couldn't be more unfortunate!" he exclaimed, as a commentary on the late events. "I have not only lost the girl, but my own personal means of locomotion. Where can I get another horse? Doubtless there will be a great hue and cry after me for the next few hours. Where shall I go?"

The thoughts of the baffled man soon returned to Paula, and he earnestly debated within himself the question whether it was possible for him to return to her or not. He believed that the main body of the wolves were under the cliff, and that they would remain there until gorged, by which time their ferocity would be notably diminished. He had taken sufficient notice of the vicinity to feel capable of finding his way back to the place where Paula had left him, and still retained his pistols and knives—weapons enough to destroy any straggling members of the late pack of pursuers.

"I'll try it," he muttered, as he saw lights here towards the wood, not far from the spot where he had seized Paula. "If I can once more get the girl in my possession, at any hazard, all will be well."

He descended the tree in silence, and, seeing nothing of the wolves, hurried away in the direction of the spot, as near as he could judge, where he had dropped Paula. He met a couple of wolves by the way, shooting one and considerably accelerating the progress of the other, but experienced no other adventures, although in the distance, from various portions of the windfall, still came the peculiar intonations of the wolves.

At last Mr. Lorley paused.

"Not a sign—not so much as a tree or any other feature of the landscape to aid my search," he muttered.

"I cannot tell whether I came this way or not."

He went on a few rods further, looking sharply around, and then paused again, with a dubious expression. It was at this critical juncture, just as he was meditating the abandonment of the search, that a voice was borne faintly to his ears—the voice of Paula calling for aid.

"Ah, there she is!" he ejaculated, with a cry of

placed surprise. "How exceedingly fortunate I am!"

He proceeded on his way, guided by the cries of Paula, which grew louder and louder on his hearing, and was soon within sight of the tree in which she had taken refuge. At the sight of him, the cries of Paula suddenly ceased.

"Ah, I see you again, eh?" the villain exclaimed, as he beheld a dark figure in a tree before him. "I thought you would be lonely here, as it's little likely that you know what direction to take to return to your friends, and I have accordingly come back to comfort you."

Paula still remained silent.

To tell the truth, she was so much grieved by the villain's return that she could not for the moment find words for her emotions.

"Will you come down?" Mr. Lorley inquired, "or shall I come up there? You really seem to take kindly to the craft of a woodman. The way you climbed that tree would surprise many a professed gymnast. Shall I come?"

Paula answered only by glancing above her and selecting the highest limb in the tree that was fitted to receive her weight, and at once commenced climbing still higher.

"Ah, that's your game," ejaculated Lorley. "You can't very well climb much higher."

She lost no time in ascending the tree.

By the time Paula had placed herself on the highest limb, and so far out upon it that it bent with her weight, he had climbed up near her. The tree was of large size, so that the girl and her persecutor were not less than forty or fifty feet from the ground.

Here they looked at each other.

"I must say that you take your adventures quite coolly," the villain at length observed. "But in good truth, what can be more agreeably romantic than our situation? Here we are, miles away from any house or fellow creature, perched up in the top of a tree, at a late hour in the evening, having an interview with each other. This is a *l'été-à-l'été* not laid down in any manual of behaviour, and one to which but few persons can aspire, or rather climb."

The bold and audacious villain affected to be pleased by the situation of affairs. He whistled, sang a variety of songs, and pretended to admire what he called "the lonely sublimity of the scene!" But as Paula continued to remain silent, and the realization of his nearness to the Junction commenced to disquiet him, it became evident that he was not half as well satisfied as he had pretended to be—in short, that his wrath and mortification were gathering to an explosive state.

"See here," he finally exclaimed, "it would be very awkward for some of your friends, who are now searching for you, to come along here and give me Martin Scott's choice—to descend a prisoner, or be brought down by a bullet! I think I can select a better retreat elsewhere, even if I should be compelled to remain in this vicinity until morning."

Paula evidently kept her eyes upon the villain, but she did not yet deign to make any reply.

"Such being my views," he continued, "you will oblige me by coming down."

He waited for her to comply with the suggestion, but she did not move. He grew angry.

"If you do not come down," he declared, with an oath, "I will soon fetch you!"

The threat was unnoticed.

"Very well," commented Lorley, "I'll start you!"

He commenced climbing out on the limb, which at the same time commenced yielding to his weight in a way that could not have been misunderstood. He did not have to go far to perceive that a further progress in that direction would break the limb from the tree, and he accordingly crept back.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, making no effort to conceal his chagrin. "You are getting so sharp! Hark!"

He listened a moment with a nervousness of manner that was rapidly on the increase. Whatever he heard, or whether he heard anything or not, he became more and more uneasy every moment.

"This 'I never do,'" he muttered. "I can't remain here all night. How to get you down, now? Ah, I have it!"

He produced his knife and applied its edge to the base of the limb upon which Paula was seated, his face instantly lighting up with a jubilant smile.

"Come down," he repeated, "or I'll fetch you down in double quick time!"

Paula made no reply.

"Very well," was again his comment. "Have your own way in the matter. I would as soon take you by the hand here at the foot of the tree!"

He commenced cutting the limb in two, occasionally pausing to see what effect his demonstrations had upon the girl.

"Come down," he repeated, as the weakened limb

commenced yielding to her weight. "Another slash or two will bring you down."

The brave and scornful girl still remained silent and motionless, although she was now gazing steadily upon him.

"I shall be sorry to do this," said Lorley; "but I swear to you that I will, if you do not obey me. Come down at once!"

He continued to command her descent, expostulating with her for her obstinacy, and assuring her that he would do her no harm.

Finally she spoke.

"If you are going to cut the limb off," she said, "you had better do it now. Otherwise, I can remain here as long as you can remain there. I shall not come down of my own accord, as long as you are here—never!"

With a curse and a revengeful exclamation, Lorley drew his knife across the limb, already tried by her weight, and it instantly gave way. The villain watched her as she fell from limb to limb, until she reached the ground, and was speechless with admiration at the bravery she exhibited during the fall, she not uttering the least cry.

"There, you are down!" he exclaimed, commencing his own descent. "How do you like it?"

He was surprised to see her arise and bound swiftly away as he asked the question—so much surprised and excited that, in quickening his motions, he lost his hold and fell.

Less fortunate than Paula—for her clothes had prevented her receiving any serious injury—he struck upon a rock, which nearly knocked the breath out of his body, and left him under the momentary impression that he was killed.

For a moment he lay on the ground, dividing his imprecations about equally between his captive and his misfortune. When he finally gathered himself up, uttering threats against Paula, he saw that she had stolen quietly away among the trees—that she had vanished.

CHAPTER XI IN THE WOODS.

THE lateness of the night had only added to its beauty. The sky was as clear as the brightest of the eyes looking upon it, and the moon and stars were shining radiantly in its depths. The wind spoke only in murmurs, and the leaves answered with a rustle. The occasional barking of a wolf, or the cry of an owl, was the only thing that suggested desolation and peril, for nature was as smiling as a syren.

"She's really gone," muttered Mr. Lorley, after a few hasty steps in the direction in which he had seen Paula going. "I don't see a sign of her—not the least vestige."

He listened a moment, turning his face, so that it soon pointed towards every point of the compass. Not a sound came to his ears save the barking of a distant wolf.

"It's singular," he ejaculated. "I saw her in this very spot as I came down the tree, and now she is beyond sight and hearing."

The emotions of Mr. Lorley became savage, and his language profane.

"To think what her babyface has already cost me!" he exclaimed, after he had eased his rage and mortification in a volley of menaces and maledictions. "I might have captured every dollar in the wagon-train without half the sleeplessness, toil, and anxiety I wasted upon her. And yet, fool that I am, I would go through the same danger and trouble a dozen times over rather than give up the struggle! Oh, how I love her!" and he beat his breast. "Wretched imbecile that I am, how I love her!"

At the very instant he was saying these words, Paula was crouching in the bushes not more than twenty feet from him. She had not fled from the vicinity, for the simple reason that she had no time to do so. Aware that the rustling of her dress or the snapping of a twig would inevitably betray her if she attempted an instant flight, she had been quickwitted enough to hide herself near the tree, though not on the side where he had seen her.

A little reflection convinced Mr. Lorley that she had adopted a ruse of this kind.

"Oh, there you are," he said, as decidedly as if his eyes had been on her. "I'll soon show you how to make me trouble. Take that!"

He produced a revolver from the breast-pocket of his coat, and fired several shots at random in the bushes around him. One of the bullets whistled startlingly near to Paula's ear, bringing a shower of twigs and leaves about her head, but she did not move or by the least sign betray her presence.

"Yes, she has gone," Mr. Lorley muttered, after he had vainly listened and watched for results from the demonstration. "And I must be wide awake, or I shall lose her."

He bounded away in the direction from which he had first approached the spot, and was soon dashing through the bushes, and uttering imprecations at quite a distance from the tree.

Suddenly he paused.

"She's there," he muttered to himself, returning towards the tree. "If she thinks I'm gone, she'll soon move out of her covert and take to flight. It is impossible that she should have already escaped."

For a moment all was still in the woods, Paula listening to see if she could hear any indications of the enemy, and Lorley listening to discover if she was about to leave her concealment.

The villain crept nearer and nearer.

"He must be gone in that direction," thought Paula.

"Now is my time!"

She arose and stole away in the direction in which Mr. Lorley had been carried by his frightened horse. Her motions were apparent to the watcher, now that he had crept so near to the tree, and with a yell of joy and vengeance he sprang in pursuit of her.

The next instant she was again missing, the pursuer losing every trace of her.

She had again hidden herself in the bushes, and again all was as still as death in the woods—the fugitive hiding and the pursuer listening and watching.

Then he commenced beating the bushes ahead of him, cautiously advancing, and Paula realized that she must take to flight. She moved cautiously away. The density of the bushes favoured her movements, and she was successful; at last quickening her steps to a run and hurrying towards the cliff.

The instant she thought herself safe, she paused and listened. She heard her enemy expressing his chagrin and rage, and the cracking of twigs and the beating of bushes showed that he was still actively prosecuting the search. With a silent appeal to heaven for safety, she resumed her flight, proceeding—although not aware of the fact—directly towards the cliff, where the wolves were now finishing their feast. It was not long before she heard the snarling of the fierce animals, and the sound was well calculated to fill her mind with terror. She shuddered at the loneliness of the place, and grew faint at a realization that she did not know which course to take to return to her friends—that she was lost!

Still, summoning up her courage, she pressed on her way forward. Louder and louder became the snarling and yelping of the wolves, and ere long she arrived in sight of the cliff. Here another terror was presented to the hapless girl in addition to the peril apprehended from the wolves—she did not see how she would be able to make her way beyond this precipice, and for an instant she yielded to her grief and despair.

Lorley all this while was steadily making progress in the same direction. He had not yet seen the girl, but he presumed that she had gone that way, and he had determined to keep within sight of the Junction, and he was further moved to take this course by a reflection that he could help himself to Mr. Ellington's horse.

"My first point is to get mounted," he muttered. "Without a horse I am lost, wandering around here like a beast ready to be taken in a trap."

He pressed forward with increased energy as these thoughts came over him, and was further incited to exertion by hearing the renewed howling of the wolves.

He soon beheld Paula, who had paused in horror on the brow of the cliff, and at once dashed towards her with cries of anticipated triumph.

She heard him coming—behold him, and remained motionless a moment, as if stupefied by the perils crowding upon her—the wolves before, and that worse than wolf behind.

At this moment of danger a sudden inspiration flashed upon Paula.

In the desperate calmness of her despair her eyes rested upon the same scene that had told Lorley where he was—the valley, the river and the lights flashing from the camp of the wagon-train. In an instant she darted along the edge of the cliff in a northerly direction.

The thought of falling into Lorley's hands again incited her to the most resolute exertions.

She had proceeded a dozen yards or so, hoping to find a place where she could descend into the valley—for not a thought of wolves found a lodgment in her mind, now that her greater enemy was so near—when suddenly a deep ravine yawned before her, running at right angles with the precipice.

At the very instant she made this discovery her pursuer drew near, and a yell of exultation escaped him as his quick eyes took in the scene.

"At last!" he exclaimed, springing towards her with outstretched arms. "Stop where you are or you are lost."

She turned at bay.

"Do not come a step nearer," she commanded, in a clear and determined voice, "or I will throw myself

from the cliff upon the rocks! Better to be with the wolves than with you."

He answered her with another yell of exultation as he bounded towards her. He came so near as to touch the skirt of her dress in the attempt to seize her—but that was all! With a sudden movement she eluded him, and sprang from the brow of the precipice as she had threatened.

There was a rushing sound and a crash, and then all was still, save the howling of the wolves and the panting exclamations of the horrified Lorley, as he recoiled from the cliff.

CHAPTER XII.

A NATURAL, BUT BAD MISTAKE.

A HAPPY scene had been presented at Mr. Ellington's cottage ever since the arrival of Selden Graham. The presents he had brought to Rosalie had received her warm admiration and her father's.

But they were of no account in comparison with the world of treasure he had brought her in his heart.

The lover had found all his wishes and anticipations in regard to his intended bride more than realized, and she, in turn, had found in him the ideal of manliness his correspondence had developed.

A few moments of personal communion were sufficient to cement the bond of affection between them, and to fill the heart of each with gladness and rejoicing.

The first hours of their renewed association had under these auspicious circumstances rolled rapidly by.

It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Ellington, as he marked the happiness of Rosalie and Graham, was happier than he had been for many years. He did all in his power, his prospective son-in-law telling him every story and incident in which his ten years of prairie life abounded, and making especial and repeated mention of the outrage to which he had been subjected by Mr. Lorley.

A perfect harmony soon reigned, and their conversation was long and most pleasant.

But as the hour waxed late, Rosalie bade her lover good-night, and went upstairs to her little chamber.

It had been arranged that Graham should occupy a couch of skins in front of the fireplace, in which they had a huge fire of pine knots burning, while Mr. Ellington was to occupy his accustomed couch at one side of the room.

After Rosalie had withdrawn, the two men lay down in their respective places, but continued to converse with each other, the effect of all the recent events having been to render them wakeful.

Rosalie was equally a stranger to sleep. For a long time after retiring to her chamber, she remained motionless by the open window at which she had seated herself, happy in those sweet and novel emotions the circumstances of her young life were calculated to produce.

She thought of all the persons and things which made up her little world, and there was not a single shade in the picture to make her unhappy.

The truths she had learned from books, and the impressions she had received from the creations around her, and the promises and prophecies her soul had acquired from its newest and grandest sentiment—all she felt, or knew, or aspired to in that thoughtful hour rendered the passing moments as beautiful as a dream of heaven.

Alas! that the darkness was to come!

As Rosalie sat by the window of her chamber, she heard confused cries and shouts in the neighbourhood of the cabin.

"Halloo, boys! what have we here?" she heard a loud voice saying. "We may as well take a look here."

As the sounds of alarm came nearer and nearer, Rosalie went to the head of the stairs, and asked her father if he knew what it meant.

He replied that he knew nothing about it, but observed that it could not betoken any peril to him, as he was not aware that he had wronged any one during the years he had lived there, or that he had an enemy in the world.

Unable to master the forebodings of evil in her heart, Rosalie went down and joined her father and lover as the confused cries became louder and louder, and was soon looking forth from a window on the first floor of the cabin.

"Halloo, there!" shouted the same rough voice which had before spoken. "Who lives here? Open the door, and come out. We wish to know who owns this shanty?"

"Do not open the door, dear father," cried Rosalie. "It may be Mr. Lorley."

"Or the band of robbers led by Stropes, which I suspect amounts to the same thing," said Mr. Ellington.

"Let us reconnoitre," exclaimed Graham, snatching

the action to the word. "In any case there are ten or a dozen of them," he added, looking from the window.

"What shall we do?"

"Take the straightforward course," replied Mr. Ellington. "For ten years I have lived here without shrinking from the gaze of any man, and I shall not begin to play the coward now."

He opened the door, and stepped out upon the walk in front of the cabin, where the moonlight fell upon him.

As he did so, a great cry arose in the crowd of men who had halted in front of his house.

"That's him! That's the man! Seize him!"

Before Mr. Ellington could say a word, or make the slightest movement, a couple of burly-looking men had seized him by the arms.

"That's the man!" ejaculated the first speaker.

"Hold him fast!"

As will be readily understood, these declarations and actions threw Rosalie into a state of fearful excitement. Graham calmed and comforted her as well as he could, and hastened to seek an explanation of the tumult.

"Hallo, Tom, there's the girl now," exclaimed a voice in the crowd, as its owner's eyes rested upon Rosalie.

"What girl? What's the matter?" asked Graham, astonished and puzzled.

"No; that ain't her," said another voice. "Paula Norwood is a different looking girl altogether."

It was eventually elucidated by Graham and Mr. Ellington that these men belonged to a wagon-train at the Junction, and that a lady had just been abducted from their midst. The most astonishing part of the affair was that Mr. Ellington found himself accused of the outrage.

"What, L?" he exclaimed. "I seize a girl! I never saw her and carried her off! What is the meaning of all this?"

And he looked around with a bewildered air, from one to another.

"Oh, that won't do, old fellow," said the leader of the party. "There's more'n a dozen of our boys as has seen you prowling about the camp."

"What, I, gentlemen?" exclaimed Mr. Ellington.

"Ah, I see how it is! It's the work of that villain disguised to resemble me."

"Yes, that is the way to get out of it," sneered one of the listeners. "No doubt the girl was seized by somebody acting in your stead. That excuse won't work, old fellow—you are fairly caught."

It will readily be imagined that the camp of the wagon-train had been thrown into a terrible commotion by the disappearance of Paula. The wagoner whom Lorley had stricken to the earth soon recovered his consciousness, and hastened to reveal to his fellows the outrage he had suffered and the abduction of the girl.

In less than five minutes every man in the camp was in motion, for Paula was a general favourite among the travellers, and Mr. Morris saw here and there in a state of the wildest alarm.

The direct statement of the wagoner that he had received his injuries in endeavouring to save her excited the keenest apprehensions for her safety. The men formed themselves into parties, and immediately started out in search of her.

It was one of these parties that had now appeared in front of the cabin.

"There must be some mistake, gentlemen," declared Graham. "Mr. Ellington has been here with us all the evening, and is, besides, a man who is incapable of such an act as that you have imputed to him. The person who is really guilty of this violence is an unknown individual—"

He was interrupted with cries of derision, and a sally of mocking laughter from the crowd.

"That is a story that will do to tell to the marines," said the leader of the party. "You just wait till Bill Larkins has had a look at you, old man, and you won't put on quite such an innocent air!"

"I protest to you that my father is innocent," cried Rosalie, as she advanced towards the last speaker.

"He has not been away from home this evening."

"I corroborate that statement," declared Graham.

"Mr. Ellington's daughter and I can both vouch for him."

At this moment, the individual alluded to as Bill Larkins made his appearance from the direction of the camp. He was a stoutly-built and rough-looking fellow, being the wagoner who had undertaken to save Paula from Lorley, and been knocked senseless, as recorded.

"Here's Bill!" cried a half-dozen voices in chorus.

"He'll be likely to know who gave him that blow over the eye! Let's have your testimony, Bill. Is this the man that hit you or not?"

The wagoner bestowed a hasty glance upon Mr. Ellington, and gave utterance to a loud and profane expression of satisfaction.

"That's the man!" he exclaimed. "He's the fellow I caught in the act of carrying off Miss Norwood! She

Sh—

For help the moment I appeared in

sight, and you can rest assured that I sailed in lively. Then it was that this chap, with a stone or some sort of weapon, gave me that blow over the eye which knocked me into a cocked hat. When I came in, he'd gone, girl and all! But this is the same chap! Don't you s'pose I know a man I stood up in a fight with, hey?"

Cries of wrath and vengeance had attended each of these declarations, and there was a perfect tumult when Bill Larkins had concluded his testimony.

"Kill him! Hang him to the first tree! Let's get a chance at the villain!" were among the excited exclamations of the crowd. "Down with him! Make him tell what he has done with the girl!"

It was in vain that Graham attempted to reason with the excited mob, and to demonstrate to them the falsity of the accusation against Mr. Ellington. There were so many who had noticed Lorley prowling about the camp just previous to Paula's abduction, that a general impatience was manifested at anything that looked to their aroused feelings like an attempt to argue down and explain away the direct evidence they had already, as they supposed, acquired against him.

No attention was paid to the appeals of Rosalie, and as to Graham, he was in a fair way of getting maltreated if he persisted in his attempts to exculpate his declared offender.

"Take him away, two of you, while the rest search his shanty!" said the leader of the party. "We must make every effort to find the girl. As to these people," said he glanced at Graham and Rosalie, "it may be possible that they know something about the affair, and we may as well keep an eye on them also."

The cabin was thoroughly searched, but not a sign of the captive was seen.

It was remarked that everything about the premises seemed to indicate the truth of Mr. Ellington's assertions—that he was a quiet settler and hunter, and knew nothing of Paula—until they discovered the bridal presents in the girl's chamber, and then they concluded that the entire family were robbers and knaves, and resolved to show them no mercy whatever.

"Let's tie the old rascal to the nearest tree," proposed the wagoner, whose face and person bore signs of his recent encounter. "We have no time to miss matters."

"No, we'll take him to the camp, and see what Mr. Morris and Colonel Cook will say about him. Come on, all of you."

If Graham or even Mr. Ellington could have gained a hearing, the facts of the case (as regarded the old man's innocence) could have been made so plain as to carry conviction to every listener; but there was not a single person in the crowd ready to listen to reason.

"Well, never mind," said Mr. Ellington, after Graham had made a dozen unsuccessful attempts to obtain a hearing. "Let us hope that the persons they refer to will treat us better."

The entire party was soon on its way to the camp, two of the wagoners conducting Mr. Ellington behind them, while Graham and Rosalie walked in front of the latter, or the appeals she uttered while the procession was on its way to the Junction. All her expostulations were unheeded.

On reaching the camp, Mr. Morris made an examination of the case. As Lorley's name was frequently mentioned by both Mr. Ellington and Graham, in the course of their statements respecting that individual's proceedings, Mr. Morris became pretty nearly convinced that his friends had arrested an innocent man.

Seeing, however, that the wagoners were too much excited for him to express his suspicions at that moment, and hoping that a couple of hours would throw further light upon the mysterious affair, he placed the whole party under guard for that time, with the intention of thoroughly sifting all their statements.

After a consultation with her father and lover, Rosalie thought it would be well for Graham to go for Champney, that they might have his testimony in their behalf. It will be remembered that the latter had given Graham the whereabouts of his residence, and he therefore felt competent to go directly to the spot. Mr. Morris had no objection to the step, and so Graham prepared for his departure.

"In less than two hours," he said, as he tenderly embraced Rosalie, "I will be back with Champney, and all shall be well."

He hurried away on his journey.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM PERIL TO PERIL.

WE must now follow the fortunes of Edward Champney, whom we left floating down the Platts

River, board and helpless, in his own canoe. For awhile he remained insensible from the blows he had received from Lerley, and this actual unconsciousness was followed by a deadly faintness and stupor. When he finally came to his senses, he beheld nothing but the blue sky and the sides of the boat, and was momentarily unable to realize where he was. A sharp pain in his head, however, and his inability to move his limbs or body, and the low ripple of the water under his frail craft, all speedily aided him to comprehend his situation.

"Ah, I remember," he ejaculated. "I am floating down the river."

No language can do justice to the emotions he experienced as that realization came upon him. Silently, yet restlessly, the stream was bearing him away from his friends and from Paula—to what doom? He shuddered as he looked forward to his probable fate. In the great Platte wilderness, where the river flows hundreds of miles in uninhabited forests and plains, his only hope of rescue was in an occasional traveller, hunter, wagon-train, or roving band of Indians. It was possible that one of these chances might save him within a few hours, but it was far more likely that days and weeks would pass before a person thus sent adrift would encounter anything human.

Terrible situation!

"Well, here I am," was his outspoken thought, after he had tested the strength of his bonds. "No likelihood of being seen from the shore before morning—little likelihood of being seen for a week. The most probable thing is that the wind and current will throw me upon some sand-beach, in the midst of the wilderness, where I shall perish of starvation."

He endeavored to raise himself into a sitting position, leaning against the side of his canoe, and in this effort, after many exertions, he was successful. He was then enabled to see the "forests on each shore, the moon, the river before him," and him, and all the leading features of the scene.

"How feverish and thirsty I am," he ejaculated, as his glances lingered on the surface of the water. "Let me see how I am fastened. The boat-rope, a cord and a handkerchief—not so bad as a chain. Can't I release myself?" and he again struggled with his bonds. "Must I die like a dog, now that I have so much to live for? Oh, Paula, Paula!"

By dint of repeated efforts he succeeded in unfastening the rope wound round his limbs, and was able to arise to his feet. He hailed the result as a step in the right direction, fairly shouting with joy.

"Now, then," he soliloquized, giving his attention to the rope binding his wrists and arm. "It's freedom or death!"

A long and earnest application to the task convinced him that he could not perform it. The more he struggled, the tighter the cords appeared to become. At last he gave up the attempt, and remained several minutes in a state of despair.

"Ah!" he finally exclaimed, arousing himself, as a new idea flashed upon him. "If I cannot get my hands apart, I can certainly hold an oar as they are!"

He made the attempt, and succeeded far better than he had expected. His idea was to paddle the canoe towards the nearest bank, the southern. The business was awkward enough for a man with his hands tied so firmly together, and once or twice he came near falling overboard, and repeatedly came near losing his oar, but he stuck to this task with the desperate energy prompted by his situation, for a long time remaining silent and devoting all his energies to this sole chance of safety.

At length a more hopeful expression appeared on his face, and he uttered a sigh of relief.

He was nearing the shore!

"If I can only effect a landing!" he thought, "I can make my way back to the Junction and secure the assistance I need!"

The conditions of his safety having been reduced to such a well-defined form, Champney teiled with all his might to fulfil them. He worked until a heavy perspiration appeared on his forehead, and every moment perceptibly diminished the distance between him and the bank.

At length he was so near that his success seemed no longer doubtful, and a few moments further toil brought his boat to the desired spot.

With a cry of joy he sprang ashore.

And now, as he sank half-fainting on the sands, his thoughts reverted to the commencement of the perils from which he had so fortunately escaped. "Who was the man who had assaulted him and sent him adrift? What had been his object?"

These questions had come into his mind repeatedly while he was toiling and struggling, and been dismissed only till he should be at leisure to consider them. All his reflections, however, failed to bring him to a solution of the mystery. It was evident that the man was his enemy, but who he was, or what were his motives, Champney could form no idea.

"Well, the worst is over," he soliloquized, looking around. "I have drifted several miles. I must hurry up the river-road to the camp. Perhaps that villain had some designs upon Paula, to execute as soon as I was put out of the way. Ha! that looks like a true explanation of the affair. Not an instant is to be lost. I must be up and doing!"

He sprang to his feet and turned his gaze towards the west. At the instant he did so he became conscious that a score of Indians were crouching in the gloom near him—that fierce whispers were exchanged in reference to him, and that menacing eyes were upon him.

Before he could move or speak, a part of the savages sprang at him with fiendish yells, while even the more dignified portion of their number addressed him in tones which expressed a malignant satisfaction at seeing him in that hopeless condition.

It was evident at a glance that they were foes.

A terror of apprehension shook Champney's form as he listened to the words of the savages. He had been long enough in the Dacotah territory to have a slight knowledge of the language, and he soon gathered from their ejaculations and observations the nature of their emotions.

They formed the band to which the Indians killed by Graham and Champney had belonged, and among them one hero soon beheld the single survivor of that encounter, who had, of course, duly informed his brethren of the exact nature of the Tartar he and his comrades had encountered.

This person immediately recognized Champney, and was soon engaged in a lengthy harangue to his fellows concerning the rescue of Graham from the stake, the recapture of the plunder taken from him, and all the circumstances of the affair.

"He kill him!" was the concluding remark of this individual, as he danced about the helpless object of his wrath, and flourished his weapons. "He great brave, but he kill too many of our warriors, he must die!"

Powerless as he was, Champney could not help but regard the spiteful and cowardly little viper with scorn—he having run away from Graham and himself without striking a blow.

As this look was on the eve of being repaid with an assault, the chief of the party interposed, and ordered the prisoner to be conducted to their encampment—an order which, though better than instant death, was horrible enough, considering the deadly hatred with which he was regarded.

He saw that he was in a most disagreeable and threatening situation—the more especially as the weakness and faintness he had experienced on recovering his senses again came over him.

What would now be the fate of Paula, and what his own?

He shuddered at the thought of their united perils, beginning to fear that he was involved in a web of the most formidable proportions. He did not doubt but that the person who had sent him adrift was the same individual who had overpowered Mr. Ellington and disguised himself in the old man's semblance.

Having such a foundation to theorize upon, he did not doubt but that a deep scheme of villainy was threatening Paula.

He knew not where to look for relief.

"Do you know Mr. Strope?" he asked the chief, remembering the suspicious Mr. Ellington had mentioned.

The chief replied that he did, and vouchsafed the information that he had thrown himself in the rear of a wagon-train which he expected that same Strope to attack in front.

"Then, between these fires, I am lost!" was the commentary that arose to Champney's lips. He did not express his thoughts, however, but deported himself with a quiet bearing worthy of his character and his deeds.

With his hands still bound together, and his whole body weak with his injuries and exertions, he was marched up the river, in the midst of the Indians, who were speculating how he came to be bound in that manner, and how it chanced that he had made such a strange voyage in his canoe.

(To be continued.)

SCANDAL AGAINST QUEEN ISABELLA.—The Madrid journals state Queen Isabella has just granted full pardon to a notorious bandit, named Mil-Reales, who had been condemned for numerous murders and robberies to no less than 153 years' hard labour in the convict establishment at Ceuta. No explanation is given as to the motives for this exercise of the royal clemency, but the fact is certain that Mil-Reales has returned to his native village, Vallarejo de Fuentes, in the province of Toledo, the scene of his former exploits. The history of the atrocities committed by this bandit would, the Madrid journals state, fill a volume. He was the chief of a band of robbers in the

mountains of Toledo, and lived many years on plunder, often murdering the persons whom he despoiled. He was to such an extent the terror of the country that, though his crimes were known to all the local officials, none of them durst arrest him. The governor of the province having at last determined to establish a station of gendarmerie at Vallarejo de Fuentes, Mil-Reales withdrew to the mountains, and lived there in a kind of log-house which he and his band erected. One day, about twenty of the inhabitants of Vallarejo went out for a day's shooting in the woods of the Marquis de la Colonna; but in the midst of their sport they were surrounded by the band of Mil-Reales, disarmed, bound, and taken prisoners to his house, where all, with the exception of six, were murdered. Those who were spared paid heavy ransoms, and swore never to divulge what had passed. Some time afterwards Mil-Reales captured a young school-master, who was going to give a lesson at Villar-de-Canas. The young man's father having been apprised of his son's misfortune, sought out Mil-Reales, and having found him, said: "Kill me; but spare my son!" Mil-Reales ordered him to kneel down, and was about to shoot him when the son rushed forward and prevented the murder. It was subsequently arranged that the old man should pay a high ransom for his son. With great difficulty he raised the sum required and carried it to the bandits, when he was brutally told that his son had been shot some hours before, and the unhappy man returned home without either his son or the money intended for his ransom. Many other similar crimes were committed by the man whom Queen Isabella has thought fit to pardon.

A BORN ARTIST.—M. Charles Ooms has just received the first prize of excellence in painting at the Royal Academy at Antwerp. Seven years ago he was engaged in minding his mother's cows, in a village in the Campine, but instead of leading the animals to the best pasturage, he occupied himself in making innumerable sketches of them. His mother complained of the boy's idleness to her daughter, who was in service in Antwerp, and the latter, in her turn, spoke to her master on the subject. This caused an inquiry to be made into the matter, and the sketches were thought sufficiently promising to warrant the education of the lad, who was utterly without any kind of instruction. M. Telchamps, the Governor of Antwerp, and his secretary, M. Thielen, recommended the boy to M. de Neyer, the director of the academy in that town, who received and protected him, with the result already mentioned.

DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS AND PLAGUE OF INSECTS.

The serious consequences of the destruction of small birds are thus described at Paris:

Cockchafers and caterpillars are making sad havoc this year. They have stripped trees of their leaves in the Bois de Boulogne and Saint Maur. The hills from Champigny to Sucey, which supply the Parisians annually with so many thousands of pounds worth of excellent apples, pears, cherries, and plums, will produce but little this year, thanks to the caterpillars. The peasants in that country, though unable to protect their crops from insects, suffer their children to destroy the nests of the small birds which are so useful, and are in fact the only instruments that can effectually protect trees from caterpillars.

It is observed that the Government, which assumes to act the part of a Providence to the French people, neglect their duty on this occasion. Others say that years may pass before measures are taken to prevent the destruction of small birds, because there is no political question connected with it. It is calculated that there were formerly 10,000 birds' nests in every square league of cultivated land in France. Each nest is supposed to contain on an average four young ones, which the old birds fed with sixty caterpillars a day. The old birds were supposed to eat sixty, making 120 caterpillars a day altogether. This multiplied by 10,000 nests will give 1,200,000 caterpillars destroyed every day in a square league of a well-planted country.

It might be believed that French peasants possess sufficient common sense to protect the small birds which render them such valuable service, but apparently they are utterly ignorant on the subject. The only bird respected by the peasants, and especially the Norman peasant, is the wren, and that from a superstitious motive. Even children protect that bird, and no money could induce them to destroy a nest or injure the young ones.

To secure the presence and natural life of many of our native birds, whose habits people travelled far to see at Walton Hall, it is by no means necessary to prohibit the use of the gun. If only gentlemen would forbid absolutely the discharge of fire-arms during those months which cover the breeding season (say from March to September) and during the other portions of the year would instruct their keepers to

protect whatever they desire to encourage many English parks, now comparatively desolate, would soon be tenanted by creatures affording constant amusement and instruction.

Where nothing more than this has been done to encourage them, on a very small property in the heart of this country, there could be seen last summer, within a hundred yards of each other, a pair of kestrels rearing their young in a hollow tree, while above them was a nest of starlings; hard by, the green woodpecker was performing the same duty, and in a rude tower, prepared to attract them, a pair of barn owls brought up their family, while the stock doves chose an adjoining hole in the same building, into which the owls had free access. The goshawk reared her young in the same locality.

These facts will show what may be easily accomplished, for at this place there is plenty of game which is shot in the usual way; yet it required a long life and earnest advocacy before Mr. Waterton obtained acceptance for his views even to a limited extent.

THE GAME OF CROQUET.—The popularity of croquet is easier to account for than its origin. All of a sudden there appear upon the surface of England, and now also in America, numberless little arches and stakes, while excited people armed with mallets drive coloured balls through the arches and at the stakes hour after hour. Nobody knows how the game started, they only know that it is great fun. Nobody even knows why this ingenious combination should be called croquet at all. In vain the Frenchman bows to the Englishman and thanks him for the game, and would he be so kind as to say what possible connection there can be between knocking the balls about in the prescribed manner, and the process of crackling, of devouring, of making a first sketch in drawing, of fishing or pilfering—all of which significations the verb croquet enjoys? The Englishman thanks the Frenchman for the word, and can only offer the still more mysterious explanation afforded by the noun croquet, a hard ginger-bread nut. Croquet serves us no better, for what likeness is there between a pugdog and that musical sound of the clacking of two balls? We must leave the name and origin of the game to be fought over; and as for the significance of it, we wait patiently for some philosopher to expound the subtle manner in which the game sets forth the epic course of life, where each player starts like the rest, each makes the arches of triumph or affliction, each passes the critical turning stake, and each at last goes out as a dead ball, while all friends or enemies extort or are subject to influence from one another.

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

[Ninth Notice.]

SWINGING GIRL.—The "Swinging Girl," of which we this week give an illustration, is one of the most remarkable works of sculpture in the Dublin Exhibition, and has already achieved so wide a reputation that it will probably become quite the rival in chief of the famous "Reading Girl" of the London International Exhibition of 1862.

Although both by the same sculptor—Magni, of Milan—there is a wide difference between the styles of the two. In the "Reading Girl," which belongs to an extreme "realistic" school, everything is true and faithful to the spirit of every-day life to a degree almost approaching ugliness, its charm lying in the reality and simplicity which characterise it, rather than the intrinsic loveliness of form, feature, and drapery which are ordinarily supposed to constitute the primary excellencies of sculpture. In the "Swinging Girl," and in the public sculpture portrait of Mr. Nottage's little daughter, the sculptor has shown us, however, that the popular taste has tired a little of the conventional sculptural beauty, and admires with enthusiasm the domestic freshness Magni has brought to the rescue.

He has not, however, lost time by the way, and like Mr. Millais—who, in the midst of his pursuit of realism in the uncouth lines of the pre-Raphaelites, astonished the world with gems rich in the highest resources of modern painting—so Magni gives us his "Swinging Girl" in the Dublin Exhibition, which stands midway between the schools we have mentioned, and revels in all possible beauty of form and expression. The action of the child resisting the forward motion of the swinging figure is admirably



[THE "SWINGING GIRL."]

given, and the leg which receives "purchase" from the stone it presses against gives much force and reality to the little fellow.

TERRA-COTTA CHIMNEY-PIECE.

As an instance of the perfection which has been attained in the manufacture of terra-cotta, our artist has chosen as the subject of illustration a chimney-piece made of that material, and exhibited by Andrea Boni. A glance at the illustration is sufficient to show that the work is characterized by a great amount of artistic excellence, the two figures supporting the sides, as well as the festive groups portrayed on the fascia, being all admirably executed.

Great, however, as may be the praise deserved by the production of Andrea Boni, not less is justly due to many other articles in terra-cotta.

The largest exhibitor of this description of ware, of English manufacture, is John Marriott Blashfield, of Stamford, Lincolnshire, both whose stands are well worthy of everyone's inspection. His manufactures are more of porcelain stoneware than terra-cotta, they being burned at a much higher heat, and bearing a finer and smoother surface, and, when exposed to the frost and other inclemencies of the weather, retain their colour and appearance, and the sharpness and delicacy of the modelling remain uninjured. Terra-cotta is, in fact, the only material that has really stood the test of time in exposed situations. In comparison with stone, it is cheaper, more durable, and greater and more pleasing effects in an architectural point of view can be rendered with this material in its various tones of colour. Moreover, it can be made to harmonize with stone in point of colour. Mr. Blashfield has been very successful with regard to the attainment of various difficult colours in this material, as one may see by an inspection of his stands; but we would particularly call attention to the fact that he has produced some marvellous specimens of work, of a colour exactly like that of Portland stone, with all the granulation and the various veins of colour appertaining to this stone, some specimens of which may be seen at his stands. This is a great matter achieved, for the unseen and less exposed parts of a structure may be put in with stone, whilst the most prominent and ornamental portions can be rendered effective by

the terra-cotta, which will be durable, and always retain its sharpness and relief. Great economy may be observed by treating buildings thus with this material.

Nearly all the grand works of sculpture in marble and bronze have suffered from decay, but the fragile terra-cottas of the Greeks, after a lapse of 2,500 years, find their way to our museums unimpaired. Numerous perfect terra-cottas have also been found in the ancient remains of America, India, Assyria, Egypt, and other places. The Greeks employed terra-cotta largely in monumental art, and gave to the commonest and cheapest material a greater value than gold. They fully comprehended its semi-vitreous, and indestructible qualities, and pictorially they inscribed on this body the most elegant and interesting tales of their history, and which history, without their terra-cotta, would have been incomplete.

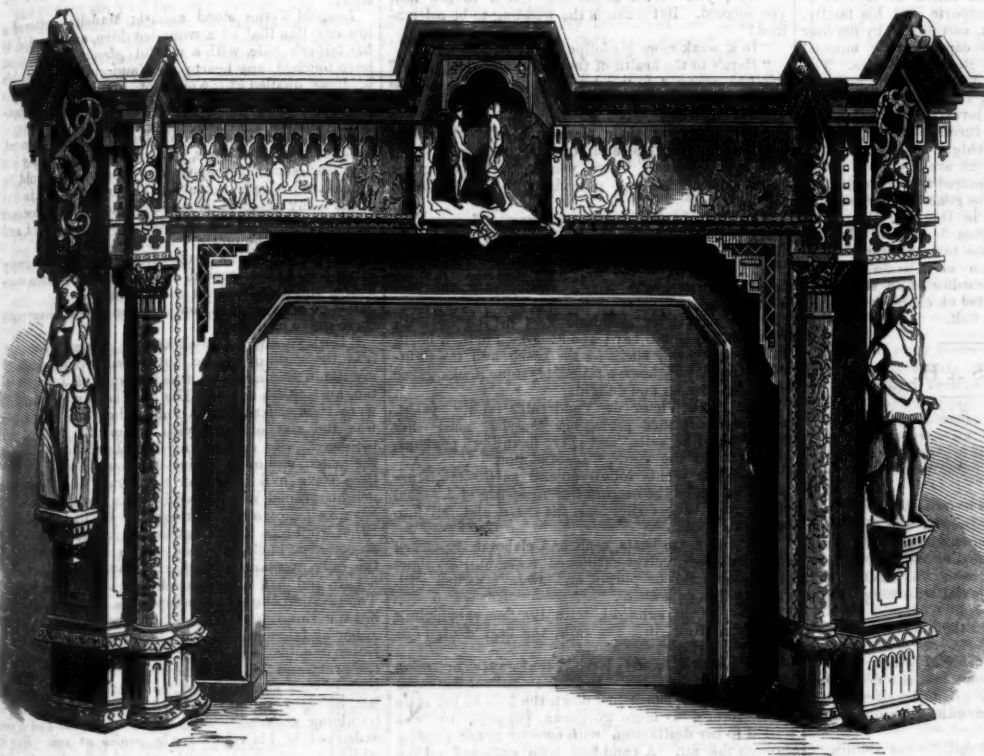
The numerous articles upon Mr. Blashfield's stands form but a very minute portion of his collection of models and works in this branch of art, but of those exhibited, we would note the beauty, as a work of art, of the statue of "Erin," after "John Bull," which is modelled with great life-like accuracy and taste, and its large size renders it a very fine specimen of terra-cotta. He also exhibits a reduced copy of the well-known Warwick Vase, large enriched terminal vases, similar to those made for the terraces of Buckingham Palace, for her Majesty the Queen, busts of Shakespeare, Locke, Newton, Brunel, &c.

The chief secret in producing such good and perfect ware as that exhibited by Mr. Blashfield is by burning it at such a heat that all the combinations of the material, such as glass, felspar, sand, &c., with the clay, shall produce a flux, and without this it will not bear our climate with any certainty.

The linen goods, the staple commodity of a large portion of Ireland, next demand attention. There are several machines exhibiting in connection with its manufacture. Messrs. Robert Hay and Sons (late Mr. Wm. Dwyer), of Chapelizod Mills, in the vicinity of Dublin, have a complete set of machines for the preparing and spinning of flax, in full work; the preparing machines being supplied by Messrs. Fairbairn, of Leeds, and Farmer and Broughton, of Salford; the spinning machines being manufactured by Messrs. Boyd and Co., of Belfast. Though the Ulster spinners have sent in large quantities of linen goods for exhibition, there are but few machines exhibited by them. Mr. W. Friedlander, of Londonderry, and Messrs. Brown and Sons, of Belfast, have sent in rival scutching machines, the respective merits of which will be tested, probably, in the course of the summer. They are made by Messrs. Dobson and Barlow, of Bolton, and Messrs. Rowan. Last year, at the exhibition of Irish manufactures, a trial match took place between five scutching machines by different makers; but the result was unsatisfactory, the Ulster men appeared as umpires deciding that none of them met all the requirements of the growers. This year the trial will be made on somewhat different terms, and is looked forward to with much interest, the agriculturists of the south and west of Ireland, who are endeavouring to extend the growth of flax, being anxious to secure the best machine.

The other machines in this department include a very miscellaneous collection. Mr. Sturgeon, of Leeds, exhibits a patent steam-hammer with a self-acting and self-adjusting valve motion, and embracing several improvements. The hammer itself weighs one cwt., but strikes a blow equal to twenty-one tons. Mr. William D. Grimshaw, of Mitcham, has among other articles an "improved atmospheric hammer," simple in its contrivance, and cheap, and completely under the control of the worker as to speed and weight of blow. It is worked at a considerably less consumption of power than the ordinary steam-hammer. Mr. Robinson, of Bridgewater, has a neat and effective caulk-cleaner, capable of thoroughly cleaning two barrels in a short space of time. Messrs. Fin Brothers, and Co., of Dublin, have a silk-winding machine at work.

The only manufacturer of linen checks in Ireland, Mr. S. S. Moss, of Balbriggan, has a power-loom at work, and a number of looms of a somewhat similar description are worked by the Greenmount Spinning Company, having been manufactured by Messrs. Dugdale and Sons, of Blackburn. A novel self-acting machine, constructed by Messrs. Southwell and Hoag, of Staleybridge, for securing the soles and paring the heels of boots and shoes, is worked by Messrs. McDowell and Son, of Dublin, who have purchased it.



[CHIMNEY-PIECE IN TERRA-COTTA, BY ANDREA BONI.]

In one respect above all others the present Exhibition possesses an interest for those who desire the advancement of Irish manufactures. Everyone has been anxious to obtain space who had anything to show, and the difficulty has been, not to secure Irish exhibitors but to select them. The result has been such as to produce feelings of hope and satisfaction. There is no article of native manufacture which gives any cause to be ashamed. Compared with English and continental goods, there are some cases which prove the want of skilled labour.

But taken as a whole the native contribution shows more creditably than even the most sanguine had expected. First let the visitor look at a dozen stands in the Eastern Gallery which prove the energy and enterprise of Ulster.

The specimens of linen exhibited will not attract much attention from curious loungers, but a quiet examination enhances their importance in the estimation of thoughtful strangers. Take, for instance, the large case of goods manufactured by Charley and Co., of Belfast, for Messrs. Oldham, of Suffolk Street, Dublin. The fine texture of the glossy linens, and the pretty designs of the diapers; the flexibility and fineness of the lawns, which rival cambric in softness and surpass it in durability, and the suitability of the different fabrics to the purposes for which they are intended, admirably illustrate the extraordinary advances which the great northern trade has made during the past few years.

Notable, also, are the cases of Tassie Brothers, of Richardson and Ouden, Dunbar and M'Master, H. Gurnat, all of Belfast; and W. Owen and Sons of Drogheda.

Not to speak of Clibborn's fine doe-skins and frieze, Mahony's tweeds, and of Read's excellent and various collection of finer cloths, which display the development of the Irish woollen trade, let the visitor examine the magnificent cases in the nave which show the position of the lace and poplin manufacture.

Leaving the cases containing these exquisite fabrics, the eye of the visitor is likely to be caught by the glittering contributions of Mr. Brunker, of Grafton Street, and Mr. Schriber, of Westmoreland Street. The case of Mr. Brunker, of Grafton Street, is very large and peculiar in its arrangement, and is filled with a varied and exceedingly valuable stock of silver plate and electro-plate, suited alike for ornament and use. His jewellery section contains rare designs in fine gold, diamonds, precious gems, and coral ornaments. Among this interesting collection will be seen

the grand bouquet of diamonds, value £5,000, especially arranged by Mr. Brunker, and his head-dress of native pearls, an exquisite piece of design and workmanship, valued at £500. The Fingal pin, which still continues a favourite, is now made of Irish gold from Carysfort mines, and has a place in his case. His little warbling nightingale is a very curious object, and has been made expressly for this Exhibition. On its case is a very beautiful view of the building. It has been proposed that a small gratuity from each group of visitors be given at each performance of this little warbler, and Mr. Brunker intends to hand over the proceeds to the Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers' Society. A wonderful little clock is also exhibited, which indicates the time, alarms at the hour required, and at the same moment lights a candle. The ingenuity, the size, and the price of this pretty little timepiece will astonish those who examine it. The St. Patrick's restoration and Guinness brooches, designed by Mr. Brunker, will form very pleasing souvenirs of a memorable event.

No less attractive is Mr. Schriber's magnificent collection of *bijouterie* and plate. This includes several exquisite ornaments in diamonds and precious stones, which display not only beauty of workmanship, but artistic taste and design. Mr. Schriber has obtained for his own branch of trade a reputation creditable alike to himself and the city. His watches are admirably made and cheaply priced, and indicate all the recent mechanical improvements which tend at once to simplify a pocket timepiece, lessen the liability to get out of order, and bring it as near as possible to the maximum of accuracy and compactness. French, ormolu, and marble clocks are to be seen in every variety, and even the neighbourhood of such eminent London firms as those of Benson and Bennett need not cause the Dublin manufacturer to blush for his work.

The English workers in gold have, indeed, contributed little. The watches and jewellery of Mr. White, of Cockspur Street (many of them of Irish make), are, however, of great excellence; while the Irish productions of Mr. Waterhouse justly command great praise, which, it is only fair to add, is shared by those of Auber and Linton, of Regent Street, and Benson, of Ludgate Hill.

Passing through the northern and eastern galleries, and descending the stairs which lead to the Process Court, the visitor alights upon one of the smallest, but by no means the least attractive case in the Exhibition. This belongs to Mr. Davidson, the only Irish exhibitor of pens, and the only person who has

ever illustrated the processes of pen-making. Mr. Davidson's pens are better in shape and quality than those produced by English manufacturers. The manufacture requires nine processes. The first is cutting out blanks; the second, piercing; the third, annealing. About the best specimen of Mr. Davidson's manufacture is "the red nib pen," which is of very peculiar construction, its principal merit being a reservoir, which enables the writer to produce a considerable quantity of manuscript without dipping the pen a second time.

Of glass manufacture there are admirable specimens by Green, Powell, and Copeland; but there is nothing by either Dobson and Pearce, Pellatt, or Ostler. The furniture is chiefly of Irish manufacture, and is of very great excellence. A fine cabinet in ebony is contributed by Messrs. Trollope; while the "imitation" furniture of Messrs. Dyer and Watts, and the very charming "fancy" cabinets, tables, &c., of Messrs. Brunswick, by their excellence, make some amends for the absence of more important manufactures.

Birmingham and Sheffield are not at all well represented; the only notable exception being the specimens of grates exhibited by Mr. Orlickey, of Birmingham. In this department, too, foreign aid has not been liberally given. *Sèvres* shawls, of course; but France is otherwise chiefly represented only by second-rate and imitation bronzes; we must except, however, the very excellent bronzes shown by Mirov Brothers. There are, we must not omit to mention, foreign shawls shown here by Duché Brothers, which are of marvellous workmanship, and silks and laces of surpassing beauty.

THE SOURCE OF TRUE HAPPINESS.—The pleasures attending virtues are—first, the immediate satisfaction we enjoy in contributing to the happiness of others, virtue in this case being the best reward; not that it bestows because it receives, but that it receives because it bestows—as a luminous body is yet more enlightened by the reflection of its own splendour. Secondly, the pleasure we receive from the approbation of the world, or rather of that part of it whose applause we esteem, the pleasures proceeding from what is commonly called the love of fame. Selfishness is that contracted sense of pleasure which excludes every idea of social enjoyment. It is a mere abuse of words to call that selfishness which includes the happiness of others; since, in the strict idea of self, there is but one included. True happiness flows from the first-mentioned principle, and is the enjoyment of pleasure by reflection—the pleasure of pleasing those we love, or the still more extensive pleasure of contributing to the happiness of all mankind. The first of these motives, in connection with the second, prove great assistance to each other—for what can be more pleasing than self-happiness which creates self-applause, when confirmed by the approbation of the good. But those who are actuated merely by the love of fame are far more numerous than those who first consult the approbation of their own hearts, and who esteem the applause of the many, not altogether for its own sake, but as it accords with the voice of reason, while he whose feelings teach him to distinguish between the good and evil of moral action will also have a choice in the rectitude of external applause, always preferring the approbation of the few, who bestow it on real merit, to the voice of the vulgar, which is determined by caprice or by accident. Let us then employ every gentle method of extending the principle of sweet sympathy to each other, which is the only source of true happiness in this life.—J. A.

THE BONAPARTE MONUMENT IN CORSICA.—On the 15th May, Prince Napoleon presided over the inauguration of the grand monument raised at Ajaccio to the memory of Napoleon Bonaparte and his family. The Emperor is on horseback, surrounded by his four brothers, and all, by a strange caprice, very unusual in France, are dressed in Roman costume. The equestrian statue is nearly ten feet high, and the others about seven feet each; the base is raised more than twelve feet above the level of the soil. The statues are cast with bronze furnished from cannon taken in the late Italian campaign, but two winged Victories, placed at the basement, are of marble. The entire monument is about a hundred feet in length and twenty-five feet in height. The general arrangements were entrusted to M. Viollet le Duc, and the sculpture to MM. Barye, sen., Thomas, Jean Petit, Maillet, and Dubray. The day of the inauguration was a grand fête. The population of Ajaccio is only 14,000, but 40,000 people were collected on the occasion. Prince Napoleon delivered an eloquent address, which occupied an hour and a half.

HADASSAH.

CHAPTER XII.

I see thou art implacable; more deaf
To prayers than winds and seas;
Yet winds and seas are reconciled at length,
And seas to shore; thy anger
Unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal tempests never to be calmed.

In the parlour of the "Red Dragon" sat Victor de Vandreuil, Conrad Schaffer, and two or three others of his confederates. Neither wine nor cigars had been brought in, for the group were too anxious to quaff bumper after bumper, and grow jovial with song, laugh and jest.

Ever and anon they consulted their watches, and at length De Vandreuil said:

"Why 'tis midnight, where can Nat be?"

Just as he spoke there was a tap at the door, and the tall, lithe janitor who had given the alarm with regard to the officers a few months previous, came hurrying in.

"Well, Nat," cried De Vandreuil, "what tidings?" and all gathered about him to hear whether the news he had brought would roll off their burden of care, or thrill them with wild alarm.

"Speak," continued he who was the master-spirit of their orgies, "is Paul Dumont in London?"

"No, no, master; he has been, but he didn't stay more'n a twenty-four hours."

"Bravo, bravo!" shouted De Vandreuil, "I feel as if a mountain had already been lifted from my heart; and now, now tell us about Gascoigne? Does he lie in jail, expecting to be arraigned for bearing false witness on the morrow?"

The man's eyes sparkled with merriment as he replied:

"The bird has flown. Berthold Gascoigne has escaped, and is away, leagues at sea by this time."

"Ha! ha! ha!" and the desperadoes swung their hats round and round their heads, praised their comrade's craft, and hoped wind and tide would soon waft him far out on the ocean wave.

Then they summoned Boniface, and calling for wine and cigars, spent hours in bacchanalian mirth.

"*Et bien!*" exclaimed Victor de Vandreuil, "since Dumont has departed, and Gascoigne is safe, we have nothing to fear! My throat's so terrified Hadassah at Gerald Churchill's trial, that I have not met her of late, and trust her mad prating is effectually silenced. As for my suit, it prospers, for though Madeline is like an iceberg, her father is on my side, and has commanded her to accept me as her future husband. Three days hence our betrothal is to be announced to our friends, after the Swiss fashion, and we intend, the old banker and I, to make it a brilliant affair."

"Where is the betrothal *fête* to be celebrated?" asked Schaffer.

"Neither in London nor at Rockmount, but at Verne's princely residence on the Plymouth coast. I have detailed the old man with a story that I am likely to be a marquis ere long, as the present Marquis de Vandreuil lies at the point of death in Canada. Thus I have gained great ascendancy over the banker, for he has a foolish regard for rank, and thinks it will be a great moment for him when he sees his only child a marchioness."

Another laugh broke from his companions, and he continued:

"By my faith, I should hardly have thought a person of his habits would have consented to have his daughter's betrothal celebrated in so unique a style; but his compliance proves my power. We are to sail from London in my new yacht, 'La Madeline,' with quite a little fleet in our wake, and when within a league of our destination, we are to be joined by the

friends and neighbours of the bride in splendid barges. Will not the scene be striking?"

"Yes, yes. We'll be on the watch to see how you succeed. But when is the wedding to be solemnized?"

"In a week more Madeline Verne will be mine!"

"Here's to the health of the bride and bridegroom!" rejoined Schaffer, filling his glass; and the toast was drunk in a bumper of Old Tokay, the choicest of Hungarian wine.

After discussing their plans and prospects a half hour longer, De Vandreuil rose and observed:

"Egad, I must leave you now. I am going to get a betrothal and a bridal gift for Madeline. Good night!"

And flushed and elated, he withdrew, and, mounting Black Romeo, dashed away to the cottage which held his treasures.

Ah! his heart would not have beat so high could he have foreseen who would await him on the Plymouth coast.

Three days later, a mimic fleet drifted over the waters of Plymouth bay; and fishermen in their boats, children gathering shells on the beach, and the light-keeper in his airy home on the Eddystone Rocks, gazed at it with wonder and delight.

First came Victor de Vandreuil's jaunty yacht, with her burnished prow, her tapering masts, her white, bird-like sails, and her flaunting pennons, blazoned with the words, "La Madeline."

Six other yachts followed, and as the miniature fleet approached the magnificent residence of Leopold Verne, four barges shot from the shore and fell into the fleet's wake.

These pleasure-boats each had elaborately carved and gilded ears, velvet-cushioned seats, and awnings of crimson, gold or purple, and were crowded with guests, all in gala attire.

In the bright sunlight, with the breeze rippling the bay and swelling the sails, the fleet danced onward.

And nothing could have been gayer or more brilliant than the scene. Indeed, I doubt if the royal *Cleopatra*, when she drifted down the Nile in her stately barge, formed a more gorgeous pageant, or was waited to her destination with sweeter music pulsing through the air. A band had been stationed on the deck of De Vandreuil's yacht, and the tinkle of the guitar, the melody of the lute, and the thrill of harp-strings sounded from the barges.

The cabin of "La Madeline" had been fitted up with regal splendour, and there sat the bride elect. How she had changed since the night when we introduced her to our readers, in the flush of her girlhood's beauty! Her form had wasted till it was almost as ethereal as that which had risen before De Vandreuil on Lofton Moor; the large, blue eyes had lost their sparkle, the cheek its peach-like bloom, and the lips—the red, ripe lips—had a tremour which told of a heavy heart. So slender, so fragile she seemed, that she might have been taken for a scamp, and her costume served to heighten the resemblance to those who are said to haunt the depths of the ocean. Her robe was of Indian muslin, fleecy as a morning mist, and looped up over a sea-green silk skirt with sprays of emeralds and pearls; her tresses were gathered in a tawny rippling mass at the back of her head, and she wore a tiara of Venetian shells, with a great diamond *solitaire* burning above her spotless brow; while her necklace and bracelets were of some rare spar, with pearl and emerald pendants.

De Vandreuil's dress was, as usual, faultless, and never had he appeared more brilliant or fascinating.

At length the fleet came to an anchorage hard by a mansion which, with its flight of marble steps leading down to the water's edge, its colonnades, balconies and arches, seemed like one of the palaces of Venice. Here the host and his guests disembarked, and swept through the grounds like a flock of bright-winged birds.

It was like wandering through an ocean-cave to enter the grand hall to which Leopold Verne conducted the friends who had assembled to witness the betrothal. The pale green marble of the floor, the frescoes of the walls, the tall vases and graceful baskets, veined with coral and filled with sea-weed and mosses, and the pictures representing ocean sunset and moon-rise, the slumberous waters of the tropics as well as the dismal wreck, with the fair faces and white arms of the drowned gleaming through the waves—all suggested ideas of the sea.

In the midst of the festal tumult which prevailed, the old banker rose and said:

"Remembering the customs of my German ancestry, I have invited you to witness my daughter's betrothal to Monsieur de Vandreuil."

At this juncture a door swung open, and into the hall stalked the Herculean form of Paul Dumont, followed by Ethel, Kitt, and Liliha.

"The betrothal cannot take place," exclaimed

Dumont, in a deep, clear voice; "the legal wife of the bridegroom, and his two children, stand by my side!"

Leopold Verne stood aghast; Madeline uttered a low cry, like that of a wounded dove, and melted to her father's side, with a wistful glance which must have touched any heart; De Vandreuil, with all his boldness, quailed at the sight of his foe, and the trio who stood near him, and the guests looked confounded.

"It is time, Leopold Verne," resumed Dumont, advancing a few steps, "that the villain who has practised such an imposition upon you should be unmasked! He is not a De Vandreuil—that is one of his many assumed names, and can be worn crest aside at pleasure. He is better known as *Jack* and *see as Lillie*, the pirate!"

Silence and moans broke from the hall; every eye turned to the accused, and the banker's countenance was hoarse and unnatural, as he demanded:

"Who are you, that you presume to come here with these grave charges?"

"Hark ye, and you shall know! I am a Dumont, from the south of France, but passed several years of my life in England, as I was the ward of John Marston, an English squire. His only surviving children were twin sisters, Agnes and Ethel, and the latter was the star of my boyish dreams, the idol of my manhood. She returned my love, her father approved the match, and our wedding-day was fixed. At that time some evil fate sent the pirate chief into the neighbourhood, and he resolved to work our ruin to advance his own selfish interest. He had heard that Ethel would be the richest heiress in the country; as an eccentric uncle, who had given her the name of the only woman he had ever loved, was in feeble health, and had already made a will in her favour. To me Ethel Marston's fortune was her least charm; but the thirst for gold, and the resolve to have it, either by fair means or foul, had swept away all his better impulses, and on our bridal day he kidnapped the bride, and fled to the nearest sea-port. Then he insisted on a marriage, but she positively declined. At last, however, intimidated by his threats, she gave a trembling consent. They were married, and then embarked in his vessel for a cruise at sea. For a while he maintained a semblance of affection, for at the outset he had professed himself madly in love; but when her uncle, hearing that she had become a pirate's bride, declared the buccaneer should never be enriched with his gold, and revoked his will, Lillie appeared in his true colours."

He paused to mark the effect of his words on the outlaw; he had regained his self-possession, and cried, fiercely:

"Leopold Verne—gentlemen! will you stand by and let a wretch insult me thus?"

"Silence!" growled Dumont; "you shall not interrupt me! You are in my power, and you know it. I will finish my story!"

And he proceeded to relate what our readers have heard of Clifford, his first-born son; his resolve to murder his wife, whom he had learned to hate, the tragedy of Lofton Moor, and the flight of Ethel and her child.

"Yes," exclaimed Ethel, "Paul Dumont has told you the solemn truth. I am his wife, as these papers will testify."

And she put her marriage certificate into the banker's hands, and added:

"The children with me are his, and one of them at least knows his true character all too well for his own peace."

"Ay," cried Kitt, drawing up his slight form, as was his custom when strongly moved, "I'm no stranger to you. I've watched you when you acted the fine gentleman. I've trod your soft carpets and looked into your great mirrors at the West End; and I've brought wine and cigars for ye in the old tavern at the Seven Dials, when you passed as Guy Falkner, and come there to meet Him, Dutton, Berthold Gascoigne, Conrad Schaffer, and the rest of your pirate crew, and talk over your plans. I know the Germans passed themselves off as students, so they might be your tools, and not be suspected by the officers. I could tell what was hid in Ben Hinn's cellar, and where you buried gold on the English coast. Oh, I'm not such a fool as you thought I was, when you laughed at my name, and talked about your secrets before Kitt, the idiot lad, as if he were a stone; but you remember I told you once my father and his outcast boy would have a long score to settle by-and-by."

The pirate's cheek burned as he listened to the girl's revelation, and for an instant he could neither see nor hear, so terrible was the dread which had fastened upon him.

When he again became conscious of what was transpiring, two women had entered, and were advancing towards the group of accusers. One was Mad Hadassah, the other Jacqueline, the gaiter-girl, whose heart Berthold Gascoigne had won to while away the

hours which sometimes hung heavily on his hands at the Seven Dials.

The poor Jewess substantiated Kitt's statements, and told the story of her own wrongs; she described her first meeting with him in Marseilles, where his command of the English language enabled him to assume the character of a British sea captain; she dwelt on the wild love with which he had inspired her, and the smooth speech with which he had wiled her into a secret mansion, to leave her three years afterwards a maniac in the streets of London; Jacqueline confirmed what had been already stated, that she too had been a spy, lurking about the "Red Dragon," and other haunts of the pirates, and that the letter which had led to Gerald Churchill's arrest had been concocted by the outlaws, and Gascoigne himself played the rôle of the principal witness. "Before leaving she had disclosed his real name and character to the authorities, and a war-ship had been sent in pursuit of the flying pirate, but it had just returned without the expected prisoner, for at sight of the vessel he had leaped from his frail craft and sunk into the sea.

"You have heard the testimony of those witnesses," continued Dumont, "do you ask more? You shall have it; years ago Lafitte was taken by a Spanish brigantine and borne to Madrid. He was tried and sentenced to the gibbet, when, garbed as a priest, I obtained access to his cell to administer extreme unction. He begged me to assist him in escaping; he promised to be my bond-slave, to treat his wife more kindly, and took an oath which he afterwards declared it froze his blood to recall, never to raise his hand against me if I would aid him then. My heart burned with revenge; it would be sweeter for me to have him in my power; I thought, than to see him dead. I yielded, but he brought away with him this token of the Spaniard's regard," and he tore away the sleeves of the corsair's rich tunic, revealing the words, "Lafitte, the Pirate," branded into each arm.

The old banker's eyes dilated with horror, and his voice rang through the hall like a bugle blast, as he cried:

"Seize the wretch, gentlemen—bind him! Send for the officers, and let him meet the doom he deserves, not only for the crimes of which he has been accused here, but for making an old man his dope!"

His call was obeyed, and as strong men gathered about the corsair he saw that there was no chance for further denial; his tall form shook, his face grew marble pale, and the veins on his forehead swelled out like knotted cords.

"Oh, Madeline," he wailed, "I am a pirate! I would have made you a pirate's bride; but remember, you were the one love of my life!"

"Silence!" exclaimed Leopold Verne; "not another word must you exchange with my daughter! Bring him into the adjoining room, gentlemen," and he led the way into a little saloon to which the prisoner was borne.

The officers soon arrived, and as he was thrust into the boat that was to bear him to prison, a slender form bent toward him, and Ethel whispered:

"Lafitte, I call God to witness that I bear you no malice; I came to-day, not for revenge on you, but to save Madeline from a fate worse than death. Farewell!"

The next instant the boat pushed off, and Ethel returned to the house.

Most of the guests dispersed; but at the bankers', the six persons who had played such a part in the startling events I have described, remained an hour or two. When they were gone, the old man unfolded Madeline in a close embrace and exclaimed:

"Oh, Madeline, my child, my child! what a blind dope I have been—what an escape you have had! Forgive me, and I will no longer stand between you and Gerald Churchill; nay, more, I will to-night write to him, confessing my fault, revealing De Vaudreuil's true character, and telling him that my daughter shall be his bride when he comes back to England."

He kept his promise, and by the next Indian mail the letter was despatched to the young soldier of fortune.

As for Lafitte, he was conveyed to London, and was supposed to be hanged; but through the aid of some ordinary, baffled the guard, and effected his escape. He did not again venture on the waters of the Channel, but established himself and his band of outlaws on the island of Barbatarik, an almost impenetrable spot south-west of the mouth of the Mississippi, while his piratical crafts were the terror of the Gulf. He was known to possess the clue to all the secret windings and entrances of the many-mouthed Mississippi, and during the war of 1812 it was deemed expedient to secure his assistance.

The British officer then heading the forces for the invasion of Louisiana, opened a treaty with the Barbatarians, to whom he offered such rewards as were

best calculated to tempt his cupidity and flatter his ambition. The outlaw affected to relish the proposal, but having artfully drawn from Colonel N—the plan of his intended attack, he spurned his offer with disdain, and instantly dispatched one of his most trusty corsairs to the Governor, who had set a price upon his life, informing him of the intentions of the enemy, and volunteering the aid of his little band, provided that an amnesty for past offences should be granted.

Governor Claiborne was touched by what he deemed a proof of magnanimity, but ah! it was only Lafitte's revenge for the indignities he had suffered in England.

On returning to London with his mother, Clifford, the pirate's son, strolled down to the wharf just in season to see a convict ship weigh anchor for Australia. On deck stood Old Mordcau, Prue, the ayah, and Lenore Duncan, for though the Crown had guaranteed their safety on their turning king's evidence, it was on condition that they should be transported. Hugh Duncan followed his daughter's fortunes, but he was a crushed and broken-hearted man, and ere the vessel reached its destined port, there was a solemn burial at sea, and father and child were committed to a nameless grave in the deep.

The marriage of Lafitte and Ethel Marston was annulled before his flight from London, and she and her children led a peaceful life. Under her training, Clifford's intellect and affections developed as Paul Dumont had prophesied, and he became one of the most celebrated musicians and composers of the times. His sister grew up beautiful and pure, and as in her childhood, shed sunshine into many a darkened home.

After the startling revelations which had been made at Eagle Cliff, Clifford moved to Hadassah's side, as they were leaving the banker's palace-like home, and said:

"You've often asked me why I've felt such an interest in you, and I'll tell you now. I was dragging about Marseilles more dead than alive, when Jacob Rothschild and his wife befriended me. There are folks who scoff at the Jews, but no Christian was ever more kind to me. They sent me to a school for idiots in Paris, and awakened my witless brain. When they lay on their death-beds they told me all, all the wrongs and sorrows of their poor daughter, and I promised as soon as I could to follow you to London. Paul Dumont told me he would set me on your track, and he did. I had loved your parents—I love you for their sakes, and when I found a chance I lent you a helping hand."

Hadassah listened tearfully, and from that time her reason began to return; she shared Clifford's home, and at her death bequeathed the fortune which had been transmitted to her from France to her young benefactor.

Paul Dumont was never more seen in England, but his Herculean form stood on the peaks of the Alps, the Andes, and the Sierra Nevada; his restless foot trod the scorching sands of Arabian deserts, and the bleak steppes of Russia, the wild plains of Tartary, and the land where eternal summer reigns; and where he found his last resting-place not even Ethel knew.

And Gerald Churchill—the child of the wreck—the soldier of fortune—where was he?

In reply to the banker's letter, he expressed his joy at Madeline's escape from an alliance with Lafitte, the noted pirate; but declared that he must keep his vow; that he had too much pride—to too keen a sense of honour—to accept the proffered hand fill, by the world as well as the Vernes, he should be regarded as their equal.

To her who had loved him through storm and sunshine with such devotion, he wrote long and eloquently—concluding with:

"I cannot chain you now, Madeline; but it will be sweet to win laurels for your sake, and at no very distant day I trust to lay them at your feet, my own, my best beloved. Wait—wait and hope."

Time went on, and difficult as promotion is for a plebeian in the English army, Gerald Churchill had proved himself a hero and risen to the rank of major, while his genial manners rendered him the favourite of his brother officers and soldiers.

By the camp-fire, on the march, when the tropic sun rode high, and the sand was like the crater of a burning mountain beneath his feet; in the thickest of the fight, when the cannon roared and the dead were falling on every hand, Madeline would seem to rise before him with her fair face, her blue eyes, her wealth of tawny hair.

On removing to another part of the country, he, with his brother officers, was invited to dine with the Governor-General.

As Gerald entered, the old gentleman seemed much agitated, and during dinner, which was served in Eastern style, the young soldier often caught his host's keen glance fixed upon him. When the other guests

took their leave, he begged Gerald to remain a few moments, and said:

"Major Churchill, your face reminds me of one who was very dear to me, and I have been thinking you might be a relative."

"You mistake, my lord. I have no kindred—no right to the name I bear; for I am a waif in the world, and was called Gerald Churchill by the English captain who took me from a wreck at sea."

"A wreck at sea!" And the Governor-General's face paled and flushed with strong emotion. "Pray, tell me your story," he added, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder.

Churchill related his history, and when he had concluded, the general exclaimed:

"Hark ye! my wife, and Herbert, my son and heir, a boy of three, and several of our old servants, had taken passage for India, where I was already awaiting them, when the vessel was wrecked, and all on board were said to have perished. Since then I have never returned to my native land, but led a lonely life, mourning to this day for my lost Rosemond and our boy. You resemble her enough to be her child, and your story arouses strange thoughts. Have you on your forehead a scar something like a cross—the scar of a burn received in childhood?"

With a tremulous hand the young officer swept back his rich chestnut hair, revealing a peculiar scar on his brow.

The governor gazed at it with intense earnestness, while his chest heaved with the wild tide surging in his heart.

"Oh, God!" he cried, "you are my son, my own Herbert, and heir to the earldom of Marchmont!"

The next instant they were clasped in each other's arms, and through the bright tropic night they sat talking of the past, present, and future. Arrangements were made for an immediate return to England, and there the long parted lovers met and plighted their troth. Then to Leopold Verne's astonishment and delight he learned that his former clerk was no less a personage than the heir prospective of an earldom, and that Madeline would yet be a countess.

Nore, however, were more rejoiced at the turn affairs had taken than two who had befriended Lord Herbert in the hour of trial. These were Robert Thornton, the great advocate, and the young nobleman's former landlady, and in subsequent years he proved his gratitude by many a token of regard.

The marriage of the long parted lovers was soon afterwards solemnized with great pomp at St. Paul's, the king being present in honour of the Governor-General. The bride had never looked more beautiful than when in the splendour of her white raiments, she stood at the altar beside the gallant bridegroom; and during the years of their wedded life she never had cause to regret that she had chosen from the throng who paid homage to her shrine, the poor and friendless Gerald Churchill.

THE END.

LARGE NOSES.—Phrenologists make great account of the nose. If any one is disposed to treat them as dreamers, then we cite Napoleon and other good judges, who thought very highly of this member, as a prominent mark of character. By them a large nose is considered an almost never failing indication of strong will. One can see this every day exemplified on very common occasions. The first time you are on board a steamboat, take the trouble to notice who first rush out from it to jump ashore. They are all big-nosed people to a man! You need not take anybody's word for this, but examine for yourself. It was not for nothing that a conquering nation of antiquity had Roman noses. No timid people they, who did not know their own minds. They knew them very well, and made the rest of the world acquainted with them, too. Well-developed noses do not indicate predominance of imagination. The Romans were not distinguished for this faculty. But they appear, in some way or other, connected with taking the lead in practical matters. They go before, and clear the way, where organs of less size and strength would fail to penetrate and open a passage. They go ahead at fights and fires, and are foremost in crowds, in riots, and daring undertakings; sometimes getting the whole body into trouble; but then the first to lead the way to an escape. We see them pointing the way to glory in the warrior and hero, in Washington and Wellington; and, with never-failing forecast, guiding the sagacity of statesmen, the Burleighs of the cabinet. We do not know if it has ever been remarked that the Hebrew nation owe their uncommon excellence in music to this portion of their physics, rather than to their ears. It is customary, we are aware, to speak of an ear for tune, an ear for time, etc.; but we would suggest, with deference, whether it would not be more correct to say, a nose for harmony and song. Certain it is, that the descendants of Jubal and Asaph are among the chief musicians of this day, as the illustri-

ous characters we have mentioned were of theirs, and they are all remarkably endowed with the nasal organ. Evidently, the nose is not placed in such proximity with the instruments of vocal sound for nothing! And it is not only an index of musical capacity in its proprietor, but an excellent musician of itself.

ALL ALONE.

By E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Hidden Hand," "Self-Made," etc., etc.

CHAPTER CLII.

NEAREST AND DEAREST.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart untravell'd still returns to thee;
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Goldsmith.

LILY MAY became the idol of her newly-discovered parents. They could scarcely bear to lose sight of her.

From the time she left her state-room in the morning until she retired at night, she was scarcely for a moment absent from their sides. She sat between them at the table, and on the sofa of the ladies' cabin; and she walked between them on the deck, or stood between them leaning over the bulwarks. They made her tell them the whole history of her young life, which she was as much pleased to relate as they were to hear.

At first Lily May was excited and apparently perfectly happy in the devoted love of her parents; but then came a reaction and a change. Her thoughts reverted to the faithful friends of her childhood, who had succoured her when she was left alone, the loving friends who were now suffering all the miseries of wounded affection.

She thought of them all day, dreamed of them all night, and often stole away and hid herself that she might weep for them, alone and unseen.

As a natural result she grew pale, thin, and wan; she lost her cheerfulness, her appetite, and her sleep. Still, in her parents' company she tried to be gay, but her very smiles were sadder than another's tears.

All this could not escape the loving and watchful eyes of her mother and father; they saw it, and became very anxious; they frequently talked of it when alone together.

Mr. Powis wished to question his daughter on the subject of her sorrow; but Mrs. Powis advised him to be discreet and leave the affair in her hands, and told him that she would question her daughter in private upon the first fitting opportunity.

That opportunity soon came.

One morning Lily May did not appear at the breakfast-table. Mrs. Powis sent to ascertain if she was well.

The messenger came back with a message from Lily May to the effect that she was quite well, and would rise presently.

Mrs. Powis finished her own breakfast, and then went to see what really had detained her daughter.

She found Lily May still lying in her berth with a very pale face and red and swollen eyes.

"Why, what is the matter, my darling?" said the mother, in a tone of ineffable tenderness, as she sank down to the side of the berth and took her child's head upon her arm.

In an instant Lily May's arms were around her mother's neck, and her head was on her mother's bosom, and all reserve melted away in a burst of tears, as she sobbed forth the words:

"Oh, mamma, mamma, I do believe my heart is breaking!"

"Heart's don't break, my darling; but tell me what it is that grieves you so much," said Mrs. Powis, in a soothing manner.

But renewed sobs only answered her.

"My darling, tell your mother, who loves you more than her own life, what troubles you so excessively. It cannot be that this extreme grief is caused by your absence from your friends."

"Oh, yes, mamma! It is that! It is that!"

"But, my love, you have your parents now, who will devote their lives to your happiness."

"Ah, but, mamma, they were so near and dear!"

"We are nearer and dearer, Lily May."

She answered with her sobs, and a few gasping and inarticulate syllables, of which only "nearest and dearest" were audible.

"Don't weep so, love, you shall see your friends again. You shall acknowledge as warmly as you please your gratitude to them for all they have done for you."

"Gratitude? Gratitude to Owen? Oh, mamma!" said Lily May, in a tone of indescribable pain.

"But, love, you shall show your gratitude in some more substantial manner, that will do him good. You are the heiress of enormous wealth, Miss Powis," said her mother, smiling, "and the young man is, I understand, engaged in mercantile pursuits. We will add ten thousand pounds to his capital, as a mark of our esteem, and as a compensation for his care of our child."

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" exclaimed Lily May, shrinking as if in exquisite pain, "never do that! never—never do that!"

"But why not, my dear? We can well afford it. You will never miss it from your dowry, Lily May."

"Oh, mamma, you don't know; you don't know, or you would never talk of gratitude and of money for all that Owen has done for me."

"I don't know and I don't understand, love. What do you mean? Is it possible that you do not feel grateful to this young man, nor wish to repay him?"

"Grateful to Owen?" murmured Lily May, in a tone of ineffable sweetness; "grateful to him? Oh, no, no, no, I am not grateful to Owen! Is the babe grateful to the mother that gave it life and cherishes that life with infinite tenderness? Oh, no, no; but it loves her! it loves her! Does the bride give gratitude to the husband who blesses her life with his mighty love? Oh, no, no, no! She gives not gratitude, but her whole heart—herself!"

"But, my darling, this sort of love to a brother, or, what is still farther off, a foster-brother, is excessive, you know."

"Excessive? Oh, dear mamma, I said you did not know, and you do not, all that Owen has been to me, all that he is now! Under Divine providence, I owe him life as well as all that makes life worth having. All that know anything about my infancy know that I should have died in the first week of my life, if it had not been for his watchful, tender pity and care. And from that time up to this I have owed him food, clothing and shelter; moral, religious and intellectual culture, and above all—oh, yes, above all!—an infinite love, patience and tenderness, that nothing less than the devotion of my whole life could begin to repay!" said Lily May, with a burst of tears.

"My darling, don't weep so much," said Mrs. Powis, laying her hand upon her daughter's head.

"You shall see him again, and see him often. He shall indeed be as a brother to you and as a son to us. My poor darling! it grows to be a wonder to me, how—loving this guardian as you did—you ever found courage to leave him."

"And it is a wonder to me!" said Lily May, "a great wonder to me! But I was so shocked, distracted, maddened by what I had heard, that I was not myself. I thought my presence in his house was a reproach to him and Lily Gay, and I ran away, not caring what became of me. Oh! I know now, and the knowledge has been growing on me ever since I left him—that I ought not to have done anything upon my own responsibility. I ought to have consulted him. I did not belong to myself, I belonged to him. He saved my little bit of a life and cherished it until I grew what I am. And I am his own. 'Owen's own Lily May,' is what I have been called from infancy. Oh, mamma, as far back in the dim distant shades of memory as I can look, I see Owen's loving eyes bent down on mine—the only loving eyes that ever looked upon me. The dear woman that nursed me had a haggard and careworn face, and its anxiety and anguish often frightened me; but Owen always smiled on me—oh, so tenderly! And to think—to think I have repaid all this by forsaking him and wounding him, as I have! Oh, my brother! Oh, my brother! Oh, my dear, dear Owen! I never was worthy of your love! I am the viper that stings the cherishing bosom!—the dog that bites the feeding hand! Oh, mamma! mamma! it is not home-sickness and sorrow, more than it is a sharp remorse that is killing me. Oh, mamma! mamma! if you love me, send me back to him! I am his own Lily May!" cried the girl, amid a tempest of sobs and tears.

"You shall see him again soon, my love," said Mrs. Powis, laying her hand tenderly upon the head of her child. "But, my darling, I do not understand this love that you bear this guardian. What is it—daughter's, sister's, or sweetheart's love? Tell your mother, my child."

"Mamma, I do not know; indeed I do not. I only know that my life seems grafted upon his life, so that torn away from him I die. Yes, that is it—'grafted upon his life.' I was a poor little twig, torn from my parent's stock, and cast away; and he picked me up, and grafted me in his heart, where only I can live. Oh, mamma, I have friends who are very near and dear to me; and you and papa are much nearer and dearer; but Owen is nearest and dearest of all," replied Lily May, without the slightest hesitation in her voice, or blush on her cheek, or quail in the eyes

that she lifted to her mother's gaze. Her tone was steady, her face was pale, and her eyes were eloquent with the earnestness of her words. Why indeed should this guileless child of nature blush to confess a love so pure, so pious, nay, indeed, so holy, as was her devotion to her—what? What was Owen to her? Bosom friend, brother, guardian, lover? He was all of these in one! He was everything to Lily May.

Instead of speaking to her, Mrs. Powis gazed down upon her daughter in much uneasiness.

"Oh, mamma, send me back to him! Oh, if you care for me at all, as I know you do, send me back to him! I have suffered so much since I left him. And the longer I stay away, the more I suffer. The farther and farther I get away, the shorter and shorter my very breath seems to become. I shall sink and die under it, mamma! It is growing worse and worse with me. Oh, I thought that all the pain would be in the first parting. I thought if I lived through that terrible wrench of tearing myself away, I should get benumbed, and not suffer any more. But, oh, every day that has passed, and every league that we have sailed, has added more weight to the burden of this sorrow. Mamma dear, will you send me back to him?"

"Lily May, you left your guardian-brother because you thought that the doubt which hung over your birth unfitted you to be the inmate of his house and the companion of his sister. But that doubt has now been removed; your birth and lineage are factitious; and you now wish to return to him. But tell me, Lily May, if that doubt still existed, would you still wish to return to him?"

"Oh, I should in any case long with an unutterable desire to go back; but I do not think that I should go, to be a reproach to them. I think I should bear this anguish of separation until it should kill me. That would not be long."

"Is it so bad as that, my darling?" said Mrs. Powis, laying her hand caressingly upon the brown curls of her daughter.

"Oh, mamma, listen! I look out upon this immense circle of blue water bounded by the horizon; I think how many miles of waves roll between me and him whom I would be willing to die to see again, and I feel as if I should lose my breath and faint; or lose my reason and go mad; and I can scarcely help screaming."

"Poor child!"

"And, mamma, I dream every night of being at home. I no sooner lay my head upon my pillow, and drop asleep, than my spirit flies home. Oh, then, dreams, mamma! they are so life-like and perplexing, they are almost enough to bewilder my intellect. Every time I dream of being at home, I feel so sure that it is a living reality and no dream! And then I wake up and feel the motion of the ship, and hear the noise of the machinery and the beating of the waves, and I remember that I am on the ocean—far, far away from my dear home, and going farther every day! And I feel a desperate wish to turn the steamer around. And then I know that it is impossible for me to do so, and that I must go farther and farther, farther and farther over this broad ocean, from my dear home, and I grow wild, and feel dangerous impulses that I can scarcely control; and then I cry all the rest of the night."

"Oh, my child, I am sorry to hear this! Was it crying all last night that has made your eyes so red and swollen this morning?"

"Yes, mamma; but I did not wish you to see my red eyes and feel distressed about me, and that was the reason I staid away from the breakfast-table; but you came in, and the truth came out."

"As it was right that it should, my dear."

"Oh, mamma! I had such a lovely, mocking, cruel dream of home last night! I was so sure it was a reality!"

"What was it darling?" said Mrs. Powis, who thought it was good to encourage her daughter to talk.

"I dreamt that we sailed on to Wales, and took the return steamer, and came back to London. Then I dreamt I walked up the lane leading to our cottage. And I knew I hadn't been gone more than a month, though I felt as if it had been years; and I looked up at the old familiar shops and houses, to see if any change had come over them in my absence; but none had come. Oh, it seemed so real! And I dreamt that I reached the cottage, and that they were all so glad to see me, and we were all sitting in the parlour. There was Owen, and myself, and Lily Gay, and Willy Spicer—"

"Who is he, my dear?"

"An old friend of ours—a young medical student."

"Ah—old friend, but young student! Go on, my dear."

"Well, I dreamt that we four were sitting in the parlour. I was sitting in the corner, with my chair tilted back against the post. It was chilly October weather like this, and all the rose-bushes in the yard

were withered. It was just after sunset, and the western horizon was flushed with red, which was reflected in the river below us. Across the river I saw the shipping. Oh! it seemed all so real."

"Go on, my darling."

"I dreamt that as I sat there I told them all. The reason of my going away, and the incidents of my absence. And particularly I told Owen how homesick I was when on my voyage out, and what tantalising dreams I used to have of being at home. Was not that strange?"

"Yes, my dear, it was a curious introversion of thought."

"I thought I held my hand above my head and toyed with the withered leaves of the rose-bush that grew up by the post, as I said to Owen, 'I have often dreamt of being at home when it has seemed as real as this. And indeed so like this, that I am almost tempted to fancy this a dream. So I will crush one of these withered roses, thorns and all, in my hands, and prove that this at least is a reality, since if it was a dream I should be sure to awake.' And I crushed the withered rose, and pricked my fingers, and—woke up, to find myself lying here, with my hand upon the swinging pin-cushion, that I had fastened to the curtain of my berth!—woke up, to find that I was again deceived by a dream, and that I was not at home, but on board this steamer, many, many miles from my dear brother, and going farther and farther at every turn of the wheel! Oh, mamma—what an agony of disappointment it was! and what a shock to my faith in the stability and reality of all things! Even now, mamma, I have a sort of hope that I am really at home, and only dreaming that I am on the steamer. My mind is growing confused, mamma. My dreams seem so real, and my waking experience so dreamy, that I can scarcely tell the one from the other."

"My poor, dear child! your heart and brain have been too severely tried. Be at peace, my darling; for be assured that your happiness is the first consideration with both your father and myself," said Mrs. Powis, pressing a kiss upon her daughter's brow.

"And—will you send me back, mamma?"

"We will take you back, my darling."

"When, dear mamma?"

"By the first steamer that returns after our arrival."

"Oh, dear mamma! do you really promise that?"

"Yes, my love. And now that you have my promise, you must be reasonable. And your first reasonable act must be to take your breakfast. And then you must rise and dress, and come up on deck."

"Yes, dear mamma, I will. What is that?"

"Some one tapping softly at the door; the stewardess, I suppose," said Mrs. Powis, rising and turning to see.

It was really Mr. Powis, standing outside of the door.

"How is our dear girl? Is she ill?" he anxiously inquired.

"Oh, no; she will join us on deck presently. Wait here a moment for me," said Mrs. Powis. And she gently closed the door and spoke to Lily May.

"My dear, I will send you some breakfast, and afterwards you will find us on deck."

Then she went out to her husband, took his arm, and passed on. Seeing the stewardess, she directed her to send some tea and toast into Miss Powis's room.

When they reached the upper deck they walked on to their favourite spot—the space behind the wheel-house—and there they sat down to talk.

"What delayed our daughter this morning?" inquired Mr. Powis.

"Arthur, I told you Lily May was not ill. And neither is she, in body."

"What then?"

"She is ill in mind. She is struggling with a great sorrow that is seriously affecting her nerves—perhaps her brain."

"Gladdy, you alarm me!"

"I am myself alarmed. So has made me her confidante. She is pining and dying for the friends she has left behind. She dreams dreams and sees visions of her home and her friends all night; and broods over her separation from them all day; and her dreams are so life-like, and her realities so dream-like, that she confesses she scarcely knows one from the other. Such a state is morbid and dangerous."

"Heaven forbid! But do you think that the loss of those friends whom she voluntarily left is the only cause of her sorrow?"

"Yes, I do; or, rather, the loss of the one friend in whom her life seems bound up."

"Tell me all about it, Gladdy."

Mrs. Powis gave him the details of her interview with Lily May.

"What can we do about it?" inquired Mr. Powis, in perplexity.

"Do what I have promised in your name and my own. Take her back to London by the first steamer that leaves after our landing. You see how ill she looks. And as for me, I believe the course I propose is the only means of saving her life."

"But, dear Gladdy, when we get there, how then? We cannot, of course, give up our daughter to the charge of her late guardian."

"No, but we can give her the opportunity of free association with her friends, who appear to be very worthy people. Then, gradually and tenderly, we can separate them. Lily May is not strong enough to bear a sudden and final wrench. Now, then, Arthur, you will consent to go back to London?"

"Yes; I see 'no objection to that. Indeed, the object of our journey is forestalled by the discovery of our daughter. We have nothing particular to take us or keep us in Wales."

While he spoke the pretty head of Lily May appeared at the top of the steep stairs, and he at once started up and ran to assist her to get upon deck.

"It is all right, my dear. Your father has consented, and we are all to go back by the first steamer that sails after our arrival," said Mrs. Powis, making room for her daughter on the rug.

Lily May lifted up her face to kiss her father in acknowledgment of his kindness, and after he had pressed his lips to hers she sat down beside her mother. And the bright autumn day on the ocean passed very cheerfully with the little family group.

In the dead of the night that followed this day, all the passengers on board the steamer were suddenly aroused from their sleep, not by any violent shock and noise, but by the sudden cessation of all motion and sound.

Each passenger started up out of bed in more or less trepidation, and listened in more or less anxiety, in the expectation of soon hearing a mighty rushing to and fro of officers and crew with the announcement of some awful disaster. But as everything remained quiet, each passenger composed himself or herself to sleep again, and slept as well as they could while missing the usual terrific noise of machinery with which the ocean steamers lull their children to sleep.

In the morning a fog white as milk obliterated all the boundaries of sea and sky. And the steamer was still motionless. The passengers assembled on the upper deck to find out the cause of the stoppage. The general opinion was that the steamer had run aground on a sand bar. But when the truth came to be known it was this:

There was something wrong with the machinery which the engineer could set right in a few minutes, or hours, or days at most.

On the night of the third day a steamer passed so near that they could hear the sound of her paddle-wheels.

In the morning the fog had cleared away, and the steamer that had passed them in the night was seen far away.

The passengers on deck took out their telescopes to look at her.

Mr. Powis took out his glass.

If they could but have known that Owen was on that steamer! that Owen was at that moment levelling his telescope at their own steamer!

"What is it, Arthur, dear?" inquired Gladdy.

"It is the steamship that passed us in the fog last night. She must be the one that sailed last Wednesday—if I am not mistaken in the name."

Even as he spoke the distant steamer dropped down below the horizon.

At this moment a cry of exultation came up from below, as their own steamer began once more to breathe, to pant, and to move on the water.

"We are off!"

Was the cry that was taken up and echoed and re-echoed through the ship.

They were off indeed, flying at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

The remainder of the voyage was very prosperous, and in due time they anchored.

While Lily May stood by her mother's side, her father formed one of a group of gentlemen who were talking.

Presently Mr. Powis came back to his wife and daughter.

"My dear Gladdy, it was the steamer that passed us. She got here yesterday. To think that she should have sailed four days after us and got into port one day before us!" Arthur said.

"On account of the stoppage? It is too bad."

As soon as they landed, Mr. Powis, leaving all their effects, called a cab, put his wife and daughter into it, and gave the order:

"To the Queen's Hotel."

"You see Wales, for the first time, by gaslight, my

dear," said Mrs. Powis to Lily May; "but to-morrow you will see it from the most favourable point of view—by daylight."

(To be continued.)

THE MAID OF MONA.

By LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER LVIII.

A JOYFUL MEETING.

Absence, with all its pains,
Is by this charming moment wiped away.

Thomson.

THE schooner which Lady Rathmere had signalled continued to approach the little sloop, while her ladyship, Clarkson and Barney, watched her in breathless excitement.

Suddenly, a glow of delight overspread the countess's face, and she exclaimed, in accents of joy:

"Oh, see! it is our schooner—Captain Leslie's vessel!"

Clarkson sobbed with joy at the announcement.

Yes—there was no mistake. The schooner was Captain Leslie's vessel, and Captain Leslie himself stood upon her deck, surveying the occupants of the sloop through a powerful glass.

There was an anxious expression on his face, and his manner was full of nervous excitement, which increased as he continued gazing at the sloop.

"It is really the countess on board that little vessel!" he exclaimed, in tones of relief, handing the glass to the chief mate, who stood beside him. "Our weary search is ended at last! Lady Rathmere is alive and will soon be with us! and the mystery of her absence will soon be explained!"

He moved about nervously, giving orders, resuming his gaze at the sloop, and giving vent to his joy and relief in earnest ejaculations.

The schooner and the sloop rapidly neared each other, and the persons on either deck became distinctly visible to one another, without the aid of a glass.

In a short time they were alongside, and the countess and her companions were transferred to the deck of the schooner.

Her ladyship was greeted by the hearty sailors with a prolonged cheer.

What a blissful moment was that to the countess!

Safe—among friends—on board her own vessel—she felt in that moment repaid for all her recent cruel sufferings!

Captain Leslie grasped her ladyship's hand with a fervent pressure, exclaiming:

"Oh, Lady Rathmere! You cannot imagine what anxiety has been caused me by your strange disappearance!"

"I will explain all," said the countess, in a voice that trembled with joy. "Come into the cabin, captain, and I will relate to you my strange adventures!"

"Shall I put the vessel about for Liverpool or the Isle of Man first?"

"Yes, for the Isle of Man. As soon as you have given the necessary orders, you may join me in the cabin. I would like," she added, "that the lad who came with me should be well cared for. To him I owe my liberty—perhaps my life!"

The captain declared that Barney should be duly cared for, and the countess, followed by her maid, went to the cabin.

"Oh, my lady," cried Clarkson, as they entered that luxurious retreat, "I was never so happy in all my life as now! And only think what adventures we've passed through since we were in this cabin last!"

It was several minutes before Captain Leslie made his appearance in the cabin, but when he did he found Lady Rathmere waiting to receive him.

She had exchanged her dress for a pink cashmere morning gown, and her glossy hair was brushed smoothly away from her pale sweet face. She was leaning back in an easy chair in a languid attitude, but her face brightened on the entrance of Leslie.

"Sit down, captain," she said, indicating a seat.

"So you thought I was dead?"

"I didn't know what to think," rejoined the captain, taking the proffered seat. "I couldn't think you and Clarkson and that Maxley were all dead. The affair has been a great puzzle to me!"

"It will cease to be so when I tell you that the fisher Maxley, in whose cabin you left me, was the very man of whom we were in search! He was Markington himself!"

"Is it possible?" ejaculated Leslie. "It seems incredible! I learned from his neighbours that he bore a bad character, but I never suspected him to be Markington! He recognized your ladyship?"

"He did—but he kept himself so in the shadow that I had no suspicion of his identity. I had a severe

headache and did not retire. At a late hour he came to my door, saying that he could give me information of the persons I sought—for I had inquired of him and related to him my story—and he offered to take me to my daughter. I accompanied him on board his sloop with Clarkson, but I soon became suspicious of him, and when he went ashore, pretending to inquire for my child, I ran off with the vessel.

"Ah!" interrupted Leslie, "that explains the story I heard from a fisherman on the coast, who said that somebody, the smugglers, I think, had run off with Maxley's sloop, and Maxley had borrowed his to go in pursuit!"

"Yes," resumed the countess, "Markington pursued us in another sloop, which got wrecked in the storm, and I rescued him from drowning."

She went on to relate her subsequent adventures, how Maxley had drugged her and her maid, how he had forced her to give him a money-order for a thousand pounds, how he had then carried her to the Sea Tower, and how she had thence made her escape.

"The wretch shall not escape justice!" declared Captain Leslie, as her ladyship paused for breath. "He shall find that a noble lady is not to be insulted with impunity."

"He has already met his fate," said the countess, solemnly. "He is lying under the waters!"

She related how Maxley had pursued them in the miserable old sloop and had gone down in her.

"And now," she said, when she had concluded, "tell me how you happened to come so opportunely to our aid! What was the schooner doing in these waters?"

"I came up here in search of your ladyship," responded Leslie. "As soon as the storm cleared away, the morning after you went ashore, I went to Maxley's cabin, and was astonished to find it unoccupied. I went all over the neighbourhood, but could get no trace of you. Everywhere I heard Maxley ill-spoken of, and it was hinted that he was connected with the smugglers. I encountered the fisherman who said that Maxley had borrowed his boat, but he could give me no information of any account. I searched the Isle of Man, wherever I thought it likely that you might be, and finally ran over to Liverpool to inquire after you there, without much hope, however, of getting any trace of you in that quarter."

"You heard of me there?"

"Yes. The first discovery I made was, that Maxley's sloop, the 'Jolly Herring,' had been seen in the Mersey. I inquired for it, having heard its name from the Manx fishers; and not believing that the smugglers would carry off so small a craft, I was convinced that there was some mystery about it. My next discovery was that Maxley had presented a cheque at your bankers for a thousand pounds. From that point, I lost all trace of him. I made up my mind that he was a smuggler, and was carrying you off for ransom."

"But how came you in this direction?"

"That is easily explained. The smugglers had a terrific fight upon the Cheshire coast with the revenue vessels, and many of the rascals escaped, Fearnought among the number. I happened to fall in with one of the revenue vessels, and learned that the smugglers had a retreat to the northward, and, concluding that Maxley had carried you thither, I was on my way to search for you when we encountered the sloop."

The countess thanked Leslie earnestly for his efforts to find her, and asked:

"Did you hear anything at the Isle of Man of Maxley's supposed daughter?"

"Yes, your ladyship. I heard something of a Mona Maxley, whom everybody loved and esteemed, but who had also disappeared. She was supposed to have gone with her father—that is, by those persons who thought Maxley had joined the smugglers, when he went away in his borrowed sloop—there was much speculation about her disappearance. But as your old enemy is dead," added Leslie, "why do you return to the Isle of Man?"

"On account of this same Mona Maxley," said the countess, in agitated tones. "Markington confessed to me that she is my child—my own lost daughter!"

"Is it possible? Then she was not with her—with Maxley?"

"No. He said she was carried off by Fearnought. She must have been taken to their retreat. It is foolish to go back to the Isle of Man when she may be in danger from the smugglers. Oh, captain, do you think we could find their retreat?"

Leslie replied in the negative, adding:

"I dare say we can fall in with some of the revenue vessels, however. I was several days in searching for you in the vicinity of Maxley's cabin, and during that time the revenue vessels have been in search of the outlaws. Your daughter may be already rescued."

"You spoke of a fight between the smugglers and the revenue men," said the countess, thoughtfully. "Fearnought escaped, you said. Then he took my

daughter with him! Have you heard any particulars of the fight?"

"Yes, your ladyship; I heard that the smugglers' vessel sunk, and that they lost a great many men, the rest escaping in their boats. Captain Wynne, of the revenue service, was supposed to have been lost in the encounter, but ultimately turned up alive and well."

"Captain Wynne!" repeated her ladyship, eagerly. "Oh, if I could only see him!"

"That you can do, if your ladyship desires," returned Leslie. "His home, Wynne House, is at no great distance, and very likely he is there resting. If not, you can see his parents, and learn where he is. It is very probable that he knows the secret of the smuggler's retreat, and from his friends we may get some clue to it!"

"Yes, yes," said the countess, with feverish impatience. "We must go to Wynne House immediately. Captain Wynne is said to be a lover of my poor daughter, and we may get news of her from his friends. How soon can we be there, captain?"

"In two or three hours, your ladyship," was the reply. "I will now go on deck and give the necessary orders. Your supper shall be brought to you with as little delay as possible!"

He bowed and withdrew.

The shadows of evening having fallen, a servant almost immediately entered, and lighted the swinging lamp in the centre of the cabin, and the fixed lamps at the sides.

Lady Bathemere then proceeded to her state-room and devoted herself to her toilet.

"We are going ashore this evening, Clarkson," she explained to her wondering maid. "I wish to look well, because I am going to visit Captain Wynne's friends!"

"Going ashore!" cried Clarkson. "Oh, my lady, don't! I'm afraid something will happen to us!"

"That feeling will soon wear off my good Clarkson," smiled her ladyship. "Now dress me in my best, and hasten, for supper will soon be ready!"

Clarkson obeyed, arraying her lovely mistress in a rich dark silk, with costly trimmings of lace. Her ladyship's jewels were added, and the countess then returned to the cabin.

Here a handsome repast awaited her, and taking her place at the table, she did ample justice to it, her excitement failing to rob her of her appetite.

Clarkson waited upon her mistress, and when she had finished, ate her own supper.

Lady Bathemere then donned a shawl, and went out on the deck, where she found Barney relating to a crowd of seamen his late adventures. The half-witted lad was quite a lion among the sailors, and he was cheered several times in the course of his narration, particularly when he told how the "bad man" had met his doom.

Lady Bathemere paced to and fro on the quarter-deck for some time, and then seated herself and looked intently to the eastward, a light in that direction having attracted her attention.

As they sped onwards, this light resolved itself into several lights, and she could see that they came from the windows of a handsomely-illuminated mansion.

"That is Wynne House," said Captain Leslie, approaching her ladyship, and pointing to the lighted mansion. "I know it well. We are happy in having such a wind and tide this evening, your ladyship. We shall run right into the cove at the foot of Wynne House gardens."

Her ladyship arose to her feet as the schooner moved into the cove.

CHAPTER LVIII.

MONA AMONG FRIENDS.

Alone in the dark, alone on the wave,
To buffet the storm alone—
To struggle aghast at thy watery grave,
To struggle and feel there is none to save,
God shield thee, helpless one!
The stout limbs yield, for their strength is past,
The trembling hands on the deep are cast,
The white brow gleams a moment more,
Then slowly sinks—the struggle is o'er!

Mrs. E. Oates Smith.

MONA had hove the sloop to directly in the course of the pursuer, and the little craft had thereupon become stationary, rising and falling gently on the waters, and swinging her boom and sails idly to and fro.

At a glance, the smuggler took in the nature of the scene in which he was figuring, and realized that he had been awakened too late, the two vessels being so near together.

The pursuing sloop seemed, to his startled vision, to expand to an overshadowing size, and to hurl itself like a living thing towards him. Ere he could reach Mona, and even before another word could be uttered, it dashed forward so close to the chase, that a collision appeared imminent, and was then cleverly laid along-

side the sloop, falling gently foul of her, and being instantly made fast to her.

"It is your friends, Mona!" shouted Mr. Wynne, as he sprang aboard the chase, at the head of the pursuers. "Thank heaven, we have found you!"

Fearnought had promptly realized that he could not save the sloop, or resist the overpowering numbers of his enemies.

"The boat—the boat! that alone can save me!" he thought. "That villain Bred is drunk again, and helpless!"

With the strength of desperation, he seized one end of the little row-boat, and poised it upon the bulwarks, and next seizing the other end, he pushed it overboard. Seizing it alongside, he made a quick bound forward, caught up Bred in his arms, and disappeared over the side of the sloop, descending into his boat. Even in his peril, he had presence of mind enough to save Bred, to prevent him from babbling against him.

The next moment he was rowing rapidly away in the darkness.

His movements had been so quick and unexpected, that none of his pursuers realized their purpose until the quick strokes of his oars announced his escape.

The moment Mr. Wynne sprang upon the deck of the chase, Mona flew to his arms with a great cry of joy.

"Thank heaven, you are safe!" ejaculated her friend, clasping her in a paternal embrace. "How could I have faced Noel if that villain had succeeded in carrying you off! There, there! don't cry, my darling. You're safe now!"

Mona was indeed weeping with joy. She had been brave and heroic when those virtues were demanded, but now her highly-wrought spirit gave way, and she wept like the gentle, tender girl she was.

"You are a little heroine!" said Mr. Wynne, earnestly and fondly. "If it hadn't been for this adventure, I should never have fully realized what a brave little wife our Noel was to have. There, don't cry! You can't imagine how glad your mother, my dear wife, will be to see you home again—"

"He's gone! the rascal's gone!" cried two or three voices in a breath.

"Who?" cried Mr. Wynne, in startled tones. "Oh, Fearnought! Pursue him, my men! The government has offered a large reward for his capture, and it will be yours if you cut off his retreat!"

But this was seen to be no easy task.

The sky was overcast with clouds, and the row-boat was out of sight and hearing.

The wind, too, had suddenly freshened to a breeze, which made the task still more difficult.

The fisherman explained these facts to Mr. Wynne, adding that, in his opinion, they had no chance whatever of capturing the fugitive.

"Very well, then," responded Mr. Wynne, "we will leave him to the revenue vessels, which are cruising somewhere about here. Take us home without delay. I do not like to be so far out at sea with such a breeze blowing."

As he spoke, he led Mona to the sloop on which he had come.

The fishermen then divided themselves into two parties, one to take care of each sloop, and they then set sail for Wynne House.

The wind grew so heavy as to be quite troublesome, and Mr. Wynne had some doubts as to his safety and that of his companions.

Mona speedily recovered her equanimity, and was able to relate her late adventures with her old spirit and vivacity, much to the delight of her hearers.

They eventually reached Wynne House without danger, and as Mr. Wynne and his party were landed at the foot of his lawn, he paid the fishermen liberally, and asked them up to the house to partake of refreshments—an offer which they accepted with many thanks.

As the party came up the lawn they beheld a restless figure pacing to and fro upon the front porch. This figure was Mrs. Wynne, who was overwhelmed with anxiety for her husband and Mona.

"Is it you, dear?" she exclaimed, pausing in her walk. "You are safe, then? I was afraid of this sudden gust of wind—"

She did not wait to finish the sentence, but sprang into her husband's outstretched arms.

"And Mona?" she continued. "Did you recover the poor child? Oh, what will Noel say? How have I obeyed his injunctions to guard her?"

"Here she is, love!" interrupted Mr. Wynne. "Here is Mona herself—as safe as you are!"

Mrs. Wynne uttered a cry of joy and embraced the young girl with a deep and fervent tenderness. "Safe!" she said, in a tone of thankfulness. "Restored to us! Come into the house, dear, where I can see you and feel that you are indeed rescued!"

She led Mona into the well-lighted drawing-room, and was followed by her husband, as soon as he had

given orders for the hospitable entertainment of the fishermen.

In the meantime, a terrible scene was transpiring on the waters they had left behind them.

The smuggler-chief did not pause in his frantic efforts at his oars until the lights in the sloops showed that they were moving away from him at a rapid pace.

"They are off for Wynne House," he then muttered, resting on his oars, and gazing after them. "They think it is useless to look for me in this darkness, and they are right!"

His tones were hoarse and full of bitterness.

"Perdition on that girl!" he resumed, wiping the cold sweat from his brow. "And perdition on my infatuation for her! She has been my ruin! Until I took her on board my schooner, I was prosperous, with one exception; but since I clung to her, fortune has deserted me! Would that I had one brief moment in which to revenge myself upon her! My love for her has turned to bitter hate!"

His voice died away in a kind of howl, which mingled mournfully with the dashing of the waves around him.

"I'll be revenged upon her yet," he went on. "Let no one rejoice in my brave crew, and have a good vessel under me, and I'll teach her what it is to defeat Fearnought! She could never have hung that ladder in the shrouds to-night but for this debt here—this wretched debt!"

He touched with his foot the body of Breed, who lay in the bottom of the boat, where he had been placed by his master.

Leaving over the side of the boat, he scopped up some water in his hand, and dashed it over the face of his companion.

The operation two or three times repeated had the desired effect.

Breed awakened, rubbed his eyes, and sat up.

"Where are we, cap'n?" he cried, wildly. "Are you here, cap'n? What does this mean?"

"Mean?" exclaimed Fearnought, almost choked with rage. "What do you suppose it means, you dolt? You drank yourself to sleep, and the captive, whom you promised to guard so carefully, got the better of us. Mean? It means that we are out in an open boat, very likely surrounded by enemies, and with the wind coming on like a young hurricane!"

Breed was appalled by this announcement.

He felt the sides of the narrow skiff to assure himself that the smuggler spoke the truth, and his heart sank as he verified the statement.

"Is sure, cap'n," he faltered, "I didn't—"

"You're sure, are you?" snarled the smuggler.

"Sure of what? That you ought to be flung over into the sea?"

"No, not that!" declared Breed, plucking up a little spirit. "If you were so dreadful particular about the girl, you might have guarded her yourself. She outwitted you the other night, smart and keen as you are. How could you expect me to succeed better than yourself?"

"This was a very different case!" said Fearnought, huskily. "If you'd kept sober, she never could have put a lantern in the shrouds to guide our enemies to us. You needn't make any excuses. I won't listen to them!"

A short silence ensued, which was broken by Breed, who said:

"Well, cap'n, the girl was a regular tigress, and what's done can't be undone. The breeze is coming up strong, and we may have trouble with this old skiff, which ain't good for anything anyway. Suppose we make the best of what's left us?"

The smuggler remaining silent, Breed continued:

"I thank you, cap'n, for savin' my life, when the delay of doing so might have cost you your own. I ain't a man to forget it. And now s'pose we make for the nearest coast and try to get a fishing sloop? This boat wasn't made for us. Hawkins just knocked it together to run between his sloop and the beach. It can't stand these waves long!"

"True!" said Fearnought, arousing himself.

"Here—take your place at the oars awhile and strike out shorewards. How dark it is!"

The two men exchanged seats, and Breed seized the oars with an alacrity meant to atone for his late indolence.

"I shall get a fishing vessel of some kind on the shore!" declared Fearnought, in his husky, unnatural tones. "They have hounded me down altogether too much! They will find that my past has been pure and stainless compared with what my future shall be! I will amass wealth, by what means I care not! I will have the life of that Wynne, and as for Mona, I shall take time to consider my revenge upon her! But it will be fearful!"

"I'd like to help catch her," said Breed, in revengeful tones. "Cunning as she is, I'll be a match for her!"

Fearnought laughed disdainfully.

"You've shown what you can do," he said, with a sneer. "When she outwitted me, I was not to blame, as you have been to-night. But I am willing to forget your fault, Breed," he added, "on consideration of your faithful services in the future!"

Breed seemed much relieved at this promise, and declared that his every energy should be devoted to his master.

"Very well," said the smuggler. "As soon as we get a decent craft under us, we will talk the matter over, and decide on a plan for taking the minx captive again."

He paused, as a huge wave swept past, drenching him and his companion thoroughly.

"We shall have a bad time of this, cap'n," said Breed, anxiously. "There's a lot of water in the boat, now."

"I'll bail it out," said Fearnought, taking off his coat for the purpose. "You must not stop rowing!"

Breed toiled desperately, and his master applied himself to the task of bailing out the boat.

While bent over at the work, another and larger wave dashed over him, wetting him to the skin.

"That was nearly a settler!" said Breed, anxiously. "The boat's half full of water. What shall we do, cap'n?"

Before Fearnought could reply, a third wave dashed over them, filling the skiff with water.

Breed announced the fact by a frightened yell.

"The skiff's sinking!" said the smuggler, hoarsely. "We can never bail out all this water. Besides, the boat has sprung several leaks all at once."

"What shall we do? What shall we do?"

"We must lighten the boat by getting out of it," was the husky rejoinder. "We can cling to it until some of the clouds clear away, when we will try to upset it, empty out the water by so doing, and plug up the holes with pieces of our clothing!"

"But I can't swim, cap'n!"

"You can hang on! Over with you! We are sinking!"

Fearnought set the example by throwing himself from the skiff and supporting himself by his hands at the side of it, and Breed imitated him, uttering loud cries and groans.

For some time the two men hung on, the waves breaking over them with terrible force, and threatening to wash them away from their frail support.

Breed filled the air with cries for help, and prayers to the God he had forgotten in his security, to save his life now!

"Oh, cap'n, help me!" he suddenly cried, feeling his grasp on the boat weaken. "I can't hold on much longer!"

A heavier wave swept him from his support, and he was engulfed in the billows.

For a moment Fearnought was appalled at the fate of his companion and at his own position.

He was alone, under a lowering sky, with only here and there a break of light through its gloom, clinging with both hands to a boat filled with water, and with wave after wave breaking over him.

He could see by the faint light the body of Breed as it was tossed up once in the foaming crest of a wave, and then it disappeared for ever.

"He's gone!" said the survivor, aloud. "If I could get into the skiff, I think it might sustain me alone! I can't die! I won't die! I'll get in and see if I can't bale it out, and stop up the holes. Perhaps I can upset it!"

He made the effort and failed.

His hands were numb with long clinging to the side of the boat, and with the successive beatings they had received from the waves.

A thrill of terror convulsed his being.

Could it be possible that he was to share Breed's fate?

The thought—the sudden conviction—caused him to shriek in agony.

As bravely as he had always fought in moments of excitement, he was now but an abject coward! Death was coming upon him with no sudden pang, but by slow torture, giving him time to feel its horrors over and over again in his terrible fears!

How he screamed—howled—and wept!

The waves dashed over him, but he lost all thought of them.

His pale agonized face was turned up to the ghastly leaden sky, and shriek after shriek came through his bloodless lips!

How he realized all the agonies of his fate!

No thought of his sins came to him—no repentance visited his crime-stained soul! He had room but for one emotion—an awful terror!

At length a merciful wave washed him from the boat to which his hands had seemed glued, and with a wild, shrill scream, he disappeared in the yeast of waters.

A moment more, and they had closed above him for ever.

CHAPTER LIX.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

"Tis with our souls
As with our eyes, that after a long darkness
Are dazzled at the approach of sudden light
When 't' the midst of fears we are surpris'd
With unexpected happiness; the first
Degrees of joy are more astonishment. Denham.

It was the evening subsequent to the rescue of Mona by Mr. Wynne.

Wynne House was illuminated as usual, for the good father and mother loved to think that the lights flashing from their windows might possibly sometime serve as a beacon to their sea-faring son.

The glass partition dividing the conservatory from the drawing-room had been moved aside, and the air was laden with delicious fragrance from a hundred rare exotics.

The drawing-room was tenanted by Mr. and Mrs. Wynne and Mona, the latter radiant in a white fleecy robe, bound with a blue ribbon at the slender waist, and with her soft curls floating over her bare and dimpled shoulders.

She was looking unusually beautiful, her face sparkling with animation, and an excited flush burning on her rounded cheeks.

She had been relating to her friends the story of her birth, as told her by Fearnought on the previous evening.

"The daughter of the Countess of Rathsmere!" repeated Mrs. Wynne. "Can it be possible? I have a very slight acquaintance with Lady Rathsmere, and know that she lost a daughter many years ago. You look strangely like her ladyship, my darling!" she added, caressing the pretty head leaning towards her.

"Do you think so, dear mother?" cried the girl, eagerly. "Oh, to think that very lately I was all alone and now I shall have two mothers! I know my own mother is good as you are, for I have dreamed of her all my life, and seen her in my dreams! How I used to cry myself to sleep thinking myself motherless, for Mrs. Maxley was dead! And all the while my own mother was mourning for me!"

"We must write to Lady Rathsmere to-morrow," said Mrs. Wynne. "Perhaps it would be better for me to take Mona to her! I cannot bear that her ladyship should suffer another day of anxiety in regard to her lost daughter. I know how I should feel in her place!"

"And so you are the Lady Edith Arlon?" exclaimed Mr. Wynne, smiling. "And the only child and heiress of a countess? What will Noel say? He wooed a fisher's daughter, and she turns out a great lady. But I suppose," he added, roughly, "it makes no difference what Noel says. The daughter of a noble countess and earl won't care to wed a plain naval captain! You can marry a duke now, if you like!"

Mrs. Wynne regarded the maiden anxiously.

In truth, while doing justice to Mona's heart, she had feared that her sudden accession of honours might turn her head.

She had reflected that the maiden had been brought up in poverty and seclusion, and she feared that as Mona should realize that she could achieve a grand marriage, she would turn from the plain gentleman's son who had loved her in her obscurity and look for a coronet with her husband.

The jealous fears of the mother were for ever set at rest, as she saw the bright smile that beamed on the girl's face and the proud look that shone in her eyes, while she murmured:

"Oh, if Noel would only come home to-night! My heart is so full of the news Fearnought told me! Won't Noel be glad to find that I have really got an own mother?"

Mrs. Wynne caressed the maiden tenderly, thinking as she did so how perfectly happy she was in Noel's choice of a wife, and how suitable the young couple were for each other.

"But," said Mr. Wynne, a shadow passing over his countenance, "Lady Rathsmere herself may look higher than Captain Wynne for a husband for her daughter!"

Mona lifted her head, a bright smile on her sweet face, but before she could utter the words of playful badinage at her tongue's end, the drawing-room door was opened, and Thomas announced:

"The Countess of Rathsmere and Captain Leslie!"

Mr. and Mrs. Wynne and Mona seemed for a moment frozen to statues, so great was their astonishment.

Lady Rathsmere entered the drawing-room in advance of her companion, but paused near Mona, regarding the maiden with a fixed gaze.

There was something in the bright and beautiful face of the girl that touched her soul—something that appealed to her inmost heart!

Recovering their self-possession, Mr. and Mrs. Wynne welcomed Lady Rathsmere and her companion to Wynne House.

And then the countess turned towards Mona, whose



[RETRIBUTION.]

soul was looking through her eyes to this splendid lady, whom her heart welcomed as mother!

"Lady Rathmere," said Mrs. Wynne, touched by the emotion of the mother and child, "this is Mona Maxley—"

With a cry that came from her soul, the countess sprang forward, clasping Mona to her heart.

"My daughter! my daughter!" she murmured, in a tone of supreme content. "I have found you at last—my blessed child!"

She held Mona from her at arms' length, surveying her with motherly pride and love, and then drew her to her breast again.

When the first emotions of the meeting were over, and Lady Rathmere had seated herself, drawing her daughter beside her, she said:

"The moment I entered the room, I felt that you were my lost Edith! You cannot imagine how I have mourned for you, my darling! You seem to realize that I am your mother!"

Mona explained how she had heard the story of her birth from Fearnought, and had been almost paralyzed at the countess's sudden appearance, knowing that she saw before her her own mother.

"And, oh, darling mother!" she concluded, "you look just as I thought you would! only you're more beautiful—"

"Little flatterer!" said the countess, fondly. "And you look just as I thought you would! And now let me introduce to you your friend and mine—Captain Leslie!"

"I am rejoiced to meet you, Lady Edith," said Leslie, taking her hand, while he bestowed an admiring gaze upon her.

How strangely the title sounded to Mona!

The countess eagerly watched her daughter's graceful movements, and every change in her innocent face, with a proud and tender love.

Mona was all and more than she had ever in her wildest moments dreamed that she might be.

When Lady Rathmere laid aside her outer garments, in response to Mrs. Wynne's invitation, and appeared in a blaze of jewels, the hearts of Noel's parents felt a chill, as if Mona was for ever removed from their son.

In the midst of the scene that followed, Noel himself entered the room!

He looked from one to the other of the group, while his parents welcomed him home, and his eyes lighted up with fond pride as they rested upon his betrothed, whose waist was encircled by her mother's arm.

Mona welcomed him with a blush and a shy manner, which could not conceal her great love for him.

"And this is Captain Wynne?" said Lady Rathmere, extending her hand warmly to him as she arose. "We have had a brief acquaintance heretofore, but our acquaintance is likely to become intimate if, in finding my daughter the Lady Edith Arlon, I also find a son!"

What a load was lifted from the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Wynne by those simple words!

"Your daughter—the Lady Edith Arlon?" ejaculated Noel, in bewilderment, as he clasped Mona's hand closer in his own.

Lady Rathmere explained the relationship existing between her and Mona.

The fears that had troubled his parents as to whether Mona might not turn from him in her grandeur never once entered the mind of Captain Wynne.

He knew her too well to doubt her.

When he fully understood the joyful fact that Mona had found her mother, he explained that he had been to the smugglers' retreat, found that the men had scattered and deserted it, and that only a few *bona fide* fishermen remained there.

When Mona explained her rescue of the previous evening, he declared it to be his belief that Fearnought had been drowned, adding that no small row-boat could have lived long in the sudden gust of wind that swept over the sea on that occasion.

"And Fearnought being got rid of, I have come home to stay," he concluded. "Lady Rathmere," he added, addressing the countess, "will you give me your daughter to be my wife?"

"She is yours!" replied the countess. "She has chosen well, and I am proud of her choice, Captain Wynne! The gentleman who appreciated her in her obscurity, and loved her so well, is the one of all others who should be rewarded by her prosperity!"

The noble face of Noel Wynne glowed with his great joy at these words, and from that moment Lady Rathmere possessed in him a loving and admiring son.

When, at a late hour, the happy party separated for the night, the countess shared her daughter's chamber, and Mona lay all night clasped in her mother's arms. They were too excited to sleep, and spent the hours in expressing their great joy, by tender words and caresses, and by narrating the events of their separated lives. Mona heard all about her own father, and learned how Maxley had perished.

The next morning, Clarkson was presented to her young lady, whom she regarded as a very exact copy of her beloved mistress, and honoured and loved accordingly.

A few weeks later, amid great rejoicings among the tenants, as well as the family, the bells of Rathmere village rang gaily for the wedding of Captain Wynne and the Lady Edith Arlon. A grand breakfast followed at Rathmere Park, where Mr. and Mrs. Wynne and the Countess of Rathmere vied with each other in their attentions to the lovely bride and dignified groom, and directly after the breakfast Captain Wynne and Lady Edith Wynne departed for a tour on the Continent.

They remained there several months, and then returned to Rathmere Park, which was to be their future home, the countess refusing to allow her daughter to live away from her.

Barney remained with Lady Rathmere as a favoured attendant, and his mother was induced to accept a situation in the same family in order to be near her half-witted son. Clarkson still remains her ladyship's maid, although the years are beginning to tell upon her as well as upon her gentle mistress.

Mr. and Mrs. Wynne still reside at Wynne House, cheered by frequent visits from their son and his lovely wife, and more frequently passing weeks at a time at Rathmere Park. Indeed, they contemplate leaving their own residence and living with their children altogether, as they are continually urged to do so.

Mr. Wilburn never heard anything more of his erring son after his brief visit to Rock Cliff Castle, and his fate was always a mystery to him. He brooded over it until he sank into his grave. Rock Cliff Castle went to a distant relative, poorer even than Mr. Wilburn had been, and, as its former owner had predicted it would, in a great gale that swept over that part of the coast and adjacent waters, the castle roof was blown off, some of the walls fell in, and the edifice became an unsightly ruin. The two old servants of Mr. Wilburn, who had refused to quit the castle on the advent of its new master, were buried under the fallen walls.

The Lady Edith Wynne did not forget the friends of Mona Maxley, and the good Mrs. Wilson, who had cheered and instructed her in childhood, received a comfortable pension for the remainder of her days.

On the grand old estate of Rathmere Park, the elegant and refined Lady Edith Wynne is almost worshipped as an angel, not only by her family, but by the tenants. There her children were born, and are growing up to a womanhood like hers, and to a manhood like their father's. Enshrined in the fond hearts of husband, mother, and children, as happy as a mortal can be, lives she who was once called THE MAID OF MONA.

THE END.



[DEATH OF THE EARL CLIFTON.]

THE CAVALIER OF ARDEN.

CHAPTER V.
THE ATTACK.

See! I confide in you;
And be your breasts my stronghold! *Wallenstein.*
Fire on them instantly! Give out the order! *Id.*

Shortly before sunset, word was brought to the design that the enemy were approaching; and straightway Sir Robert and Louis Moran went to the top of the highest tower, which was near the gate, to make an observation of movements without.

They saw the Roundheads in the distance, just emerging from the wood, part of them on horse, and part on foot, and foremost in the van Louis recognized the commanding form of Ralph Barton.

"By my faith," said the earl, as the last of the company fled from the wood, "they present a formidable army. How many are there?"

"There ride ten horsemen abreast in the front rank," answered Louis, "and they are at least ten deep. There must be a hundred horsemen, and full a hundred on foot."

"As many as that, certainly," added Sir Robert; "but such a force can do little against us. Our arquebusers have steady hands, and we have strong walls to protect us."

"I have little fear, my lord. If Barton has brought not more than two hundred men against us we will send him away mourning."

The Roundhead force approached to within half a mile of the castle, where they came to a halt upon the smooth meadow, and shortly afterwards two horsemen came forward alone, whereupon the earl and Louis descended from the tower and walked out upon the battlement.

These two men, one of whom was Woldford, had come to demand the surrender of the castle; and the demand was made in the name of the Parliament and Army.

"If you surrender peaceably, we shall take no lives," said Woldford.

"And what if we do not surrender?" asked the earl.

"We shall attack you forthwith, and hold in close prison such as are not slain."

"Then go tell your chieftain to come on as soon as it may please him; and when he comes, we will give him such reception as will make him wish that he had never seen Clifton."

"Have a care, proud earl."

"Away, thou canting, shaven hypocrite," cried Sir Robert, shaking his fist at the messenger, "and bear my word to your master. Tell him the Lord of Clifton is prepared for him."

The Roundheads rode back towards their company, by which time the sun had sunk from sight, and the shadows had gathered so deeply over the woods and meadows that the movements of the enemy could be no longer detected from the battlements. As it was very necessary that these movements should be known, it was decided that scouts should be sent out to make a reconnaissance.

Accordingly Walter Markham, the chief woodman of Clifton, was called, and to him the work of examination was entrusted. He was a middle-aged man, shrewd and intelligent, and knew every foot of territory for miles around.

He took three men with him, and departed on his mission, going out by the postern, in order to avoid being seen by any of the enemy who might be approaching the castle in front.

In the meantime, Louis saw that the men-at-arms were at their posts, ready for action at a moment's warning, after which, in company with Sir Robert and Donald, he repaired to the magazine to be sure that all was right in that quarter.

An nine o'clock the scouts came back, and Markham made his report. He said that the main body of the enemy had encamped in the open meadows, about half a mile away, and that small squads of mounted men had been sent out and posted at different points around the castle.

"It is evident, then," said the earl, "that they do not mean to make the attack to-night, and they have guarded against our receiving reinforcements."

"So much the better," answered Louis. "Let them come in the morning, and we will give them a warm reception."

"And now," pursued the earl, addressing our hero, "I must retire to my library with Donald, and for the night I leave the castle in your charge. You will take all necessary precautions, and do not fail to call me if I am needed."

Moran's first movement after the earl had gone was to select a few of his most trusty arquebusers and post them at various points without the walls; he then placed sentinels upon the battlements, and when he had made arrangements for the proper reliefs, he retired to his own chamber, where, without undressing, he threw himself upon his couch, intending to obtain what sleep he needed before the day should dawn.

The labours and excitements of the day had fatigued him to such a degree that he was not long in falling asleep, and when he slept he slept soundly, and with the first peep of dawn he was up and in the court, where he had his men once more mustered. The sentinels were called in from beyond the walls and breakfast was served before the sun was up, and while his men were eating he made a tour of the battlements to assure himself that the arrangements were all right for guarding those points where the most had been filled up.

As the first rays of golden light tinged the tree-tops the Roundheads were in motion.

The horses had been left behind, at the edge of the forest, and the soldiers advanced in a compact body until within a quarter of a mile of the castle, when they spread out into a long line, drawing the wings inward until they surrounded the walls upon three sides.

The first discharge of firearms was from the enemy's centre, and was aimed at those who stood upon the battlement near the gate. The bullets were flattened against the solid wall, none of them having gone high enough to reach the sentinels; and before another discharge came the cavaliers hurried down from their exposed position, their leader having given strict orders that not an arquebus was to be fired by his own men until he gave the order.

"They are spreading out their forces wonderfully," said Sir Donald, who stood by Moran's side in one of the bartizans.

"Yes," replied Louis.

"I suppose," pursued the baronet, "that they take that precaution in order to avoid offering too good a mark to our arquebusers."

"Partly for that, I presume. But I think they have another object in view. They wish to feel our force."

"Then why not show it to them? Just open on them now, and they'll fall like chaff."

Louis shook his head.

"I should prefer, before we waste strength and ammunition, to know how they mean to attack."

"Haven't they already attacked?"

"Not with any fixed purpose, Sir Donald. At present they have not the least idea how many men we have, and I do not wish them to gain that information until the proper time. If we remain quiet, you will very soon see some change in their tactics."

After this Louis went down into the court, where more than a hundred of his men were at rest with their arms grounded by their sides. Only about forty were at the loopholes, and even these had orders not yet to betray themselves.

By and by the enemy drew nearer, and opened fire along the whole line, apparently aiming at the shot-holes and crenelles in the hope that the bullets might take chance effect upon the unseen foe.

At this time Louis called twenty more of his men down from the terrace, leaving only twenty arquebusiers along the whole line of crenelles upon three sides of the castle; and to these he now gave the order to load and fire as fast as they pleased.

The score of men thus permitted, made the best of their opportunity, and as they were among the most expert marksmen of the force, some of their shots told to good effect. They loaded and fired as fast as they could, but distributed as they were along such an extensive line, their shots seemed few and random. Still, after two or three of the Roundheads had fallen, the rest drew back and ceased firing, and Ralph Barton, in the rear of their centre, was seen in consultation with his chiefs of section.

"Now," said Louis, speaking to Donald Lindsay, who was again by his side, "I'll wager anything that the Roundhead rascal thinks we have but a mere handful of men."

"Yes—I see," replied the baronet. "And what do you think he will do next?"

"We shall soon see."

It had been evident to Moran from the first that Barton's movements thus far had been only for the purpose of drawing the garrison to show its strength, and he had wisely kept his men back, not only that their energies might not be wasted, but also that the foe might gain no information at present in that direction. He knew that the castle could be reduced only by a desperate assault, and to resist this he felt himself fully prepared.

In a little while a party of the Roundheads started back towards the place where the horses had been left, and when they returned they brought with them a lot of scaling ladders.

"Now," said Louis, "we shall see what they will do."

And he was not mistaken.

The whole force of the enemy was now divided into two parties, of a hundred men each. The first shouldered the ladders and approached that part of the northern wall where the moat was filled up, while the other followed closely behind with arquebuses in hand, ready to shoot down any cavaliers who might appear upon the battlements to resist the scaling party.

Louis immediately sent forty of his men to the tower, or bastion, at the north-east angle of the wall, and forty more to the bastion of the opposite angle, from which positions they could open an enfilading fire upon the assailants.

The men with the ladders came on with bounding steps, but as they reached the moat, there came pouring upon them, from shot-hole, crenelle, and bartizan, a fire that made them quail.

The cavaliers had good rests for their arquebuses upon the sill of the narrow loop-holes, and their shots told with startling effect upon the foe, while the round-head arquebusiers, unable to see their enemy, could fire only at random, and with no effect whatever.

Half the assaulting party gained the foot of the wall, but the bullets from the bastions came so thickly and so mercilessly, that they finally dropped their ladders and ran.

Three ladders had been placed against the wall, and half-a-dozen of the bravest of the party had started to ascend, but when they saw their companions fly, they leaped down and followed, leaving full a score of their fellows dead behind them.

Barton's arquebusiers still kept up their fire, seemingly determined that if they could not see any of the foe, they would at least make the loopholes dangerous places for observers.

Some of these, however, withdrew when the baffled scaling party passed them, while a few remained peeping away at the castle walls.

It was at this point that the earl joined Louis Moran in one of the bastions.

"By the host, my dear boy," Sir Robert gaily cried, "we promised them a warm reception, and I think they will give us the credit of having spoken the truth. I do not believe that they will make another attempt with their ladders."

"I should think not," said Louis. "But still, they evidently mean to make another attack of some description." Barton is again in consultation with his officers.

"They have lost a goodly number of men?"

"Yes, my lord, Walter Markham has counted twenty-two bodies under the wall."

"By Saint Paul, but our arquebusiers deserve credit for their manliness. Ha! the enemy are on the move. Do you see?"

Louis had seen it. He saw that not only were the main forces being drawn away, but that the few who had been shooting at the castle walls had also been called back.

When out of reach of the cavaliers' bullets, the Roundheads came to a halt, and grounded their arms, after which quite a party started once more to the forest.

Having left a few watchmen upon the walls, the earl and Louis descended to the court, where the men-at-arms were gathered together, and addressed by their master. He told them how nobly they had done, and how much he loved them for it, and he furthermore hoped that they would stand bravely up to the end.

"In Louis Moran," he added, "you have a safe and competent leader, and if you will but be attentive and obedient to his commands, we'll teach these close-cropped robbers a lesson which they will not be apt to forget."

The men cheered heartily for the noble earl and for the brave Moran, and they swore that while life lasted they would not finish before the foe.

After this a butt of beer was rolled out into the yard, and the men refreshed themselves, with much rejoicing.

Noon came, and dinner was served, and in less than an hour afterwards Moran discovered an important movement on the part of the enemy.

From the forest came a huge cart, drawn by two horses, which proved to be filled with combustible materials, and when Louis determined that it was approaching the gate, he stationed men in the bastions commanding that section, with instructions to fire upon those who should attempt to push the cart towards the bridge.

As soon as the cart had reached the level ground, at a distance of some hundred yards from the wall, the horses were cast off and led to the rear. Then a score of men, with extra plates of steel fixed upon their heads and shoulders, and with cushions upon their thighs, dragged heavy planks forward, and threw them over the moat towards the raised bridge. The arquebusiers from the bastions poured down a shower of bullets, but so completely had Barton shielded his pioneers, that not one of them fell. The leaden hail rattled upon their steel armour, and glided harmlessly off.

A few were wounded in the lower part of the legs, and went limping away, but not until the stout planks had been fixed over the moat.

And while this had been going on, a sufficient force of the Roundheads had been drawn up with their arquebuses, to keep the cavaliers from showing themselves upon the walls.

Louis Moran, from one of the crenelles in the northern bastion, had watched this proceeding with an anxious eye, for he saw very plainly if the enemy were persistent, that the cart would be driven up against the bridge and gate.

The earl joined him just as the cart started.

"By heavens, Louis, those fellows must be shot down! If they fire the gate they may gain entrance to the court!"

"If you will look carefully, my lord, you will see that the fellows who are pushing the cart are loaded down with plates of steel, robbed from the breasts and backs of their companions. It is a clever device, but I think I have one which can match it."

"Ah, Louis?"

"Take care, my lord. This is not a safe place for you."

A bullet had come whizzing in through the crenelle, passing directly between the speakers.

"I am as safe as you are, Louis," replied Sir Robert. "And, besides," he added, with a smile, "bullets are not apt to hit twice in the same place."

Alas for human calculation! These last words had scarcely passed Sir Robert's lips when a ball struck him in the neck, and with a quick cry of pain he staggered back, and was caught in Moran's arms. Without waiting to make any examination there, the youth bore the wounded earl down into the court, and, with the assistance of two of his men, he carried him to the principal door of the donjon, where they were met by some of the servants. As they rested him for a moment upon the broad stone he opened his eyes and looked up.

"Louis," he said, in weak, gurgling tones, "leave me, and look to the great gate. If the castle falls, I pray you, in God's name, look to poor Gertrude!"

"The cart shall not fall, my lord!"

The earl tried to speak again, but his voice failed him; so he put forth his hand, and when Louis had grasped it his eyes closed, and his head sank back upon the shoulder of his brother, who had just come from within.

The young chieftain would have given Sir Donald some account of the manner in which the earl had been wounded, but at that moment a loud shout came from the direction of the gate, and upon looking around, he beheld huge volumes of dark smoke curling up into the air.

The dying earl was borne to his chamber; and Louis Moran hurried away to gather his forces for decisive work.

CHAPTER VI. THE GUARDIAN.

I lean'd myself on him:
As now I lean me on thy faithful shoulder.

Courage, my soul! I am still rich in friends,
Still loved by Destiny: for in the moment
That it unmask the plotting hypocrite,
It hands and proves to me one faithful heart.

CLOSE by the great gate of the castle, above the porter's lodge, was a small bartizan, standing out from the face of the wall, and into this Louis Moran made his way as soon as possible after leaving the donjon.

The cart had been pushed up against the raised bridge, and its contents fired. The wood-work of the bridge was already in flames, and the burning element was rapidly eating in towards the gate. The enemy had withdrawn to a safe distance, leaving enough of their arquebusiers in line to shoot down any of the cavaliers who might attempt to subvert the fire.

Moran took a hurried but careful survey of the scene, and then descended to the court, where he counted a hundred and twenty of his men, whom he directed to make themselves ready for a sortie. They were to strap their loaded arquebuses upon their backs, and arm themselves with axes and spears; and while these preparations were being made by the party thus designated, he returned to the bastion, where thirty of his best arquebusiers were still stationed, and gave directions that their fire should be kept up upon the besiegers as energetically as possible. After this, he rejoined the party in the court, and addressed them in a few well-chosen and pointed words.

"If you are brave and resolute now," he said, "we shall very soon send Ralph Barton and his marauding gang away in grief. They are waiting anxiously to see the gates burned down, and meanwhile their attention is drawn to the bastions and bartizans, where they evidently think the most of our force is assembled; and if the Roundhead chieftain is looking for any further demonstration on our part, his thoughts are probably turned upon our making some attempt to quench the flames. If there be a man among ye who would be relieved from the work I have planned, let him step forth, for those most brave and resolute men who follow me from this castle."

But no man moved. All were anxious to go forth, and the sooner the better.

There were two posterns in the rear wall, and when these had been thrown open, Louis led his men out and formed them beyond the moat.

Half of them, under Walter Markham, were to go round by the south side, while the others, led by Louis, were to go the other way.

The word was given, and they started upon the run, and when they came in sight of the enemy, they rent the air with wild shouts of defiance.

The main body of the Roundheads were so completely taken by surprise, that before they could recover their arms and form for defence, the enemy was upon them with axe and spear.

The line of arquebusiers that had been keeping up fire upon the castle was broken in an instant, and their flight seemed to increase the disorder of those in the rear.

Barton for a little while sought to restore order among his men, but when he saw that this attempt was exposing to greater danger those who rallied at his call, he gave the order for a general retreat.

He could not determine the number of his assailants, coming as they had from different quarters, and he may have imagined that heavy reinforcements had arrived to confront him.

If Louis Moran had thought of staying the vigorous impetuosity of his men, all efforts to that end would have been fruitless.

Walter Markham had sounded a battle cry, which was eagerly caught up, and under its stimulating influence the cavaliers pressed hotly on, cutting down all whom they overtook, and when they became tired of wielding lance and battle-axe, they unstrung their arquebuses, and sent the leaden agents of death after the retreating foe.

"Death to the murderers of our good earl!" was Markham's cry.

And while these burning words rang in the air, the meadow was strewn with the bodies of the dead and dying Roundheads.

Ralph Barton, with perhaps two score of his followers, gained the horses, and made good their escape in that way, while others took to the woods in different

directions, leaving their horses and their arms behind them.

When Louis had made sure that the rout of the enemy was complete, and that there was no danger of their returning, he left his men to bring in the captured horses, to pick up the scattered arms which the headbreds in their flight had thrown away, and to gather up the dead, while he hastened back to the castle to see how it fared with the earl.

The arquebusers whom he had left in the bastions had hauled away the burning cart and put out the fire before the gates had been at all injured. The draw-bridge had been burned through in some places, but that was a small matter, and easy to be remedied.

The sun was just sinking behind the long line of forest in the west as our hero entered the donjon, and in the lower hall he met a female servant, of whom he inquired concerning the situation of her master. But she could give him no information. She had been away ever since the wounded men, who had been brought in from before the gate.

He ascended the broad stairs, and went to the door of the earl's chamber, which he opened without knocking.

"Ah, good Louis," cried Sir Donald, coming from one of the windows, "how goes the battle?"

A slight curl of contempt was visible about the youth's lips as he saw father and son safely ensconced in that dark chamber, out of harm's way; but he replied, calmly:

"The battle is over, and the enemy are gone."

"But do you think they will come back?"

"Not to-night."

"But do you think they will come at all?" asked Edmund, quite eagerly.

Again the curl of contempt was manifested upon Louis's finely rounded lips, this time deeper than before.

"It is impossible to tell what Ralph Barton may do to-morrow or next day."

"Egad, Louis, you ought to have killed the rascal."

"You might have slain him if you had been there."

"Oh, mercy! how could I leave my dear, dying wife!"

"And how is it with the earl?" asked Louis, advancing towards the bed.

"He is dead!" said the baronet. "He lived but very short time after he was brought in here. God rest his soul!"

Donald raised the white sheet as he spoke, and Louis beheld the cold, ashen features of the sleeper. The blood had been washed away, and a napkin had been bound around the neck over the wound. The face was calm and quiet in its rest eternal, but there was no trace of any smile upon its marble surface.

There was, however, a trace—an indescribable shadow—of anxiety in the lines about the mouth and eyes, as though some mighty longing, swaying the spirit up to its moment of flight, had left its impress behind. It was not an expression of pain, for the earl had not suffered in dying. It was the sign of a question unanswered—a great hope lost in dread uncertainty. The youth gazed awhile in silence, and then, when he had put back the sheet, he turned to Donald.

"Does the Lady Gertrude know of this?"

"Certainly. She was with him when he died."

"Did he have his senses to the last?"

"We think so; but he did not speak after he was brought in. He tried very hard, and made many signs with his hands, but his organs of speech had become powerless."

"Yes," added Edmund, with a show of anatomical knowledge, "his organs of speech had become powerless—evidently paralyzed. The bullet must have gone very near to the throat, and cut some very important part."

Louis turned from the young man with a feeling which he did not care, at that time, and in that dread presence, to analyze; and to the baronet he said:

"I will go now and look to matters without, and if I am wanted you will readily find me."

"Thank you," returned Sir Donald, patronizingly. "You will still retain command of the forces for the defence of the castle; and I trust that we may look to you for the safety of the place. I think my brother would have thus looked to you had he lived."

"You may depend upon me," said Louis; and with these words he left the chamber and returned to the court.

He had thought to take a few moments for quiet reflection, but as he emerged from the donjon he was met by some of his men who had come in from the field of battle with arms and horses. His advice and counsel was sought at many points, and until long after the shades of night had fallen, he was as busy as he could be. None thought of seeking Donald Lindsay; but the gallant chieftain who had led them so successfully through the conflict, was the man to whom they looked. At ten o'clock the gates were secured, and

sentinels posted upon the battlements, after which Louis went away to his own chamber, there to seek the rest which he needed.

"If the castle falls, I pray you in God's name, look to poor Gertrude!"

These words, perhaps the last which the earl had ever spoken, rang still in Moran's ears as he sank down by the open casement of his room.

But the castle had not fallen, and Gertrude had now a natural guardian in the person of her uncle.

"It is but a wild boyish dream, and the sooner I crush it the better," murmured the cavalier to himself, as he arose from the casement and approached the bed. "I had thought never to see her again, and now I am thrown in her way in the hour of her darkest trial. I shall speak with her once more, and I will be calm and self-possessed. I will console her if I can in her deep affliction, but I will not give her to know what is hidden in my bosom."

A little while he stood by the bedside, with his head bowed and his hands folded before him, and then, looking up with a flash of light in his dark blue eyes, he added:

"Still, if her guardian is unkind—if she should choose to seek—"

The sudden light went out, and his voice sank to a broken whisper.

"What am I, that I should think of Gertrude Lindsay? A nameless, foundling—a homeless wanderer! I only make the pain more keen and more lasting by cherishing the hopeless image. The sooner I bid a final farewell to Clifton the better it will be for me."

Thus spoke the youth as he threw himself upon the bed, but before he slept the old thoughts came back, and he was cherishing the fond image more lovingly than ever.

He might reason as he would with the head, but the heart had an instinct of its own, which was not to be easily subdued; and when the wearied brain gave up to repose, the strong yearnings of the soul, breaking through all the gloom of hopelessness, went forth after Gertrude—went forth first in wakeful meditations, and, after a while, boded away into the freer field of happy dreams.

In the morning Louis went out into the court at an early hour, where he found the sentinels at their posts, and the grooms already handling the new horses.

Shortly after sunrise, Walter Markham came in from the forest with a few of his woodmen, and made report that the Roundheads had gone off to the eastward.

"And," added Walter, "I don't think there is any danger of their coming back. We certainly killed half their number, and those who are yet alive have had enough of Clifton."

"Still," said Louis, "we cannot tell how soon they may find reinforcements. You had better organize a sufficient force for scouting, and keep a good look out in the forest for a few days, at least."

"I had thought of that," replied the woodman, "and I will see to it at once. We will have half-a-dozen men out all the time."

"What will be sufficient to guard against surprise, Walter; and, in the meantime, I will see that the men in and about the castle are ready to obey our call."

During the day the body of the earl was laid in the great hall, with a proper guard of arquebusers in charge, and the people were allowed to go in and gaze upon the cold face of their late lord and master.

The legal adviser of Clifton came over from Henley late in the afternoon, and remained closeted with Donald until well into the night.

Towards evening Louis met Gertrude in one of the flowery walks between the donjon and the rear of the castle. It was the first time he had seen her since his return, and he would even now have retired and left her to her own meditations had she not first addressed him.

"Louis," she said, advancing and extending her hand, "you need not hurry away from me. In my deep grief I am glad to see my friends."

Her voice was tremulous and low, and traces of pain were upon her sweet face; but as she met the sympathizing gaze of the cavalier, and felt the sustaining touch of his strong hand, a softer shadow overspread her features, and something like a smile lighted up her tearful eyes.

"Dear lady," spoke Louis, still holding her hand—for she seemed inclined to let it rest where it was—"we meet under circumstances most sad and mournful. He who was your best earthly friend, and who was also a friend to me, has been taken away from us in an hour when we could ill afford to spare him. But we will hope that it is well with him."

"It cannot be otherwise than well with my father," replied Gertrude, with tender emotion. "He was a good man, and God will surely bless him in the better world to which he has gone. Gone," she added, while a tear started to her eye, "to meet my sainted mother."

"Sweet lady, I had thought that I might speak some word of comfort to you in this season of sore

affliction; but your words show me that your own thoughts have taken the proper flight. I can add nothing, only this: If at any time, and under any circumstances, my poor services can be of any use to you, you have only to command them."

"You will not leave the castle?"

"Not yet. I will not go until all is safe."

Gertrude removed her hand, and seated herself upon an oaken bench that had been built between two tall lindens, at the same time making a sign for Louis to follow her. A little while she sat with her eyes bent to the ground; but finally she looked up and said, in a whispering, hesitating tone:

"Alas! this sudden blow has left me almost friendless!"

"No, no, lady," cried the cavalier; "you must not say that. You have many friends."

"But," pursued the maiden, speaking in a firmer tone, "I may not find them where I have the first right to look for them. Louis I turn to you in this hour of trouble and perplexity because I know not whom else to trust."

Moran met her trusting look, but at that moment he dared not speak, for the wild emotions that sprang to life within him were not such as should be revealed to the suffering, mourning girl.

He calmed himself as quickly as possible, and then said, with something of the old friendly tone:

"Trust me, Gertrude, as you would trust a brother. May I not claim that place in your confidence and esteem?"

"Yes, Louis; you are my brother, as in the other days."

"Then," added the youth, with the old fervour of brotherly kindness, "let me know how I can serve you."

Gertrude reflected a moment, as though she would collect her thoughts in order that she might not say too much.

"Louis, I think you were the last person to whom my father spoke. He certainly did not speak after he was carried to his chamber. He spoke with you after he was wounded?"

"Yes."

"Did he speak of me?"

"His last words were of you, lady."

Tears started again to her eyes, but soon wiping them away, she asked:

"What did he say?"

"Dear lady, his words were few, and spoken in the spasms of dying. Perhaps they bear no importance, save in so far as they may serve to show his love for you at the time. He bade me leave him and look to the great gate. And then he added, 'If the castle falls, I pray you, in God's name, look to poor Gertrude!'—I think he spoke no coherent words after that."

Gertrude, while the tears started afresh, put forth her trembling hand, and it once more rested in Moran's grasp.

"Louis—my brother—though the castle has not fallen, yet I may need a friend in you. You have seen my uncle, and you have spoken with him?"

"Yes."

"And did he wish you to remain?"

"He said for the present."

"Did he speak of any plans?"

"No."

A short silence followed, during which Gertrude again withdrew her hand.

"Louis, I fear that Donald does not mean to do what is right about the castle. He spoke with me to-day, and I did not like what he said. He expressed a confidence in his position here which startled me. I cannot repeat to you the words he said, nor can I tell you his aim. I can only tell you that he made me afraid. And then when the attorney came, I was disturbed again. The man spoke of papers—of documents which my father had left—and my uncle replied as though he attached little importance to any such papers. I could gather no information, for I was not suffered to hear more of their conversation. If you can ascertain what my uncle means, I wish you would."

"Indeed, Gertrude," returned the cavalier, with a deeply troubled air. "I cannot imagine what the baronet may have in mind. I suppose, however, that the death of your father leaves Sir Donald your rightful or legal guardian?"

"Yes—I think so."

"He may, under that power, restrain your actions, but he cannot surely force them."

"I was not thinking of myself, Louis. I was thinking—Will my uncle be Lord of Clifton?"

"Indeed, my sister, I cannot answer that question. I have heard that your father did not legitimately inherit Clifton."

Gertrude looked up inquiringly, and Louis continued:

"From some cause which I do not understand, the earldom was without a representative, and the estates of Clifton had reverted to the crown. Under these

circumstances, King Charles made Robert Lindsay Earl of Clifton, and bestowed upon him the estates; but I am very sure that the bestowal was made to last only during Sir Robert's lifetime. I am not very well informed upon the subject of legal lore, but I am quite sure that the rights and benefits which the King gave to your father would not revert to the crown if there were any crown in England."

"And in the absence of the crown perhaps parliament has the power."

"Either parliament or some of the Roundhead leaders of the army. Ah, Gertrude, the affairs of the kingdom are sadly mixed up now."

The maiden caught Louis suddenly by the arm, and looked up into his face.

"Oh, I think I now know my uncle's plans!"

"You do?"

"Yes; and I fear my surmises are but too true."

"What are they, Gertrude?"

"Oh, heavens! I believe he has it in his heart to—"

A quick step close at hand arrested the lady's speech, and upon looking up they saw, through the gathering gloom of evening, Sir Donald Lindsay, with his arms folded across his breast, gazing intently upon them.

(To be continued.)

HAGAR SOMERS.

CHAPTER I.

"ROBERT, I am dying; ere these lines reach you, the hand that traced them will be powerless to work you further ill. Let this thought calm the just resentment to which the bitter wrong I did gave rise. I shall soon be at rest, but Hagar—my little motherless Hagar—will then be fatherless, and if you refuse my dying prayer, friendless and homeless."

"You will wonder why I ask you to receive the child of him who wrecked the peace of your whole life. I will tell you. First, because I have none else to appeal to; her mother's friends, incensed at her marriage, cast her off, and refused to see her on her dying bed, and I cannot hope that they will deal more tenderly by her orphan child. Secondly, I well remember that in our boyhood you had a heart ever quick to succour the helpless and unfortunate. They tell me that you have changed since then; but I cannot believe that you will refuse the dying prayer of him you once called friend, however little he deserved the name."

"In requital for the wound I inflicted, I give you the most precious thing I have. May her young, innocent love prove a greater blessing to you than hers of which I defrauded you."

"RICHARD SOMERS."

How, at the reading of these words, did the old wound throb and burn in Robert Graham's heart. For a brief space he lived over again the terrible experience that in a single day chilled and embittered as warm and generous a heart as ever beat, making him a cold, stern, misanthropical man, old before his time.

As the soft rays of the lamp fall upon his face, look at him, reader, and say if you ever saw one more strangely contradictory in contour and expression. He is not over thirty, yet the cold, hard look he invariably wears makes him look twice that age. Of Scotch descent, he has the broad shoulders and well-known characteristics peculiar to his race. The features are strongly marked, the forehead broad, the eyes blue, and with a frosty sharpness in them that chills those upon whom they rest, the brows heavy and well-defined, the mouth square and firm; the whole contour and expression giving the impression of invincible will and energy. The hair is of a bright chestnut, and cut closely around the head; not so the beard, which is a shade darker, and falls in wavy curls nearly to the breast.

Who that looked upon him would think that a few years ago he was a warm-hearted, generous youth, quick to anger, but as easily appeased, and loving and hating with equal intensity. The treachery of him he trusted as a brother, the falsehood of her whom he loved with all the ardour of his fiery nature, have made him what he is—a morose, gloomy recluse, alike shunning and shunned.

The stormy emotion that this letter called forth quickly subsided; a half-smile curled his lip, as though he scorned himself for this momentary weakness.

"So they are both dead," he muttered; "and this is the end of the warm, passionate dream, for which they sold their truth and honour; and this will be the end of all. And yet they are not more dead to every joy and hope of life than I—their hearts are not more cold than mine. The child shall come; I would not turn a dog away that sought the shelter of my roof; but what is her young, innocent love to me? Did Richard Somers deem me the weak, fond fool that I

have been? She shall sit at my hearth and eat of my bread, but enter my heart—never!"

He arose and rang the bell. It was answered by a stout, middle-aged woman. The bunch of keys at her side told the office she held.

"Mrs. Colby," he said, as she stood before him, smoothing the folds of her snowy apron and waiting for him to speak, "I am expecting the arrival of a little girl, for whom I wish you to make all needful preparations."

Well might the good woman look surprised; for during the last ten years he had lived alone in that spacious house, with the exception of herself and two domestics.

"A little girl, sir! When will she come?"

"In the course of a few days. All that you will have to do is to see that everything is in readiness."

Mrs. Colby stood too much in awe of her master to say more, so she curtsied herself out, inwardly wondering what child it could be in whom that hard, stern man, took such a sudden interest.

Gray Cliff, as it was called, from the huge rocks that loomed up a few yards behind it.

In spite of its neglected appearance, it was a stately mansion, showing in itself and in the grounds that surrounded it, the combination of ample means and a refined and cultivated taste. The main part of the building had not been used for some years. Mr. Graham occupied the west wing, while the house-keeper's apartments were in the east.

These were not only pleasant, but handsomely furnished; for though Mr. Graham was an exacting master, more feared than loved by his dependants, he was far from being penurious in his treatment of them. So, rightly judging that the child would be placed under her care, Mrs. Colby prepared a room for her reception not far from her own.

With his usual reticence, Mr. Graham did not mention the subject again, until one morning, about a week after, when he told Hugh, whose office as coachman had been of late years merely nominal, to take the carriage and go to the station, that was nearly two miles distant, in time for the last train from London; he would there find a little girl, of whom he was to take charge.

Old Hugh obeyed with his customary alacrity, but unluckily, just before starting, he sprained his wrist so severely that Mr. Graham was reluctantly compelled to go himself, there being no one to whom he could trust such an errand.

The train had just arrived when Mr. Graham reached the station. Pushing through the crowd, he soon found the object of his search in the form of a little girl about eleven, clothed in deep mourning, clinging in an agony of grief to a pleasant-faced Irish girl, evidently her nurse, and who was doing her best to comfort her.

"Don't go away and leave me, Katy!" she sobbed, as Mr. Graham paused beside them.

"Whist! Miss Hagar, mavourneen; here's the kind gentleman that will be like a father to you!"

"My name is Graham, and I suppose this is the child I was to take charge of?"

"Yes, sir. I promised master that I wouldn't leave the child till she was safe in your care!"

Mr. Graham made no reply to this, save by placing some money in the hands of the speaker. To his great relief, for he disliked a scene of this kind, the child had stopped crying, and suffered him to lift her into the carriage without any remonstrance.

As soon as the horses were headed homeward, Mr. Graham leaned back and scanned curiously the little creature that had been so strangely forced upon his protection.

As he gazed, curiosity merged into surprise. She bore no resemblance to either of her parents, who were remarkable for their personal beauty.

He had a vivid recollection of her mother at that age; her sweet blue eyes and sunny curls, and the infantine grace of every motion. But this—her child—was not even pretty. The large, black eyes, with their long, silken lashes, were her only redeeming features, and these were so out of proportion with the thin, sallow face, that they added to her weird and elfish appearance.

Mr. Graham was not sorry for this; to tell the truth, he was glad that she had nothing to remind him of the soft sweet beauty and winning ways that were once so precious in his eyes.

For some minutes Hagar sat quite silent, intently regarding him with her large, glittering eyes, which never once wavered or fell beneath his gaze; then she said, her thoughts evidently full of what her nurse had told her:

"Are you to be my father?"

Mr. Graham thought this to be a favourable opportunity for undeceiving her on this point, so he said, coldly:

"No; I am only to have the care of you until you grow up."

"I'm glad of that. But why are you to have the care of me?"

At first, Mr. Graham was at a loss how to reply to this, then he said:

"Because your father wished it."

Instantly the defiant expression faded from the eyes.

"Did my father wish it?" she said, in a voice that was soft and even musical—"then I will stay with you."

Having apparently settled this question in her own mind, she turned her eyes away, and not during the remainder of the ride looking out upon the wild and romantic scenery through which they passed.

The carriage rolled up the broad avenue, passed the main entrance, and stopped at the door of the east wing, on the steps of which the house-keeper stood.

Mr. Graham lifted Hagar from the carriage, saying:

"This is the little girl I spoke to you about—Hagar Somers. I wish you to see that she has every comfort that her age and condition requires, in which I will give you a stated sum monthly. Be also, that she does not trouble me; by no means allowing her to enter the rooms set apart for my use."

As Mr. Graham said this, he closed the door that opened into the hall that led to his own room, as effectually shutting the child from his heart and sympathy, if not his thoughts, as from his sight.

CHAPTER II.

SUCH were the not very pleasant auspices under which little Hagar entered her new home. All her wants, so far as he knew them, were liberally supplied, but the guardian and ward rarely met, and for all purposes of even common intercourse, might as well have been in different hemispheres.

Hagar was a sharp-sighted child, with a mental force far beyond her years. She saw that she was an object of aversion to Mr. Graham, and evidently returned it with interest.

There was no occasion for telling her to avoid him, for she seemed to do so instinctively; he sometimes heard her voice, her laugh, which, loud as it was, had a wild music in it that did not fall unpleasantly upon the ear, or caught a glimpse of her lithe, active form, as it flitted down the avenue or through the woods beyond—but that was all. Once or twice in his solitary walks, she crossed his path, but it was only as the squirrels did, who frequented those grassy old woods, glancing up at him with their bright, restless eyes, and then quickly disappearing from his sight.

Strange to say, there was something in this persistent avoidance that annoyed him.

Had it proceeded from him it would have been followed by a sense of relief, but as it was, it piqued both his pride and curiosity.

He had imagined that it would have been different, and had beforehand steeled his heart to all the frank advances and winning ways by which children appeal so irresistibly to our love and sympathy.

One day he met Hagar where it was not so easy to avoid him. She was sitting on the ground in a sort of natural alcove formed by rocks that jutted up on either side, with her apron full of coals she had gathered.

She started up as soon as she saw him, and stood regarding him with a half-startled, half-defiant look. Something impelled him to address her:

"What is the matter? Are you afraid of me?"

"No; I'm not afraid of anything."

She did not look as if she was, as she stood there, with her head slightly thrown back, and her eyes so expressive of the scorn she felt at this insinuation.

How unlike her who used to cling to him with such a pretty display of fears at the slightest approach of danger. This contrast struck him, and not unpleasantly.

"How do you like your new home?" he inquired.

"I like it well enough," she said, shortly, turning her head away from him as she spoke, as if still anxious to get away.

"Better than you like its master?"

As Mr. Graham said this, he released the little brown hand he had taken. Taking advantage of this, Hagar seized hold of a bush that grew in a fissure of one of the rocks, then placing her foot on a projecting ledge, sprang lightly to the top.

"Yes, I do—a good deal better!" she exclaimed, glancing down upon him with a look of triumph.

The next moment she had disappeared behind the rock she had so unexpectedly scaled.

"What a strange child!" he said to himself, as he resumed his walk. "Who would suppose she was anyway akin to Mildred Doane?"

Then there rose up before him the fairy creature,

with her pretty, coaxing ways and affections so easily won, and alas! as lightly retained. How he remembered the last time he saw her—her sunny smiles, and the parting kiss she left upon his lips. The next morning, which was to have been their wedding-day, she had fled from him to the arms of one he had ever loved and cherished as a brother!

Mrs. Colby was a kind-hearted woman, and sincerely pitied the desolate orphan, still she could hardly be expected to view with favour an arrival that naturally increased her cares and labour. Then Hagar was not what is called a "lovable child;" she had neither beauty, or yet the amiability that often more than compensates for its lack. Her feelings, though evidently strong, were not easily enlisted. She was, in short, one of those strange, odd children that find few companions and sympathizers among ordinary minds. She employed most of her time in rambling among the woods that surrounded Grey Cliff, most generally on horseback, a mode of locomotion to which she had been accustomed almost from her cradle, and in which she showed unusual skill for her years.

In one of Mr. Graham's paddocks she had found a pony, which she had appropriated to her own use. A rough-looking fellow was Jock; but he was strong and docile, and became very much attached to his little mistress. This, together with an old dog, were her constant companions, and upon them she lavished the love that no one else seemed to care to bestow.

One day Mr. Graham came in from his usual morning ride. Hugh not being at hand, he threw the bridle of his horse, a high-spirited animal, which no one but himself ventured to ride, over the post near the entrance. He had just reached the library, when his attention was arrested by a cry from Mrs. Colby of mingled dismay and entreaty. He turned to the widow just in time to see Hagar spring to the saddle. The fiery animal reared and plunged, and was evidently fast becoming unmanageable, but the daring girl still continued to retain her seat, and carried away by excitement, seemed entirely unconscious of her danger.

Mr. Graham was instantly by her side. Seizing the bridle with a strong hand he exclaimed:

"Hagar! mad, wild girl that you are, dismount instantly!"

Hagar's only reply was a ringing laugh, which so terrified the excited animal, that plunging forward, he broke from Mr. Graham's grasp, throwing him some paces distant, and then dashed furiously down towards the river, black and swollen by the spring rains.

Though partially stunned, Mr. Graham realized her danger, and quickly followed. But before he could reach the banks, the horse had plunged in and was making frantic but evidently abortive efforts to gain the opposite side.

Fortunately he could swim, and in an instant he was in the water. Approaching as near as he dared to the struggling animal, he said to the pale and terrified girl, who clung helplessly to the saddle:

"Hagar, remember that your life depends on your keeping perfectly calm. Disengage your foot from the stirrup and drop yourself gently into the water on the side nearest to me."

Shutting her eyes to the dark waters that were surging around her, Hagar obeyed.

Seizing her with his left arm, Mr. Graham said, in the same steady voice:

"Keep your mouth closed. Make no effort yourself, but trust everything to me."

Mr. Graham was a man of great physical strength, and in spite of his burthen and the injury he received when the horse broke so suddenly from him, with slow and steady strokes he gained the shore, where several persons had collected. He laid Hagar down, and then, overcome by pain and exhaustion, fell insensible to the ground.

The first consciousness that Mr. Graham had was the pressure of soft tremulous lips to his hand, followed by sobs and a childish voice crying:

"Oh! he is dead! he is dead! And it is I that have killed him!"

"Hagar," exclaimed Mrs. Colby, who was just entering the room, "what are you doing down there? Get up and go away."

"Oh! Mrs. Colby do you think he will die?"

"It won't be your fault if he don't. Now go out of the room. You've done mischief enough, I should think, for one day."

Hagar went, but for some time he could hear her sobbing by the door whenever it was opened.

Mr. Graham had received some internal injury that confined him to his room for some days. He saw and heard nothing more from Hagar until the following day, when the door was softly opened, and she looked

Unwilling to repulse her, or yet to recognize her presence, he closed his eyes and seemed to be sleeping.

As soon as she was assured of this she stole softly into the room. She paused by the couch on which he was lying, and he knew by the sobbing sound of her breath that she was crying. A feeling of compassion touched his heart, and he yearned to comfort her, but it was difficult for him to break through the reserve that had now become habitual to him, and in a few minutes she was gone.

The next day she came again. She stood by him a moment, and then turned to the table. As she stood there arranging in a vase some wild flowers she had gathered, he opened his eyes and fixed them curiously upon her.

"Hagar!"

Hagar started, as she met those grave, yet not unkindly eyes, as though detected in some criminal act.

"I—I was going out directly! I thought you were sleeping," she said, with deprecating tone and manner strangely unlike her usually defiant mien.

"Come here, Hagar."

"I know that you must hate me, now, more than ever," she said, as she reluctantly approached. "But indeed I did not mean to make you so much trouble."

"What makes you think that I hate you?"

"Because everybody does."

"Why?"

"Because I'm so hateful, I suppose," she said, the old, dark, sullen look coming back into her face, as she spoke.

"I don't believe that anyone hates you, Hagar. I, at least, do not. What are the flowers you were arranging?"

"Honeysuckles. Do you like flowers?"

"Yes."

"And may I bring you some more to-morrow?"

"Yes."

Mr. Graham would have repented of this reluctant permission but for the look of delight that over-spread Hagar's face.

"You may go now child," he said, closing his eyes wearily.

During the remainder of his time he kept his room as he came in daily with her simple offering, but her stay was brief, and her manner shy.

As for Mr. Graham, he began to look forward to her visits not only without reluctance, but with more pleasure than he would have been willing to acknowledge. When he was able to resume his usual habits, her visits ceased, but when he met her in his walks, she did not avoid him; as she used to do, while he rarely omitted to pause and say a word to her, or give her some token of recognition. She seemed to study his countenance and read it with singular intuition; if he smiled, when they met, in his grave, kindly way, her countenance grew radiant with delight and she sprang eagerly to his side; but if, as was sometimes the case, his manner was moody and abstracted, she let him pass by, though she always stood and watched him, with a wistful look in her eyes, so long as he was in sight.

It was not in the nature of man to be insensible to this silent homage; Mr. Graham, certainly, was not.

"She is an odd-looking little thing!" he would say to himself, with inward satisfaction, "but she has a grateful heart, as frank and open as the day."

It finally occurred to Mr. Graham that his charge was growing up very wild and untrained. "I must get a governess for her," he said, after turning the subject over in his mind.

He mentioned this intention to Mrs. Colby the next morning, as she came to receive his orders. Mrs. Colby was a woman of strong practical sense, and after some hesitation, she said:

"It would be better for her to go away to school, if I may take the liberty of saying so, sir. Miss Hagar needs to be with those of her own age. It is little a governess could do with her here, where she has been used to do as she liked, and come and go when she pleases."

The force of this argument struck Mr. Graham. He had just received a circular from a lady who kept a small select school for young ladies, and who enjoyed a high reputation as a teacher.

He wrote to her, and having received a satisfactory answer, it was settled that Hagar should go as soon as she could be got ready.

When the housekeeper first communicated this decision to Hagar, she stoutly rebelled; but as soon as she understood that it was Mr. Graham's wish, she yielded at once, much to Mrs. Colby's astonishment, and took it, to use her own expression, "as meekly as a lamb."

"You must be a good girl, Hagar," said Mr. Graham when they parted, "and learn all you can."

The eyes that Hagar lifted to his were full of tears, and her lips quivered as she said:

"I will. But oh! I wish you would go too."

There was something in this artless and spontane-

ous burst of affection that touched Mr. Graham's heart, and stooping, he kissed her.

It was the first caress that he had ever given her, and Hagar never forgot it.

CHAPTER III

Mrs. VERNON, Hagar's teacher, was a woman of large heart as well as high attainments. She took a motherly interest in her pupil, and winning her love and confidence, soon succeeded in establishing over her that guiding and restraining influence that Hagar's impulsive nature so much required.

So, from time to time, very favourable reports reached Mr. Graham of his ward's deportment and progress in her studies. Hagar spent two of her vacations at Grey Cliff, but both times Mr. Graham was absent. The second time he was called away by the death of his brother, Colonel James Graham, who left a widow and one child, a daughter about eight years of age.

Mr. Graham had always disliked his sister-in-law, a showy, intriguing woman; and as his brother left her an income—moderate, it is true, taking into view her tastes and habits, but amply sufficient for her comfortable maintenance—it was not his intention to offer her a home at Grey Cliff, but the crafty widow played her cards so well that he could not avoid it. The reluctance with which he did so would have been visible to any one less quick-sighted than Mrs. James Graham, but she had her own plans to carry out, and prudently closed her eyes to it.

"You will find Grey Cliff very dull," he said, coldly, cutting short her profuse expression of gratitude.

"My dear Robert, its quiet and seclusion will make it doubly congenial with my feelings. Indeed, I can scarcely tell you how comforting is the thought that I shall soon be beneath the roof of the early home of my dear departed husband."

As the widow said this, she raised her crape-bordered handkerchief to her eyes, and sank back upon the sofa in a becoming attitude of woe.

A cynical smile curled Mr. Graham's lip as he looked upon her—for, disappointed in her expectations of his brother's wealth, he well knew that her married life had been one of discomfort and unhappiness.

He made no further objections, however, and when he returned to Grey Cliff she accompanied him, much to the secret indignation of Mrs. Colby, who, to use her own words, "took a mortal dislike to the sly, deceitful thing, the moment she set eyes on her."

If Mrs. James Graham noticed this dislike, she was perfectly indifferent to it; and meekly as she bore herself at first, soon so encroached on what the housekeeper felt to be her especial province, that in her indignation she would have resigned at once, had she not the shrewdness to perceive that this was the very thing that would please the haughty lady most.

The widow was not long in ascertaining Hagar's existence, and as Mrs. Colby either could or would not enlighten her as to the relation she sustained to her brother-in-law, she determined to question him herself, though his ordinary manner was not such as to make it a very easy matter for her to do so.

"When do you expect the return of your adopted daughter?" she inquired, the very first opportunity she had of speaking to him.

"I have no adopted daughter. My ward, Miss Hagar Somers, will leave school some time in the autumn."

"Ah! how greatly attached you must be to her, taking her as you did, when she was but a mere child!"

"Dismiss your fears, madam; I have no intention of adopting my ward or making her my heiress."

Even in Mrs. Graham's evident discomfiture at this quick discernment of her motives, she experienced a feeling of relief at this assurance.

"She must be very beautiful if she resembles her mother. Mildred Doane was one of the loveliest creatures I have ever seen."

Mr. Graham did not like this allusion.

"Hagar does not resemble her mother in the least," he said, shortly. "I have not seen her for nearly five years, but she was then quite a plain-looking child."

Mrs. Graham retired from the field in triumph, fully convinced that Hagar would not be the rival of her petted daughter, Angelica, either in beauty or position.

Angelica was at school; she had been recalled at the death of her father, and had returned immediately after the funeral. She followed her mother a few months later to Grey Cliff, in her own opinion, at least, "a finished young lady," highly delighted at the change in her position—from the daughter of a man of limited means to the niece and reputed heiress

of the wealthy Robert Graham of Grey Cliff. Nature had bestowed beauty upon her, but few brains. Naturally vain and frivolous, her mother's teachings and her superficial education had made her the insincere, artificial creature that she was.

Mrs. Graham did not forget to instruct her daughter in the rôle she was to play on her return.

"You must remember, my love," she wrote, "to lay aside the little fits of ill-temper and wilfulness in which you sometimes indulge, especially before your uncle. He will not, probably, ever marry, and if you manage shrewdly, you will become heiress of his wealth. There is no one to stand in the way of this with the exception of his ward, the child of an old sweetheart, and in whom, in spite of his air of indifference he takes no little interest. But from what I can learn, she is odd and plain-looking; so that you can easily supplant her, if you will only be as amiable and interesting as you can be when you choose."

"This is my daughter Angelica," said Mrs. Graham, to her brother-in-law, on the morning of her arrival. "The sole comfort of my widowed heart!"

"Remember, my love," she added, turning to her daughter, "that your uncle takes the place of your poor papa, and is entitled to the same love and obedience."

"Dear, dear uncle," murmured Angelica, softly, with one of her sweetest smiles. She advanced with her evident intention of pre-empting herself into his arms, but there was nothing in the cool, steady eyes that were regarding her to encourage this demonstration.

Mr. Graham was far too shrewd to fall into an open trap.

"Nay, madam, I am far from wishing to impose any such restrictions upon your daughter; and to speak frankly, have been too long a bachelor not to find it difficult to play the part you assign to me. Nevertheless," he added, dropping his cold and slightly ironical tone, and speaking not only kindly, but with feeling, "my brother's child is very welcome to Grey Cliff, and may be sure that I will do all in my power to make her stay pleasant."

Then, without appearing to notice the discomfiture of both mother and daughter, he changed the subject, gliding quietly and easily into the discussion of indifferent topics.

But it was in vain that Angelica tried the soft words and practiced arts which with many men stood in lieu of the deeper feeling she lacked. He had fathomed, at a glance, her shallow brain, and still more shallow heart, and beyond the slight, but icy barrier between them she found it impossible to pass.

"He's a perfect bear!" she exclaimed, indignantly, as soon as she was alone with her mother.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Graham. "He is very rich, remember, and rich men are privileged to have oddities. You must not let him see that you notice them."

But the "perfect bear" seemed disposed to accord her indulgences that Mrs. Graham had hardly dared to hope for, considering his tastes and habits. The spacious drawing-rooms were thrown open, and his sister-in-law and her daughter introduced to the most refined and wealthy families in the neighbourhood; an overture that was eagerly accepted, as they were all emulous of the honour of an acquaintance with the niece and supposed heiress of the master of Grey Cliff, whose door had been so long closed against them.

Mr. Graham might have had some policy in this; in giving his niece every opportunity in his power for achieving that evidently sole object of her existence, a brilliant marriage, he doubtless had in view the relief it would bring him. The result was the same, however, and Angelica was eloquent in her expressions of gratitude at his generosity, of which no scruples of delicacy deterred her from taking full advantage.

She invited her particular friends, the Vancouvers, of London, to spend the summer with her; these, together with what transient visitors they had, made Grey Cliff quite gay. This was far from being in unison with Mr. Graham's feelings, and he mingled with the guests that thronged his house as little as his position as host would permit.

Towards the latter end of August, Mr. Graham received a letter from Hagar. It was brief, simply announcing her return the following week. Instead of being annoyed, as he once would, he experienced a vague feeling of pleasure. He recalled her frank ingenuousness, how tearfully she clung to him when they parted. Childish as was this show of affection, it was at least sincere, unlike that to which he was forced to listen with an outward show of civility.

The next morning he was quite alone; Angelica, her mother and their guests having rode over to the nearest town. As he was crossing the hall, he saw a carriage at the door, from which a young girl was alighting.

"Some more company, I suppose," he said to himself with inward annoyance, and resolving to beat a retreat to the library.

But he was too late; without waiting for the heavy travelling trunks to be lifted off, she ran up the steps and entered the hall.

As soon as she perceived him, she flashed upon his face the blackest eyes that he ever saw.

"Mr. Graham!" she said, moving impulsively forward. Then colouring, as she met his cold, unrecognizing gaze, she added:

"You did not expect me so soon."

"Hagar! is it possible!"

"I have grown so that you did not know me," she said, with the laugh that he so well remembered, which, though it had lost its wildness, had the same silvery ring.

"But you," she added, "I should have known you anywhere."

There was something in this that reminded him of the Hagar of old, though every other resemblance had vanished, and his heart warmed toward her.

"You have, indeed, altered," he said, surveying her from head to foot with a look of surprise and pleasure. "But come into the library a few minutes before you go to your room. Fortunately, I am quite alone."

"You will not find Grey Cliff so dull as in old times," he said, half-an-hour later, as he consigned her to the care of Mrs. Colby. "My brother's widow and her daughter are here, together with some of their friends; so you will have a gay time."

A gay time, repeated Mrs. Colby indignantly, as she took Hagar up to her room. "A couple of silly women turning the house upside down with their merry-making! It's perfectly scandalous!"

"I am sorry that you are so annoyed," said Hagar, gently; "but it must be pleasant for Mr. Graham to have some of his own kin with him."

"There is not a drop of his blood in old madam's veins! As for Miss Angelica, who would take her to be a Graham? Robert Graham can't deceive me with his smooth speeches; he'd be as glad, this minute, to have them pack themselves off, bag and baggage, as I would be! I'm glad enough you're got back, Miss Hagar," continued the good woman, as she paused for want of breath. "Mind, now, that you stand up for your rights; if you don't, you won't get them!"

"Never fear for me," said Hagar, smiling. Hagar did not go downstairs again until she was summoned to dinner. Her guardian's allowance was a liberal one, and desirous of doing him no discredit, she attired herself with unusual care; so that Mr. Graham had the satisfaction of observing, as she entered, that her dress, though almost severe in its simplicity, was faultless both in style and material.

"My ward, Miss Somers," he said, quietly enjoying the surprise and chagrin so plainly depicted upon the countenances of his sister-in-law and her daughter.

"You wrote me she was plain-looking," said the latter, pettishly, as her mother entered her room that night.

"So your uncle told me; but then he had not seen her for five years. It is surprising how these plain-looking children sometimes alter! And yet her features are far from regular."

Mrs. Graham was right; there was not a feature, with perhaps the exception of the dark eyes and the sweet spirited mouth, that could not have been altered for the better. Hagar's chief charm lay in the changeless expression of her countenance. She was not incapable of anger; the eyes, that had in them such gleams of tenderness, could flash back a very different look, as Miss Angelica discovered the very first time she attempted to make her the subject of some of her well-bred impertinences. Nothing that she said or did was done for mere effect. She did not smile for the purpose of showing her teeth, undeniably white as they were, nor droop her eyes to display the beauty of the long, curved lashes, nor attempt the thousand and one affections with which some women spoil the most attractive face.

CHAPTER IV.

Hagar joined as little as possible the gay circle in which Mrs. Graham and her daughter mingled; and being much alone, the guardian and ward were naturally much together. Hagar had expressed a wish to learn German, and Mr. Graham, who was a fine German scholar, gave her a lesson daily. So it came to be a general custom for her to spend her mornings in the library reading, studying, or conversing. Hagar seemed happier there than anywhere else; and as for Mr. Graham, her fresh and guileless nature seemed to have a transforming effect upon him, and though he never lost the gentle gravity of his manner, his brow unbent and the hard lines around the mouth

softened beneath the influence of the peace and happiness that was flowing in upon his heart.

At first Mrs. Graham seemed pleased at Hagar's indifference to the gay scenes in which she had shared, that she would prove a formidable rival to her daughter. But all at once her manner changed, and she appeared to be very anxious that her daughter should mingle more in the society she was so fitted to adorn. She seemed especially desirous of throwing her into the society of Austin Fitz-James, a young man of family and fortune, who was extremely very much smitten with Hagar's charms.

In this she partially succeeded—for she managed so skillfully that Hagar did not once mistrust why a person, whom she treated only with common politeness, should always know just where to find her, and in public generally contrive to place himself by her side as though it was his right.

"You seem very anxious to get Hagar well married," said Angelica to her mother one evening, after witnessing the manoeuvres in jealous astonishment.

"I am. But I have your interest in view, as you would see if you know all."

And bending her head, she whispered a few words in her daughter's ear.

Angelica gave her mother an astonished look.

"Impossible!"

"Nay, my love, it is very natural; your uncle is still a young man—scarcely thirty-eight—and Hagar is a very charming girl."

"They will make a fine-looking couple," said Mrs. Graham, a few mornings after, as she joined her brother-in-law at the window by which he was making his way into the garden.

Following the direction of her eyes, he looked out into the garden, where Hagar was standing with Fitz-James by her side. He seemed to be speaking very earnestly to her, and though her face was earnest, she seemed to be giving him a no less earnest situation.

Had he heard Hagar's reply, his cheek might not have turned so pale.

Mrs. Graham marked it with secret triumph, for she knew that the poison in her carelessly spoken words had reached his heart.

After this, Mr. Graham's manner changed toward Hagar; he avoided her whenever he could, and when they met, treated her with a chilling reserve, that to a sensitive nature like Hagar's was almost repelling. At first she fancied that she had thoughtlessly given him offence; but he assured her to the contrary, looking, as she thought, annoyed at her pertinacity.

Mrs. Graham met her as she came out of the library. Hagar's eyes were full of tears, for she was wounded in the heart.

"I am sorry for you, Hagar," she said, softly. "But you must know that your guardian suffers far more than you."

Hagar burst into tears.

"What is it, Mrs. Graham? What terrible thing has happened to him?"

"It is nothing new, Hagar. But you are just at the age of your mother when he last saw her, and remind him daily of the treachery that made a shipwreck of his whole life. I see that you are aware of this sad story," she added, as she met Hagar's wondering look. "Perhaps I ought not to have said anything about it."

"You must—you shall—tell me!" exclaimed Hagar, almost fiercely. "I have a right to know!"

"Then come into my room, Hagar."

I will not repeat Mrs. Graham's narrative, nor yet the artfully chosen words by which she induced her to believe that her presence was a conditional thing in her guardian's path. Hagar recalled to mind his agonizing avoidance of her in her childhood, and believed it all.

"But you need not look so troubled about it, Hagar," said the wily woman, in conclusion; "you will soon marry—which will be a great relief to you both."

"I have no intention of marrying," returned Hagar, rising from her seat; "but I will not remain here another day. With such an education as mine, I certainly ought to be able to maintain myself."

"But if Mr. Graham should learn of your intention, he is so generous, that he will insist on your remaining."

"He shall not know it from me!"

Mrs. Graham smiled, as the excited girl turned away, as though her thoughts were very pleasant.

CHAPTER V.

Fortunately for the carrying out of Hagar's plan, Mr. Graham left home the next morning, to be gone until the following day. As soon as she was mistress of the house, she laid a letter on his desk in the library, here she knew he would be sure to find it.

to his return. In it she stated the facts she had known, though she did not disclose through what means she obtained them. In conclusion, she thanked him for his kindness, but professed her unalterable determination never to trouble him with her presence again.

Mr. Graham gave Hagar a letter of recommendation to a friend in London, who was in want of a governess, to which city she had determined to go. She had already finished preparations for leaving in the noon train, when she missed a book which she prized highly, and which she remembered leaving in the library. As she entered in search of it, to her amazement and dismay, she saw Mr. Graham in the room, with her letter lying open before him. He had unexpectedly returned from an adjoining room to get from his desk some valuable papers he had forgotten.

"Sit down, Hagar," he said, as she made a motion to leave.

"If you really wish to leave me," he continued, as she obeyed, "sorely your approaching marriage with Miss Fitz-James will afford you ample excuse."

"I have no intention of marrying Austin Fitz-James," returned Hagar, haughtily. "Even the consciousness of my dislike cannot force me into a mercenary marriage."

"Oh, child, how strangely you have read my heart!"

Mr. Graham paused, evidently struggling with the emotions that for a moment had proved too strong for him.

He then resumed, more calmly:

"Listen to me, Hagar. If you will go, you shall leave with such a thought in your heart as that, much as that is false, there is some truth in what you have heard. You did not tell me your informant, but I can guess her name. Your mother was my beloved wife—your father as dear to me as a brother. My cruelly wronged my heart, turning into bitterness the sweetest and purest emotions of my nature. But they have gone to their account: God is their judge, and I will not deny that I took charge of you with reluctance—nay, more—I resolved that you should be a stranger. But it was in vain that I stole my heart against you; in looking back, I can see that I took a strange interest in you from the first. When you came back to me, a woman, so lovely in all your looks and ways, and yet so unconscious of it all, my interest deepened daily. When in your presence, my dark shadow was lifted from my heart, and there came back to me the joy and serenity of the years that had vanished. But it was not until I saw, or fancied I saw, that you had given your love to another, that I realized the nature of my feelings. Then I knew that I loved you, as man loves the woman in whose soul he would be first and dearest."

"Say, do not answer me now, Hagar," he said, as he was about to speak. "You have a grateful heart, but gratitude is not love. I cannot be satisfied with less than I give. Go to your room, and weigh well what I have told you. Think of your youth, and my mature years; your fresh and joyous nature, my saddened and weary heart, and ask yourself if you can be to me that I crave. Then come and tell me your decision, as freely and fearlessly as to a father. And remember, whatever it may be, I cannot be less to you than your friend and guardian, nor you other than the kindest object of my care."

Taking her hand, he gently led her to the door, and said it upon her.

Hagar went, as in a dream, up the broad stairs that led to her room. She then strove to analyze her feelings.

The words she had heard had aroused emotions as strange as delightful, and looking down into her heart, she knew, for the first time, that she loved this sad, solitary man with all the strength of her newly awakened womanhood.

Without thinking how or in what words she should tell him this, she quickly retraced her steps. As she opened the door, she could not help thinking how nobly and stately he looked; the oriel window, by which he was standing, bringing his figure into full relief. He did not notice her approach, and, stealing softly to his side, she slipped her hand into his. Finding he gave her an eager, questioning look.

"By what name shall I call you, Hagar? What are you going to be to me?"

"Your child, your wife; all, everything you would have me!"

He gathered her strongly and tenderly to his heart.

"My love! my bride! through all these years, I loved at last!"

Mr. Graham was in her room, congratulating her on the success of her stratagem, when she was surprised by a summons from her brother-in-law. His communication was brief, and to the point.

"Your disinterested efforts in behalf of Miss Somers, are not only known, but fully appreciated. I am

happy to state that she will remain at Grey Cliff, not as my ward, but as my wife and its future mistress. Not supposing that either you or your daughter will care to stay here longer, I have placed a sum in the hands of my lawyer sufficient to enable you to secure a more desirable home elsewhere."

It is hardly necessary to state that both hint and offer were immediately acted upon.

Mrs. Colby could scarcely tell which pleased her most, the expulsion of the usurpers of her ancient rights, or the quiet, but happy bridal that followed. Yet, delighted as she was at the latter event, she would never own that she was at all surprised. "I have known this a long time," she said, to one of her cronies; "who would be mistress of Grey Cliff, if she only would? And I must say, that everything has turned out exactly as I wanted it!"

Trusting that this will be the unanimous verdict of my many readers, I bid them, for the present, adieu.

M. G. H.

TEMPTATION.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Will and the Way," "Woman and her Master," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

Words cannot paint these, gentlest cynosure
Of all things lovely; in that loveliest form
Souls wear the youth of woman; brows as pure
As Memphis skies that never knew a storm;
Lips with such sweetness in their honeyed deeps
As fills the rose in which a fairy sleeps.

Disregarding the predictions of the physician and the evil anticipations of Lady Trevelyan and her children, Edward lingered on till he reached his twentieth birthday—the first of real happiness which the solitary invalid for several years had tasted—for it was cheered by the presence of his earliest friend, George Maitland, who, having obtained three months' leave of absence from his regiment, resolved to devote them to his adopted brother—which he was the better enabled to do as the general his father was engaged on active service in India.

We must pass over the pleasure of such a meeting—the reunion of two hearts locked in the bands of closest friendship; hearts in which time, the cares of the world, its dreams of ambition and sordid interest, had not yet chilled youth's generous sympathies.

At first, Sir Richard and his lady were coldly polite to their visitor—but that coldness gradually changed to aversion, which expressed itself in rudeness when they discovered how closely the dying heir and his friend were united: there appeared but one heart, one soul between them.

Walter and Emily, who had long given up as hopeless their attempts to conciliate the affection of their moody brother—as they termed him—by their hypocritical attentions, sorely kept the expression of their anger and mortification within the bounds of common decency.

The two young men were not slow to perceive the feeling of the baronet and his family. As a natural consequence, they associated with them as little as possible, passing most of their time at the cottage of the adjutant, where George Maitland was welcomed by the sisters as an old friend—they had known him from their childhood.

On these visits the sisters and the two young men would, if the weather permitted, stroll together the greater part of the day, leaving the blind old adjutant to the care of the young organist, Charles Graham. More than once they extended their excursions to Newstead Abbey—that glorious pile, inseparably connected with the name of Byron.

In their day Newstead was considered merely as a fine old mansion, interesting from its antiquity and historical associations. It has since become a shrine, hallowed as the abode of genius and misfortune. When, alas! will they cease to be inseparable?

The gossip and scandal-mongers—for there were a few such personages even in dear, rural, old Farnfield—soon began to indulge in whispers, shrugs, and comments on the extraordinary intimacy which had sprung up between the village beauties and the heir of Sir Richard Trevelyan and his friend. The rector's sister—a decided old maid—predicted in strictest confidence to the lawyer's wife, that no good would come of it. The lawyer's lady in turn hinted as much to the daughters of the apothecary and schoolmaster.

"To the pure," it has been beautifully observed, "all things are pure." Fanny and Therese, conscious of the innocence of their own hearts, little suspected that their conduct had become the talk of the place—that evil minds had placed as evil a construction upon it—that they were the subject of gossip amongst their neighbours.

The young organist was the first to hear the vari-

ous rumours which the busy tongue of scandal thus cruelly set afloat. To say that he was pained would give but a slight idea of the agony he endured: not that he believed them—his confidence in the virtue of Therese was as unbounded as his love. A slight pang of jealousy he certainly did feel when he saw the sisters depart on their rambles, each leaning on the arm of her elegant companion.

Never had the organ of the old church—the only confidant of his feelings—poured forth such strains of plaintive melody; and during the visits of George Maitland and Edward to the cottage, what tantalised him most was, that he knew not which of the friends to be jealous of—for Therese as frequently took the arm of the young squire as that of his friend.

The poor fellow longed to speak, but dare not. He feared the mocking laugh, the teasing smile of the light-hearted girl he was so madly devoted to. It was not till he had taken the resolution twenty times, and broken it as often, that he at last found courage to broach the subject.

Therese sought him one morning at an early hour in the church—she was sure to find him there. The village bells were dressed with more than usual care: never, in the eyes of the musician, had she appeared so lovely.

"I want to speak to you, Charles!" she said, offering him her hand.

How gently, yet how fondly, did he clasp her delicate fingers in his; with what reluctance did he resign them.

"Another day of pleasure?" he said, with a sigh.

"Had you been a conjuror, Charles," replied the merry girl, "you could not have guessed more truly! Don't look so seriously! No one, I am sure, will ever take you for one!"

The arch smile of the speaker, as she uttered the words, annoyed the amorous musician exceedingly.

"I know that nature has not been too bountiful with my head!" he replied; "but in return, she has not cursed me with a corrupt heart!"

The eyes of Therese filled with tears at the reproof.

"Gold—pure gold!" she exclaimed, in a tone of self-reproach; "and I shall never forgive myself for having pained it—but I did not mean to do so. Forget it, Charles!" she added, once more extending her hand to him; "my foolish tongue ran away with my judgment, or I never could have said a word to pain so true a friend! I'll not offend again!"

The anger of her lover vanished in an instant. He must have received a far more serious cause of offence to have held out against such an appeal. He sealed her pardon with his lips upon the pledge thus temptingly held out to him.

"And now that we are friends once more," continued Therese—"there, you need not kiss my hand so! I'll tell you what has brought me thus early! I knew I should find you in the church! Fanny and I are going to Newstead!"

"Alone?" inquired the organist.

"No!"

"George Maitland and the young squire are to accompany you?" said Charles Graham, with a deep drawn sigh.

"Right again! You certainly do improve!" replied the pure-minded girl, not dreaming that any one could be base enough to construe evil out of that which to her was a source of innocent gratification; "and we want you to pass the day at the cottage with papa! We shall feel quite easy at leaving him in your care! You hesitate!" added the maiden, with surprise; "very well, sir—it is not often that I ask a favour of any one! Stephen Franklin will not refuse me!"

Stephen Franklin was the only son of one of the wealthiest farmers on the Trevelyan estate: a dashing, merry-hearted fellow, admitted by universal consent amongst the belles of Farnfield to be the best match in the village. He had long been an ardent admirer of Therese. His character would have stood equally high with the fathers and matrons of the place, but for one drawback—an inveterate love of poaching; and poaching in those days was considered as a crime which merited the severest punishment. When detected, the squirearchy and magistrates generally proved implacable.

On all other points the conduct of the young farmer was admitted to be unexceptionable.

"Perhaps," observed the organist, deeply hurt, "he does not love you as I do, Therese!"

"At least he will oblige me more readily!" retorted the maiden.

"I will do him no wrong!" continued the young man; "with him love is a passion sparkling and brilliant as the flame which quickly consumes itself—with me it is a sentiment which has engrafted itself upon the heart, absorbing every feeling! Think, then, what I must endure should evil tongues speak lightly of my choice—profane the name I worship with the soul's fervid adoration, believe as pure as a mother's holy kiss—a father's blessing!"

The daughter of the blind old soldier stood for several moments as if trying to understand the drift of the speech. When she did comprehend it, a deep blush suffused her features—Nature's witness that she merited not the breath, much less the taint of suspicion.

"I did not expect this from you, Charles!" she replied at last, in a tone far more of sorrow than of anger; "I knew that you were jealous—but till this moment never dreamed you could be unjust! Farewell!"

She turned to quit the church—but, overcome by feelings which certainly were not those of self-reproach, she seated herself upon a tomb on which was sculptured the recumbent effigy of one of the old priors of Southwell.

Her repentant lover was at her feet in an instant. "You must hear me!" he exclaimed; "that your heart may have no excuse for treating me with injustice! What I have said are not the ravings of a senseless jealousy—I but repeat the words which are on the lips of half the village! I need not say how they have wronged me! Several times you have asked me why I no longer visited at the rectory? I offended Miss Standish, by defending you and Fanny against her vile insinuations! You demanded why I gave up my lessons to the daughters of the lawyer? It was because I could not sit patiently and listen to your detraction! All condemn and assign the worst motives," he added, "for your intimacy with those whom rank and fortune, in their opinion, have placed so far above you!"

"And you have heard these things?" faltered the astonished Therese, from whose lips the sunny smile had fled.

"Heard them with pain!"

"And believed them!"

"Never for an instant!" replied her lover, in a tone of indignation; "I could as soon doubt the purity of the mother who bore me as yours, Therese! If all the world condemned you, I should uphold your innocence! So perfect is my confidence, so devoted is my love, that doubt can never find entrance to my heart—conviction might—but it would kill me! Oh that I could prove," he added, "how perfect is my faith in you!"

At that moment neither of the speakers dreamed how soon the faith of which he boasted would be put to the test.

"I said your heart was gold, Charles—pure gold!" exclaimed Therese, deeply moved by the manly confidence and generosity of her lover—"and I was not deceived in you! Who could have thought," she added, in a tone of sorrow and surprise, "that the world was so wicked? Friends and neighbours, who have known us from childhood, to judge Fanny and myself so harshly!"

"Easy, rather, unjustly!"

"Poor Edward!" continued the girl, with a sigh; "it will be a sad shock to him when he hears that his friendship has brought a blight upon the name of two poor motherless girls—and he dying, too!"

"He must not know it!" replied the organist; "it would be cruel—and unnecessary as regards him. It is your intimacy with his friend—the handsome, gay young officer, whom all the girls of Farnsfield are raving about, that has raised those infamous reports!"

"Should they reach my father's ear," said the anxious girl, struck by a sudden terror, "they would kill him! The poor blind old man lives but in his children: they are the light which he has lost—flowers, sunshine, everything to him! Thank heaven!" she added, in a tone whose deep earnestness, despite his confidence, removed a bitter pang from the heart of her lover, "George Maitland joins his regiment in a month!"

"And scandal, having exhausted its venom, will seek some other victim!" observed Charles Graham.

"Meanwhile—"

"I will speak to George Maitland privately myself," interrupted Therese, who had suddenly become very thoughtful; "I am sure he will understand me! I fear we cannot put off this visit to Newstead!" she continued. "It would cause explanations with my father and poor Edward Trevanian which, for both their sakes, are much better avoided!"

The musician thought so, too; and as a recompense was permitted to escort the fair speaker to the cottage where her sister and the two friends were already prepared to start on their visit to Newstead.

From that day it was observed that the walks of the sisters and their visitors were confined to the little garden of the adjutant's cottage—not that they became less frequent. The old soldier was delighted with the conversation of the son of his former general—it broke the monotony of his existence. He looked upon him and Edward, as well as his two girls, as mere children—forgetting that one spark from the Promethean torch of Love anticipates the wing of Time, and changes the current of existence.

To the great annoyance of Lady Trevanian, the

visits of her step-son to the cottage did not cease with the departure of his friend—who, at the expiration of his leave of absence, started from Farnsfield to rejoin his regiment in Ireland. Edward was still seen at the adjutant's as frequently as ever—generally in the garden with Fanny—but sometimes with her sister.

The invalid had borne the separation from George—whom he knew he should never see again—with a firmness which surprised every one who knew how tender was the tie of friendship which united them. It was but another proof of the strong influence which the will can exercise over the heart: he dared not feel, lest the purpose of his life should be defeated.

Strange to say, from the day of his quitting him, Edward never received letter or communication of any kind from his friend. This, whether justly or not, he attributed to the machinations of Lady Trevanian.

About a month before our tale commenced, at the earnest entreaty of his physician, Doctor Bennet, the invalid confined himself to his own room. The only amusement he permitted himself was in writing long letters to Fanny and her sister: these he intrusted to his valet, Duncan, the son of the female who had been his mother's nurse—a straightforward, honest fellow, about his own age—whom no cajoleries could persuade or flattery corrupt—so devotedly was he attached to his young master.

When the visits of Edward ceased, the health of Fanny rapidly gave way; and, without suspecting the reason, her sister could not avoid connecting one event with the other. She frequently found her in tears—she complained of cold—and even in the house kept herself muffled in a thick shawl.

On one occasion Therese implored her to receive medical advice: the suffering girl refused almost with an expression of terror.

"It will soon pass!" she said; "and it would be cruel to alarm our father unnecessarily!"

When Therese spoke of her sister's illness to the old servant who had attended them in their infancy, Mary Page shook her head, and replied to her by half words and muttered sentences, which only bewildered her young mistress more and more—she could not comprehend it. The adjutant at last perceived that his favourite child was suffering: true, he could not read it in her sunken eyes and faded cheek—but her voice betrayed it to him, and he insisted that Doctor Bennet should be sent for.

Fanny gave a reluctant assent—and that same night sent off a hurried letter to the hall by the hands of her usual messenger, Duncan.

Great was the shock to Therese, when the kind-hearted medical man privately informed her that Fanny was soon to become a mother—she could scarcely believe the evidence of her senses.

A plan was arranged by which, when the time should come, the birth of the infant might take place without the knowledge of its grandfather—who, under the influence of wounded pride and outraged honour, was capable, in the first impulse of his indignation, of cursing his unhappy child.

No entreaty could wring from Fanny the name of her betrayer. In reply to her sister's solicitations upon the subject, she only answered that her lips were sealed by an oath, which she dared not break.

Such was the state of affairs on the evening of the day when the three travellers inquired of the sexton of Farnsfield the road to the Trevanian Arms.

CHAPTER IV.

Ne'er be I found by thee o'erawed
In that thrice-bellowed eve abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pobbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt o'er fire and fen,
O'er wilds, and flood the haunts of men.

Colt's "Ode to Fear."

In pursuance of his design of attempting to obtain a clue to what was going on at Bet Guyton's, the old sexton trudged the three long miles between the church at Farnsfield and the Trevanian Arms; it was about ten o'clock when he arrived: to his astonishment, he found both doors and windows closed.

"Rather an unusual thing," he thought, "for Bet to retire so early!"

But Bet had not retired—and of this he speedily convinced himself; for, on applying his ear to the shutter, he distinctly heard the voices of several persons conversing in an under-tone in the little parlour.

"The soldier, the parson, and the lawyer—they be come for no good!" he muttered. "I am determined to see the end of it!"

So saying, he quitted his post at the window, and marched boldly towards the door of the cottage, singing, as he approached, a snatch of one of his favourite songs, in order to avoid exciting suspicion.

Mike Tippin, the sexton, at the door of an ale-house without his song, would have occasioned as much

surprise as a parson in the pulpit without his gown, or a soldier on parade without a sword:

The old church bell, how it booms from the tower,
Sullen and sad as the lone midnight hour;
Life's pathway it marks on the dial of Time,
From infancy's years to manhood's wild prime.
We may fly from its sound, but flight is in vain—
Tho' forgotten for years, we must hear it again—
What far land we seek, wherever we roam,
It will boom from the tower to welcome us home.

"What, ho! house!" shouted the sexton, knocking at the same time lustily at the door of the cottage with his gnarled crab-stick; "what a plague! Are ye all a-bed at this early hour?"

The sexton knew that they were not in bed, but it answered his purpose to affect to think so. Presently he heard the sound of voices whispering in the little parlour below: not to appear to be listening, he resumed the burthen of his song:

Sad and stern are its sounds, as torn from the heart,
One by one we behold all life's treasures depart;
Wife, children, and friends—it calls to the grave,
Till we linger a wreck on humanity's wave;
Then, when our dark locks are whited by age,
And Time in life's volume has reached the last page,
Still the old church bell bids our steps cease to roam,
As it booms from the tower to welcome us home!

At the end of the old man's song, the casement directly over the porch of the cottage was opened, and Bet Guyton, the hostess of the Trevanian Arms, demanded in a shrill, shrewish voice, what drab was there.

"Drunkard!" repeated the sexton, in a tone of indignation; "why, I am as dry as sorrow—not a drop has passed my lips since dinner! Don't you know your old acquaintance, Mike?"

"What Mike?"

"What Mike? Why your old friend Mike, the sexton, to be sure, who dug your husband's grave—and a good one it was! Poor fellow—he always liked to have everything comfortable about him!"

"Friend or no friend—drunk or sober," replied the woman, "I shan't open my doors to-night! I have been in bed this hour!"

"That's a lie!" mentally ejaculated the old man.

"And I advise you to hasten home, and follow my example!"

So saying, Bet Guyton closed the window; at the same time the light in the little parlour below was extinguished—the voices for some time had ceased.

The old eavesdropper knew that when Bet had once said the word, it was of little use to argue its point with her; the repulse he had met only increased his anxiety, and he determined to watch the house till daybreak.

The sexton—who prided himself upon seeing as far into a mill-stone as most men—very naturally argued that it was equally certain the inmates of the house would watch him. Muttering a curse sufficiently audible for the three mysterious guests to hear, he commenced the snatch of a second song, crossed the road in front of the little inn, and entered a footpath leading through the park of Sir Richard, as his nearest way to Farnsfield.

He had not proceeded more than a hundred yards before he came to a clump of firs and shrubs, in which he concealed himself. As the moon was shining brightly, he had an uninterrupted view across the great avenue leading to the hall, and the bit of rail between the lodge and the Trevanian Arms. It was impossible for any one to enter or quit the house without his perceiving him.

"There!" said the old man, after complacently surveying the position he had chosen, "I shall out-manoeuvre Bet, after all! They must hide well that hide from me! Even the grave," he added, "can't keep its secret!"

Mike continued to watch for more than an hour and a half. Occasionally he was startled by a door breaking through the underwood, or a hare crossing the avenue. So perfectly still was the night, that he distinctly heard the village clock strike the hour of twelve: for the first time in his life, he felt a nervous chill sensation creep over him.

"Strange!" he thought; "I have been in the belly later than this, and never felt afraid before!"

He forgot that years had made it like a bone to him.

Mike had almost made up his mind to give over his apparently fruitless watch, and return home, when the sound of the great bell of the hall came booming heavily on the night-air. He listened—the sound was not repeated.

It was generally said in Farnsfield, that it talked voluntarily on the death of a male of the house of Trevanian—and the sexton was a devout believer in the superstition.

"Poor young squire!" he said; "gone at last! There is no mistaking the death-knell of his race! Those who have once heard it seldom forget it! I should like to have been in the churchyard," he added, "to see the iron door of the vault open and close

agreed—as they say it does—of its own accord, to admit the dead man's spirit! My father saw it once, but he never liked to speak about it!"

To do him justice, the regret he experienced at the death of Edward Trevanian was sincere: he thought more of the loss to the poor and aged than his fees on the occasion of the funeral.

Just as Mike resolved to return home, he saw a tall figure, enveloped in a cloak, walking very slowly down the avenue. In an instant Mike's curiosity was on the go: he forgot all about the dead heir, and the loss it would prove to the poor.

Mike continued to gaze, feeling that the solution of the mystery was at hand. After all, curiosity, perhaps, was the greatest of the old man's failings. Just as the personage whose singular appearance had so excited his attention reached that part of the avenue in a direct line with the old man's place of concealment, he made in his eagerness a slight rustling in the shrub. It caused the object of his watch to turn round—and he recognised, to his terror and astonishment, the pale, ghastly features of Edward Trevanian.

Scarcely could he believe the evidence of his own senses. Taking courage, however, he advanced from his hiding-place.

"In the name of heaven, Master Edward!" he uttered, "what brings you here?"

The spectre—for such he began to feel assured it was—turned its glassy eyes upon the speaker—whose teeth clattered with terror, whilst a cold sweat hung like the night-dew upon every limb.

"You heard the summons of my race?" replied a deep, hoarse voice.

"I did!"

"You may prepare my place in the old vault—it is time I rested there!"

It said that extreme fright will sometimes produce extreme courage. In alluding to the burial-place of his family, the spectre—real or supposed—extended his hand in the direction of Farnsfield Church. To convince himself whether it was a thing of earth or not that he had spoken with, Mike grasped it: had he clutched an icicle, it could not have shot a greater chill through his frame—never had he felt the hand of a corpse so cold.

With a deep groan, he fell senseless in the avenue, and the object of his terror passed silently on.

The sexton and Edward were not the only persons who were on foot in the park at that unusual hour of the night. Stephen Franklin and several of his roystering companions, taking advantage of the supposed grief and confusion at the hall, from the hourly expected death of the heir, had been beating the coxens; and, after several hours' uninterrupted sport, were returning home, when they stumbled on the body of the sexton.

"What's this?" exclaimed the young farmer, recoiling with surprise. "Murder, I fear, has been committed here!"

He was confirmed in his opinion by the dogs whining round the still inanimate form of the sexton.

"Down—down!" said Mark Thornton, and her of the poachers. "Call the dogs off, Stephen—they will bring the keepers on us else; they mind only you! As I live," added the speaker, "it is old Mike! Who could have harmed him?"

With all his faults, Mike was a favourite with the young men. His solemn gravity, when the dignity of his office was called in question—his quaint sayings and matches of songs amused them. Although he had been a terror to most of them when children, not one of the party would have harmed a hair of the old man's head.

"His first care was to raise him."

"I don't see any blood!" observed Stephen, at the same time holding a pocket-flask to his lips; "and he breathes heavily! Ah! I thought that would revive him!"

The sexton gave a deep groan.

"Where are you hurt, Mike?" inquired Mark Thornton, "on the head?"

The supposition was not an unnatural one, seeing that the object of their care for several minutes after his restoration to consciousness continued to gaze around him with a wild and terrified stare, as if he expected to encounter some fearful object.

"Gone!" he murmured; "gone!"

"Who is gone?" demanded several of the poachers.

"I saw him, or I could not have believed it!"

"Saw who?"

"Cold—cold!" added the sexton, with a shudder;

"cold as the grave! I shall never forget it!"

"You are drunk!" observed one of the young men, impatiently.

"It is with terror, boys!" replied the sexton, who now began to recognise them. "I have seen what few have ever been permitted to see—what I never believed in thoroughly till now! But I am punished for my doubts!"

"In the name of heaven, what have you seen?" de-

manded the poachers, simultaneously—for their curiosity was raised to the highest pitch.

"The dead!" answered the old man, solemnly; "stalking like a living thing! I have spoken with it—touched it! You heard the great bell of the hall?"

"Two hours since!" said Stephen Franklin, in a low tone of voice.

"And know what it meant?"

"Why they do say that it tolls of itself when a male of the house of Trevanian is called to his account! Poor Master Edward!" added the young farmer, in a tone of regret; "gone at last!"

"I spoke with him here!"

"With whom? Who are you talking of?"

"With Edward Trevanian!" replied the sexton.

"With him whose generous hand and kind heart are now as cold as death can make them! He walked past me here, dressed like a mourner at a funeral!"

"You must have been dreaming!" observed several of his listeners.

"I spoke to him!"

"Did he answer you?"

"He bade me get his place ready in the old vault!" said Mike, to his astonished auditors; "still I did not feel convinced! I touched his hand—it was that of a corpse!"

The more daring of the party of young men refused to believe him, declaring that he was either practising upon their terrors, or had been deceived by his own imagination.

At this moment, as if to give the lie to their incredulity, the tall, ghost-like figure of Edward Trevanian was seen returning up the avenue. Stephen Franklin was the first to perceive it. Surprise and horror so completely mastered his senses, that he could only point him out to his companions.

Slowly and with his hand pressed upon his heart, like one in great pain, the object of their terror passed on—sufficiently near to enable the terror-stricken poachers distinctly to recognise his features. They could endure no more, but fled the spot.

Not one of them could ever tell, when the recollection of that night returned, how they succeeded in reaching their homes in Farnsfield.

The death of Edward Trevanian was not discovered till the following morning, when his faithful servant, Duncan, on entering the chamber, discovered his young master a corpse: the aneurism had broken in the night, and the heart of the noble fellow broke with it.

He died alone—no kindred voice to breathe the parting prayer beside him—no tear of affection to assure him that his name would be remembered as a household word—a memory—amongst them; died, a few hours after he had come into the possession of wealth—the means of spreading happiness around him—of following the dictates of a generous, loving nature—of repairing the wrongs of fortune—of drying the tear in many a mourner's eye.

The grief of his relatives was displayed in the only way they could show it: they could not give him tears, when their hearts were filled with secret joy—so they gave the neglected heir a magnificent funeral. The tenantry followed on horseback, and the richly-escutcheoned pall was held by the unmarried sons of several of the first families in the county.

The only real mourners in Farnsfield were his servant, Duncan, and the daughter of the blind old adjutant. Therese mourned for him as for a brother, whilst her sister—words can scarcely paint her grief—it was the agony of a heart which had lost its last stay on earth. Bitter and hopeless were the tears she shed—weeping like one that refused to be comforted.

From the day of his brother's death Walter Trevanian became more insolent to the dependents of his father than ever. He was now the undoubted heir of the baronetcy and estates of his father. His weak, fond mother indulged him in every caprice.

The grief of Duncan for the loss of his master appeared like a reproach to his own selfish joy, and Walter Trevanian insisted on his being discharged from the family. He even carried his malice so far as to prevail on Sir Richard to refuse the young man a character—an act of injustice which, in after-life recalled bitterly on the heads both of father and son.

"But the Trevanians were ever considered a strange race!" as Mike, the sexton, observed, when he assisted to lower the body of Edward into the vault; "and never acted or thought like any other people!" When our readers reflect on the strange sight he had seen in the park, the night of the young heir's death, they will scarcely feel surprised at the old man's opinion.

(To be continued.)

MR. BENJAMIN RILEY, a manufacturer, of Desborough, in Northamptonshire, has determined to marry a young woman, named Mary Ann Paine, employed in his factory. But having before his eyes the

fear of Mrs. Grundy, the worthy manufacturer has taken the novel course of publishing a justification of his conduct in a local newspaper. In his advertisement Mr. Riley tells his workpeople and the townsfolk in general that he is anxious to do everything openly and above board, and he feels they have some sort of right to ask his reasons for so flagrant a breach of the conventionalities. Accordingly they are informed that the marriage is not to take place till May next, and that in the meantime Mr. Riley will have his "intended," as he calls her, educated to a level with himself, for, as he elegantly and modestly puts it, "of course, to unite myself to this young woman now would be very foolish indeed, I having been favoured with a good education and cultivation, she an uncultured factory girl." Mr. Riley has therefore advertised in the *British Standard and Patriot*, and in a few days his advertisement will be in two other papers, for "a lady, a member of a Christian church, to instruct in various branches of useful knowledge a young lady whose education has been neglected." Liberal terms being offered, nine Christian ladies have already responded to this appeal, and no doubt others will reply, so that there will be a good field of choice, and Miss Paine will also, says Mr. Riley, if nothing prevents, "have a very voluminous correspondence from myself." The result expected is, that by the wedding-day the young lady will be pretty well informed in ordinary matters, have learned to play fairly on the harmonium, to read the French language with ease, to write it fairly, and to speak it with tolerable fluency.

A LION ADVENTURE.

AN Arab, going to cut wood, hatchet in hand, was thoughtlessly following one of the paths, when, at a sudden turn, he found himself in the presence of an enormous lion. The animal, as much taken aback as the man, bristled his mane and uttered low growlings; while the Arab, believing the lion about to swallow him, brandished his hatchet with threatening gestures, which could only serve to irritate him. In fact, the lion did advance; and then the Arab, mad with terror, dealt him a terrible blow on the head with his axe. The edge of the tool penetrated deep, but although a little stunned, the brute rushed upon his aggressor, and with his formidable jaw, broke his thigh.

The poor wretch's screams of pain, repeated by the echoes from rock to rock, seem to have made the lion believe that he was surrounded by several enemies, for he let go his prey, and fled, with rapid bounds, to his secret fastness. The unhappy man, in spite of his wound, profited by the momentary respite. With a superhuman effort he hauled himself up a tree, at the foot of which the lion, soon discovering his mistake, stretched himself at full length, to watch the victim who had just escaped from him.

It took an hour and a half for the inhabitants of the douars to understand his position and come to his succour. Seventy or eighty Arabs, all armed with guns and yataghans, halted about a hundred paces from the perch on which the poor fellow could hold no longer. They shouted to him to pluck up courage, and that they would soon deliver him. Amongst them was a famous ranner, a brother of the Sheikh Belale, who used to run races with horses.

"Fire all at once at the lion," he told them. "To attack you, he will quit the tree. I shall soon be there, and up it; and then I can sustain the wounded man until a favourable opportunity occurs of helping him down and fetching him away."

A general discharge was made. The lion, only wounded, rushed upon his aggressors, who showed him their heels with such agility, that he could not catch a single one of them. Tired of his onslaught, he returned to the foot of the tree, up which the sheikh's brother had nimbly climbed, and was holding the patient in his arms, more dead than alive with fright and suffering. Meanwhile, after reloading, the Arabs came back, determined to make an end of it. Forming a circle, they advanced within fifty paces of the lion, and at a signal from the eldest present, fired all at once, and immediately once more fled. Taking advantage of the moment, the runner slipped down the tree, bringing with him the wounded man, whom he hoisted on his back, and then hastened to escape. The lion, who had seen every movement, was on the point of seizing his prey a second time, when the two brothers of the victim, who had prudently reserved their fire to cover his retreat, discharged their guns point blank on the animal, who, this time seriously wounded, fell, but speedily got up again. One of the brothers then plunged his yataghan into him. The lion turned upon him sharply; with one stroke of his talons and one bite of his jaw he killed him.

Leaving this victim on the ground, the Arabs accompanied the original sufferer to the douar; where, after embracing his wife and children, he soon breathed his last sigh. The survivor of the three then

swore an oath over his brother's corpse, either that he would kill the lion or that the lion should kill him. After earnestly imploring the sheikh to take care of his own and his brothers' children, he stripped himself of all his clothing, took two guns and one pistol, and then gave an express prohibition for any one to follow him.

Arrived at the scene of the recent combat, he saw the lion lying on the ground, about ten paces from his brother's body, close to a copse of evergreen oak. The lion allowed him to approach within twenty paces, without seeming to pay any attention to him. The Arab took aim between the head and the shoulder. At the shot, the lion, in two bounds, reached his aggressor, who coolly stuck the muzzle of his second gun into his ear, and blew his brains out. Of course the victor, after receiving everybody's loud and hearty congratulations, was carried in triumph to his douar—"The Lions, the Lions!"

MARY TUDOR. THE SCARLET QUEEN.

THE nineteenth of July, 1554, broke over "Merrie England" with a full gush of sunshine. Everywhere banners were floating to the breeze, and sounds of merriment and joy went abroad on the morning air. Everywhere guns were fired, bells were ringing, bonfires were blazing, and processions were forming.

One would have thought that some great national victory was being celebrated, or, at least, that some grand national tribute was preparing for a hero of the English blood-royal, or the coronation of a king.

It was not for these, however, that this great demonstration was made, but for the reception of a man who had but lately been subjected to the bitterest execration from the English, and whose fleet was now anchoring in the port of Southampton.

The maiden queen of England, although neither fair nor young—she who has been known from the middle of the fourteenth century by the title of "Bloody Mary," and who well earned the sobriquet—was that day to receive the young and gallant Philip of Spain as her betrothed husband.

As the Spanish fleet anchored, a number of barges put off from the shore, one of which was distinguished by its splendid awning, lined with cloth of gold, as the queen's own. It was manned by a full crew of seamen dressed in the queen's livery, white and green, and was intended expressly for the bridegroom elect, while the other barges, richly ornamented and inferior only to this one, was for the nobles and their attendants.

A company of lords were assembled at the landing to welcome Philip, and the Earl of Arundel presented him, in the queen's name, with the Order of the Garter.

He was dressed richly but plainly in black velvet, with a cap ornamented with gold chains. A splendid horse had been provided, which he instantly mounted, and his graceful horsemanship won the hearts of the assembled people perhaps as much as deeds of valour could have done—on such frail grounds is popular favour established.

London gave itself up to a perfect jubilee, and Mary gave orders to her nobles to attend her to Winchester, where she was to meet the prince, who arrived there on the twenty-third, attended by two hundred gentlemen on horseback and a body of archers in the livery of the House of Aragon.

The rain now poured in torrents, and the cavalcade had not proceeded far when a cavalier met them at full speed with a message from the queen for Philip not to expose himself to the weather, but to delay his departure. Of course the gallant prince would not listen to this, and the cavalcade moved on, spite of the rain which was drenching their gay dresses.

That evening the royal pair met, and according to Sepulveda, Philip did not confine his salutations to the queen, but kissed all the ladies-in-waiting, matrons and maidens, without distinction.

In the great hall of the episcopal palace they met again in public, Mary stepping forward to receive Philip, and kissing him before the assembled company.

The approaching festival of St. James was fixed upon for the marriage day, and Philip exchanged his plain garb for one of white satin and cloth of gold, covered with pearls and diamonds. He wore the Burgundian order, the collar of the Golden Fleece, and the new order that had just been bestowed upon him. The queen's dress was of similar material; but our brides of the present day would have been shocked at the bad taste of her red slippers and black velvet mantle. One of the council, after the marriage train had entered the cathedral, read an instrument from Charles V., in which he formally announced his son as King of Naples and Duke of Milan, thus making Philip equal in rank to his consort. At this point the English nobles were seized with embarrassment, at the thought that there had been no provision made as

to whom should give the queen away, but the Earls of Pembroke and Derby, and the Marquis of Winchester agreed to give her away, in the name of the whole realm, and the Bishop of Winchester then performed the marriage.

The romantic shades of Hampton Court soon received the royal pair. Mary's general ill health had not been improved by the pageantries of the late occasion, and feeble and indisposed, she was obliged to shut her doors upon her subjects, and confine herself wholly to the society of Philip and her personal attendants. Of these, Lady Alice Barnet and Lady Elinor Howard were the favourite and privileged, and strangely enough Mary chose to have them constantly about her person.

It would appear that she was not at all tinctured with jealousy, else the remarkable beauty of both might have awakened her fears lest Philip should contrast them strongly with the aged and sickly appearance which the queen herself presented. But it does not appear that Mary was aware of her own want of charms, and her fondness for Philip was that of a young blooming bride, rather than of a mature woman. At the time of their marriage Philip was only twenty-seven years old, Mary was eleven years his senior, and the chronic disease under which she laboured made her look still older.

Lady Alice Barnet was just eighteen years old, a gay, merry, laughing girl, with fresh red lips and blooming cheeks; eyes that flashed out brightly beneath the long black tresses that hung around her oval face, and a figure whose full and youthful beauty was conspicuous among the court beauties of the day. She loved to wear gay and rich colours, and had she dared, would have outvied the queen herself in splendid costume.

On the other hand Lady Elinor Howard was a gentle maiden, fond of quiet and retirement, and dressing in the most simple and unostentatious manner. Her usual robe was one of pure white, with at most a blue ribbon at the waist, or a spray of pale blue flowers in her rich chestnut hair. Mary loved the little gentle maiden, and petted Lady Alice, who was more free in speech and manners.

The queen lay on a rich damask couch in a deep sleep, induced by narcotics after several restless and troubled nights of illness.

Philip had left her for a few hours, and although the adjoining room was full of ladies-in-waiting, no one was allowed to watch her repose save the two favoured ones. They were sitting in the deep embrasures of a broad window, looking out upon Hampton Court, and conversing in whispers so low that they could not have reached the queen's ear had she been awake.

"Our royal mistress loves her new husband dearly enough," said the bolder dame of the two. "And no wonder either. These Spanish cavaliers are well worthy a queen's admiration."

"True," said Lady Elinor; "but I marvel at the choice. Surely his father, Charles V., who I have heard was once nearly betrothed to the queen, would have been a more suitable match."

"Are you not uttering a little treason against the charms of our queen," said Lady Alice. "Methinks you are the boldest of us two at this moment."

Elinor blushed but resumed: "I am not surely wanting, Alice, in respect for my queen when I speak of her age. But still must see if they do not allow themselves to speak of the strong contrast between them. Look, now that her face is distorted with pain, and tell me if she looks fitting for the wife of one that deserves the title of Philip the Handsome, as much as his grandfather, to whom it was given."

"No, indeed, Elinor, she does not, and much I fear, she will not retain his affection long. But tell me, dear, did you see the Duke of Alva on the day of the marriage?"

"I did, Alice; and I saw, moreover, the look which he directed to you as you stood nearest the queen. But even he is not equal to the prince."

"What were you saying of the prince's father?"

"I have heard that when the queen was only six years old, he, then a young man, was desirous of a betrothal; but that five years later he broke the contract, which was actually formed, and married Isabella of Portugal, who became the mother of the prince. Even that would have proved a more suitable match for our royal mistress than this."

"Ah, but do you know that many people thought she would marry her kinsman, Courtney, Earl of Devonshire?"

"I have heard so; but that the Emperor Charles, whether from a desire to compensate her for the single life which she had so long endured for his sake—or for it seems that she felt his desertion, although only eleven years old—or from a desire to aggrandize Philip, negotiated this marriage himself."

"And liking the father so well, how did she know that she should like the son, whom she had never seen?"

"There was a portrait of the prince, sent by his

uncle, the Regent of the Netherlands, but with strict injunctions to return it. It was painted by Titian, when the prince was twenty-six years old, and you may well believe it struck the queen's fancy, as well indeed it might."

Elinor sighed as she spoke. "I do believe it, Elinor; and moreover, I believe that you are yourself in love with our queen's choice, and—"

"Lady Alice! do you dare say this to me?" The blood of the Howards flashed bright and warm into Lady Elinor's cheek; and Lady Alice Barnet, proud as she was, had scarcely the presumption to repeat her words.

"There, there, forgive me, darling; I was but in jest. You should not have been moved, methinks, by such a trifle."

But the quick tears were coursing down the pale cheeks of Lady Elinor, at the unkind suspicion, and ere she could banish their traces the queen awoke.

Her first waking sight found the Lady Elinor in tears, and the sympathy of Mary for her favourite was too sincere not to display itself in caresses and fond words.

"Who has hurt thee, darling?" she said, as Elinor bent down by her couch. "Depend upon it, whoever does so shall feel Philip's indignation, and our own. Our royal consort has taken great note of thee, my Elinor; and sometimes he has questioned us all too closely of our little cousin. Besorrow us, girl! I fear he will think thee somewhat younger and handsomer than yourself."

Mary's self-satisfied air betrayed that she did not apprehend any danger from that quarter; but her elation, joined to Lady Alice's words, created a commotion in the heart of the gentle maiden which she could not control.

Thus it is with the human heart as with the famous rock which a child's finger may put in motion, but which the whole strength of many men could not still.

During the few months that had intervened between this time and the queen's marriage, Philip had distinguished Lady Elinor in a manner wholly different to that which had characterized his behaviour to the other ladies-in-waiting.

To all he exhibited politeness, and to many an easy flattery, excepting to her.

She only had been treated with that gentle and almost tender courtesy which sometimes is the surest precursor of love.

Timid and unsuspecting, Lady Elinor had been on the verge of giving up her heart to the keeping of one who could have no legitimate claim to its possession, and she now started with horror to think how nearly she had approached the chasm which leads to the destruction of those principles which no alchemy can ever again restore when once perverted.

She was aroused by the chance and unmeaning badinage that fell from the lips of the Lady Alice, and was dismayed by the flattery of the queen, who deepened the wound to her delicacy by telling her what Philip said of her; and as soon as she could be dismissed from the queen's presence, she rushed to her chamber, and burst into an agony of tears.

She resolved at first to ask a dismissal altogether, but on second thoughts, she considered that to fly from the court was not the best way to avoid Philip, who, as she believed, would more certainly seek her if she was absent from the queen's protection.

She resolved, therefore, to stay, but to avoid him as much as possible. Meantime the queen grew more and more indisposed, and often required older and more experienced ladies around her than the two favourites; and etiquette demanded that they should live retired and away from the frivolities of the court when the royal mistress could not be present.

But the angel who watches over the good and virtuous had not ceased to take charge of Lady Elinor Howard.

Gratified to the delight of Philip's Spanish followers, Charles V. summoned his son into Flanders. He was about to abdicate in his favour, and demanded his presence without delay.

Sick, disappointed in some of her dearest hopes, and almost heart-broken, Mary accompanied her husband down the Thames to Greenwich, unwilling to believe in the necessity of the parting, but yielding in this as in other things to Charles, who seemed to have held and exercised the right to dictate her conduct.

She returned home to her desolate couch, alone, without relatives, without children, which she had fondly hoped for, and without the presence of her husband.

A fearful retribution seemed to rest upon her for the cruelties she had committed; and attacked anew by the disease to which she had long ago been subject, and which had sorely wasted her youth and beauty

leaving her only the wreck of what she had been, she lay down to die!

Death does not, however, always come to the world-sick, and Mary lingered on a year and a half longer, until Philip, from motives of policy, paid her a visit. Life rallied within its citadel for awhile, and she received him with all the fondness and devotion of a first and only love; as indeed it was with the queen.

Lady Eleanor's hand had long since been given in marriage to the young Earl of Derby, the queen sanctioning it rather unwillingly, because he wished to withdraw her altogether from the court. He, however, permitted her to come to the queen's sick-bed at stated times, and Mary continued to receive her with all the affection of former days.

Once only did Philip catch a passing glance at the face which, two years before, had almost made him curse the fate of princes to wed with those whom they love not. She was accompanied by her husband and lady Alice (Barnet), whose roguish eyes beamed out at the casual mention of the Duke of Alva.

After obtaining her consent to the war with France, and staying a few months with the queen, coldly returning her excessive fondness, Philip bade her a final adieu, and returned to the Netherlands. She saw him no more. She lingered a few months, depicting the disastrous effects of the war, and mourning over the destiny which had kept her apart from her only love.

The daughter of Katharine of Arragon and the granddaughter of Isabella of Castile must of necessity have had a Spanish heart in her bosom; and spite the difference in their ages, spite of his studied coldness, it beat with all the fervour of the warm Spanish blood for Philip.

One proof of her devotion she could give—and that was to die! A letter, which she was too weak to read, was found pressed to her dying heart; and surrounded only by her faithful attendants, and supported by her two favorites, she uttered the memorable words afterwards rendered immortal: "When I die, Calais will be found written on my heart!"

Poor heart! vain pomp! A month had not passed before Philip offered his hand to Queen Elizabeth!

Mary died on the seventeenth of November, 1558, scarcely four years and a few months after her marriage; and early in the year 1560, a little more than a year after her death, and the refusal of his hand by Elizabeth, he married Isabella of France, then in her sixteenth year.

Isabella, as she was called by the Spaniards, or Elizabeth de Valois, was, according to all accounts, a better woman than Philip deserved, from his shameful neglect of Mary Tudor. She is described by Brantôme as "*belles, sage, vertueuse, spirituelle et bonne*," a list of qualifications that would have served half a dozen queens of the ordinary stamp.

Again the old pageant, which less than six years before had been acted on the borders of the Thames, was revived at Ronssevalles and New Castile.

At the court of England there were two hearts that beat quicker when this marriage was announced. One was that of the maiden queen, in the deepest recesses of which had ever lingered a sentiment of regret for the gallant cavalier-king, whose person and talents the Count of Feria, the ambassador whom Philip had employed to negotiate with Elizabeth, had so glowingly described.

The other heart was stirred with an emotion of gladness. It was that of the young Countess of Derby, who experienced a sensation of actual relief when she found that it was not probable that Philip would ever again visit England. Like a true and loving wife, she communicated the grief she had borne to her husband, and received his entire forgiveness for the error into which she had been so nearly precipitated.

The babes of Mary Tudor rested in Westminster Abbey; and those of one of her favourites, Lady Alice Barnet, by special permission, reposed beside her. Elizabeth, more despotically in some matters than even her predecessor, was ruling with an iron sway the people of her court, notwithstanding that her subjects were lauding "the golden days of good Queen Bess."

The Earl of Derby entreated her to grant leave of absence to himself and the countess; and the queen, more intolerant of beautiful women than Mary had been, and more jealous of their influence with her ministers and courtiers, allowed them, with some show of reluctance, to depart.

Once within the precincts of their own quiet home, surrounded by their friends, and eventually by beautiful children, Eleanor Howard remembered the past only as a painful dream. As her daughters grew up into the image of her own youth, it was her care to keep them far from the breath of courts, and to think of home as the dearest, sweetest spot in the broad world.

M. A. L.

THE HIGH PRICE OF MEAT.—The present enormous price of beef and mutton is attributed in a great measure to the large consumption of veal and lamb. Next June meat will range between 1s. 2d. and 1s. 8d., and the year after about 2s. per lb., if the present consumption, waste, and "rot" continue. Surely, this is really alarming. Abstinence from veal and lamb, that the stock in the United Kingdom may be replenished, seems to us to be the duty of every Christian man in the country; a duty to be enjoined by the press, and to be accepted and acted upon by every reasonable reflecting man. The multiplying restaurants are daily augmenting the evil. Unripe meat foods and illegitimate vegetables are constantly beralded by them as something to fascinate and fill. But all this is a gross evil. It has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.

MAUD.

CHAPTER X.

And do I ask myself why still
So shrinks my heart within my breast?
Why, by a vague and aching chill,
Each stirring impulse is repressed?

Faust.

MISTRESS SHORE went to the alderman's ball. Her husband had been taken out of town on some important business, and always eager for pleasure, the young wife found her way to the festival with some of her city friends. It was a great occasion for the people, who for the first time began to partake somewhat of the sunshine which always follows a popular sovereign. The king was not only to grace the ball with his presence, but lead off the first dance with the mayor's wife. After that sacrifice—for the lady was by no means a Venus—the gay monarch felt at liberty to devote himself to the gayest and prettiest in the room without reserve, and his second galliard was danced with the jeweller's wife.

When Jane was led out in the presence of that thronged assembly; the wonderful beauty of her face, and the natural elegance which nature sometimes supplies even to the uneducated, seemed, for the first time, completely mated; for in his whole kingdom there was not a man who compared in physical strength and beauty with King Edward. To the supreme loveliness of the woman was now added the soft charm of modest confusion. When Jane stood, for a moment, with her hand in that of the young monarch, waiting for the music, her white eyelids drooped till their long, curling lashes swept a cheek burning with the rich scarlet of mingled pride and shyness; a smile quivered about her exquisite mouth, and her whole frame thrilled with a feeling which was half terror, half delight.

She heard whispers of admiration, and less charitable comments, sweeping through the room with breeze-like fullness. Some young lordlings, who had followed Edward from the court, were loud in their admiration, which brought the blood still more richly to her cheeks. Dancing is but a natural response to music, and often untaught, is more harmonious than art can make it. Grace of movement was one of the peculiar gifts which seemed to raise this woman out of her plebeian birth, and match her with royalty itself. No queen ever danced with the floating lightness with which this resplendent creature swept the room. At first her eyes were downcast, and her motion timid, but as the music thrilled her, every curve of her body swayed to the poetry of motion. The drooping head rose proudly; her blue eyes were uplifted; her red lips broke apart with smiles, and you could imagine the warm breath panting through like perfume from the heart of a disturbed rose.

Edward saw all this, and smiled over it, never doubting that it was his presence which had kindled up her beauty into such marvellous perfection. When the dance was concluded, he stooped and whispered something that sent a swift rush of scarlet over her neck and face. She looked up a little frightened, and seemed about to break from him. Then he spoke gravely, if not with a voice of command, which sent the colour slowly from her face, and her eyes absolutely filled with tears.

Edward led her away, not toward the dais, which was surrounded by city dignitaries, but through the heart of the crowd, and into the recess of a window, from which the citizens fell back, leaving them so far alone that no one could hear a word of the earnest talk with which he addressed her. But those who looked on saw that as his eyes kindled, and his fine countenance flushed eagerly, she turned white, and her lips trembled, as if some grievous trouble disturbed them.

"To-morrow," said the king, as he led her away, when the music rang forth a fresh challenge to the dancers, "to-morrow I shall come to the river side, disguised as a boatman, with a pair of sculls; be at the steps as the sun goes down on the bosom of the

river, and quite alone; you will learn to hear how much your king loves you without trembling like a snared bird. Say, sweet bonnie, will you come?"

"It is wrong—it is wicked," she pleaded.

"What, wrong and wicked to obey your sovereign lord, when he consents to disguise himself as a menial, for the bare pleasure of looking on that face, unmarked by the hungry glances that devour us now? Nay, sweetheart, were is the harm in a quiet hour on the Thames?"

"Nay, there is no harm; I know that well enough; yet I dare not tell him," she cried, shivering, and almost in tears.

The king laughed so loud that the throng all around him smiled in company.

"Tell him—why not! If there is, as you so prettily say, no harm, why tell any one?"

"But—but what will her majesty, the queen, say?"

"Nothing; because I shall not tell her, sweet bonnie!"

"But she might find out and be angry."

Again Edward laughed, and now there was a shade of sarcasm in his merriment; but he made no reply, not exactly wishing to speak out the scornful certainty which he felt that Elizabeth would be prudently blind to any folly of this kind that he might fall into.

"Come," he said, pressing the fair hand in his, "one more galliard, and then the pleasure of the evening is over. I see your city dames frowning even now, because the king chooses to be happy in his own way. Why is it that aldermen always have ill-favoured spouses, I wonder? Come—come, the next ten minutes are ours at least."

Again the dance commenced, and the goldsmith's wife was still honoured by the king, much to the discontent of those city dames who sat in awkward state watching them from around the dais. Now whispers, long and significant, ran from lip to lip, sounding forth praises of the king, and cold censure of the woman who kept him from those proper attentions all were hungering for.

That dance over, and Jane's triumph of the evening closed; she was left neglected among the neighbours who had escorted her to the ball, and saw, with a heavy heart, the young monarch take out first one, and then another of the proud city dames, who had drawn back so scornfully when she approached the place of honour appropriated to the authorities of London.

Edward's manner with women was always gallant and dashing impressive. He could not have spent an hour with his own grandmother without throwing a shade of gallantry in his manner. Jane stood among the crowd and watched him as he led forth a stately dame, and with bowed head and smiling lips, commenced another dance. Many of her own class would have shared the galliard with her; but she declined all these attentions, and stood aside sorrowfully watching the king and the partner who had supplanted her, as in her inexperience she dreaded. One sentence Edward addressed her in passing:

"To-morrow, and at sunset."

Her heart leaped to her voice, and a bright smile answered him. She watched his tall figure as it towered above the crowd; and when he passed out, the room grew dim and dark around her. She longed to be at home—at home and alone; the music jarred on her ear; the very courtesies of those who surrounded her seemed coarse and rude.

Jane went home early. After dancing with the greatest and handsomest man of the age, she rejected all meaner partners, and left the coarser gaiety which followed Edward's departure with something like contempt.

On reaching home, this weak, bewildered creature went instantly to her own room, locked the door, and examined herself, with fluttering delight, in a little steel mirror which was the glory of her bedroom.

The reflection thrown back upon her brought a world of smiles to her lovely mouth; the dress of blue taffety, cut square at the bosom, and edged with a narrow band of ermine, was simple and becoming; a string of pearls, taken from her husband's store with some misgiving, lay like newly-fallen hailstones on the snow of her white and exquisitely formed neck; long hanging sleeves, lined with white, swept down from her shoulders, leaving the white arms bare.

Thus much Jane could see of her own garments, and the picture, incomplete as it was, satisfied her. She turned away from the mirror smiling, and bathed in blushes.

"To-morrow," she whispered, "to-morrow I shall see him again. He will come all alone, like any common boatman, and all for me—for me!"

Jane sat down upon a low chair, and clasping both hands over her knees, rocked herself to and fro in silent exultation.

She forgot her husband, everything, in the thoughts that had been swelling about her heart for days, and now broke all bounds.

"He loves me, and I am beautiful!" she would whisper to herself, blushing as the words stirred her lips. "This is what people mean when they talk of happiness. Now I know—now I know. Love, love! Did he speak of that, and I married?"

Here the poor woman suddenly unlocked the hands clasped over her knees, and they fell helplessly by her side.

"Oh! what will he say?—what will he do?" she cried out piteously. "I dare not go—I will not."

Then came back a memory of those soft words, soft but impressive, almost commanding when they sued; and again she fell into a bewildering dream, half ecstasy, half terror; and so the night wore on, and at last she fell asleep from pure exhaustion.

The next day dawned, deepened, and died away in a warm crimson sunset, so beautiful that heaven itself seemed luring that unhappy woman out to the river. Many a time that day she resolved to stay at home, and forget the gleam of forbidden glory that had dawned upon her.

"I will stay here, meekly and prayerfully, as befits a woman who has harboured sinful thoughts. When my husband comes, I must tell him all, and he will make me strong."

This she said over and over again; yet in the depths of her heart lay a resolve, secret, and probably unacknowledged even by herself, to go forth on the perilous expedition proposed to her.

When the sunset came, and the Thames was red with its dying fires, the temptation which had clung around this weak woman all day, grew strong and mastered her. She went upstairs, put on a wimple of dark cloth, and a corresponding dress. It was singular, but Jane did not once look in the glass while making this simple toilet. Was she ashamed to meet her own face, or, feeling how pale that face must be, did she fear to encounter the change that was there.

She looked around her bedroom before going out, with vague regretfulness.

"What if William should come while I am away," she thought, "and find the house empty? But he will not—he will not. Three days yet remain—I will go. Yes, yes, I will go; but not in disobedience, not with a thought of wrong to any one. I will tell the king all this; tell him how my heart aches, how ashamed I feel. He is grand, he is noble, and will see how right it is that I should go home and never see him again. This once I will meet him; but only that—only that he may understand how wrong it is, and how much I love my husband."

Here the unhappy woman burst into a flood of bitter tears, and began to wring her hands, feeling in the depths of her heart what mockery was in the words she had spoken.

The twilight deepened, turning the crimson haze into a deep purple gloom, before that woman left her home. A strange feeling of reluctance seized upon her; she walked over the house sadly, and with tears in her eyes. It seemed as if she were taking a farewell, yet it had never entered her mind to desert that home, or to be absent when its master returned. Still this strange, unreasoning sadness held her fast, and she left her home pale as death, and shivering with vague terror.

(To be continued.)

ICE AND WATER.

We must not, in our account of some of the properties of water, which afford peculiar evidence of design, omit to mention the action of the cold atmosphere of winter upon the ponds and lakes.

These are cooled from the surface, and a circulation is established by the constant sinking of the chilled water, until the temperature falls to forty degrees. But at this point, still eight degrees above freezing point, the circulation stops. The surface water, as it cools below this temperature, remains at the top, and in the end freezes; but then a remarkable provision comes into play.

Most substances are heavier in their solid than in their liquid state; but ice, on the contrary, is lighter than water, and therefore floats on its surface. Moreover, as ice is a very poor conductor of heat, it serves as a protection to the lake; so that at the depth of a few feet, at most, the temperature of the water during winter is never under forty degrees, although the atmosphere may continue for weeks below zero. But for this wise and merciful provision, the occurrence of a severe winter would behold the complete destruction of our fresh-water fish.

If water resembled other liquids, and continued to contract with cold to its freezing point—if the exceptions we have mentioned had not been made, the whole order of Nature would have been reversed. The circulation just described would continue until the whole mass of water in the lake had fallen to the freezing point. The ice would then first form at the bottom, and congelation would continue until the

whole lake had been changed into one mass of solid ice.

Upon such a mass the hottest summer would produce but little effect, for the poor conducting power would then prevent its melting; and instead of ponds and lakes, we should have large masses of ice, which during the summer would melt on the surface to the depth of only a few feet.

It is unnecessary to state that this condition of things would be utterly inconsistent with the existence of aquatic plants or animals, and it would be almost as fatal to organic life everywhere. The soil itself would, to a certain extent, share in the fate of the ponds, remaining frozen to the depth of many feet, and the only effect of the summer's heat would be to melt a few inches at the surface. It would be, perhaps, possible to cultivate some hardy annuals in such a climate, but this would be all. Trees and shrubs could not brave the severity of the winter.

Thus, then, it appears that the very existence of some forms of life depends on an apparent exception to a general law of Nature.

SCIENCE.

SHOW OF INSECTS IN PARIS.—A letter from Paris says:—"We have had our dog show, and we are to have our insect show. The exhibition is to be divided into two categories. The first will include—1. The producers of silk; 2. The producers of honey and wax; 3. The insects used in dyeing; 4. Insects used for the table (?); and 5. Insects used in medicine. The second category are not so pleasant, consisting of all the insects that prove destructive to cereals, vineyards, orchards, forests, and woods used for building purposes. There are to be gold, silver, and bronze medals.

WATER AS FUEL.

Dr. John H. Griscom has read a paper on water as fuel. It was by far the ablest and most intelligent argument yet presented in favour of Hagan's stove.

It will be remembered that this stove has a vessel of water suspended in the upper portion, and as the water is evaporated the steam is conveyed downward in a pipe to the fire-box, where it is super-heated and then blown directly among the burning coals. It is claimed that the steam is decomposed, giving up its oxygen to the coals, and that the hydrogen thus set free is then burned by the atmospheric air which enters through the grate, causing a great increase of heat.

The chemical changes may be illustrated by a few simple figures. The portion of anthracite coal that burns is carbon. Let a single atom of carbon be represented by a star (*) and let us follow it through the stove. Atmospheric air consists of one-fifth oxygen and four-fifths nitrogen gas, mechanically mingled. The nitrogen performs no part in combustion, the burning being the chemical combination of the oxygen with the carbon. Let an atom of oxygen be represented by a small o. When the air passes through the grate, two atoms of oxygen combined with one of carbon (o'o) to form an atom of carbonic acid—the heat of the fire being developed in this act of combination.

An atom of water is formed by the combination of one atom of oxygen with one of hydrogen. As the atom of hydrogen, though only one-eighth as heavy as the atom of oxygen, is twice as large, let that be represented by a large O, and the atom of water by Oo.

Now, if a jet of superheated steam be thrown upon a bed of coals at a sufficiently intense heat, the steam will be decomposed, each atom of carbon combining with the two atoms of oxygen in two atoms of water, and setting free the two atoms of hydrogen.

Then if the atoms of hydrogen thus set free are brought in contact with two atoms of the oxygen of the atmosphere, they enter into combination with them, forming again two atoms of water.

When coal is burned directly by the atmosphere, each atom of carbon, (C) combines with two atoms (oo) of the oxygen of the air, forming an atom (o'o) of carbonic acid. But if the atom of carbon takes its two atoms of oxygen (oo) from two atoms of water, (Oo Oo) it sets free two atoms of hydrogen, (OO) which, in burning, combine with two atoms of atmospheric oxygen to form two atoms of water again. Thus the oxygen taken from the water by the carbon is restored from the atmosphere, producing the same effect on the carbon and on the air as if the water were not employed, while just as much water as is decomposed is formed again before it leaves the stove. The burning of a pound of hydrogen generates a larger quantity of heat than the burning of a pound of any other substance known.

The claim for Hagan's stove is that it furnishes hydrogen, the most efficient of all combustibles, and thus causes a great increase in the production of

heat. The reply is, that it costs just as much heat or other equivalent force to separate the two atoms—oxygen and hydrogen in one atom of water—as is developed by their recombination when the hydrogen is burned.

The point to which we would especially direct attention is, that the employment of water does not vary the original substances, or the final products. The water goes in as water and comes out as water. In both cases, when water is employed and when it is not, the oxygen and carbon enter the stove as separate elements, and emerge as carbonic acid.

To suppose that we can increase the production of heat by a variation in chemical changes which start from the same substances and result in the same products, would be regarded by all who believe in the conservation of force, as a proposition perfectly analogous to perpetual motion—as an attempt to get out of something more than there is in it.

INVISIBLE RADIATION OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—It is well known that the sunbeam is composed of three elements—light, heat, and the chemical or actinic rays. When the sunbeam is passed through a triangular prism it is bent from its straight track, the several parts of the light rays being bent in different degrees—the red rays the least, then the orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and, lastly, the violet the most. The heat rays are bent less than those of light, and the actinic more, so that in the solar spectrum the hottest part is in the dark portion below the red, while chemical effects are produced in the dark portion at the other end, beyond the violet. Dark heat differs in some of its properties from heat that is accompanied by light; for instance, it has less power of passing through certain bodies. Plate-glass an inch in thickness transmits 89 per cent. of the heat coming from a naked flame, and only six per cent. of that radiating from a surface of copper at a temperature of 750°. But rock-salt, while it transmits a larger portion of the heat striking upon it than any other substance, has the peculiar property of permitting the passage of the same proportion of the heat coming from all substances and at all temperatures. In measuring the dark rays of the spectrum, therefore, prisms and lenses of rock-salt are employed.

RESULTS OF THE OBSERVATIONS ON THE MOON AND PLANETS.

Moon.—Limited portions of the moon's surface were examined under varied conditions of illumination. As yet no strongly marked modification of the solar light has been detected, which would indicate a lunar atmosphere of considerable extent. The mode of disappearance of the spectrum of a star, when occulted by the moon, is negative as to the existence of an atmosphere about the moon.

Jupiter.—Several lines in the spectrum of Jupiter indicate a powerful absorption by the atmosphere of this planet. These were compared with the lines of our atmosphere. The atmosphere of this planet contains some of the gases or vapours present in our atmosphere, but it is not identical with it in constitution.

Saturn.—The observations of this planet are less certain because of the feebleness of its light. Some of the lines produced by its atmosphere appear to be identical with those seen in the spectrum of Jupiter.

Mars.—The lines characterising the atmospheres of Jupiter and Saturn are not present in the spectrum of Mars. Groups of lines appear in the blue portion of the spectrum, and these, by causing the predominance of the red rays, may be the cause of the red colour which distinguishes the light of this planet.

Venus.—All the stronger lines of the solar spectrum were seen in the brilliant light of Venus, but no additional lines indicating an absorptive action of the planet's atmosphere.

In the case of most of the planets the solar light is probably reflected, not from the planetary surface, but from clouds at some elevation above it; under such circumstances, the light would not be subjected to the absorbent action of the lower and denser portions of the planet's atmosphere, which are precisely those of our atmosphere, which are most effectual in producing the so-called atmospheric lines.

PURPLE DYE FROM THEINE.—A German chemist is said to have produced most splendid purple and scarlet dyes, almost surpassing in beauty the finest of the aniline dyes, from "theine," the alkaloid to which tea and coffee owe the refreshing and stimulating properties which have brought them into such general request all over the world. As the kinds of Chinese tea which are richest in theine do not contain much more than two per cent. of that substance, the new dyes, however valuable in themselves, could scarcely come into extensive use if Chinese tea were the only available source of the alkaloid from which they are derived; but, fortunately, there are other sources of that body. Not to speak of the kola-nut of West Africa, which has just been discovered to contain

theine, the leaves of the Paulina Sorbilla contain nearly five per cent. of that alkaloid, and those of the Ilex Paraguensis are also very rich in it. The Paulina Sorbilla is a Brazilian tree, belonging to the same family of plants as the English horse-chestnut. The locality in which it chiefly flourishes is the great valley of the Amazon. Its fruit, when ripe, is dried and pounded to powder, and the powder is made into a thick paste with water. This paste is moulded into cakes, which are baked by the heat of the sun, and then constitute the famous "Guarana bread." A spoonful of the powder obtained by scraping one of these cakes, added to a pint of boiling water, makes a very refreshing beverage, which is largely used throughout the Brazil. Still more largely used, however, both in the Brazil and in other parts of South America, is an infusion of the leaves, &c., of the Ilex Paraguensis, or "Paraguay tea-plant,"—a plant belonging to the same order as our English holly. In the forests of the Brazil and Paraguay this plant grows wild in enormous abundance. The natives gather its leaves, buds, and young branches, dry them, and reduce them to a coarse powder, which powder they then use much as we use Chinese or Indian tea. This powder does not contain so large a percentage of theine as is contained in the Guarana bread, but it contains nearly as large a proportion as the best Chinese tea, and as it is calculated that fully two millions of pounds of the leaves of the tree from whose leaves and twigs the powder is made fall to the earth and rot every year, in the forests of Paraguay alone, if theine dyes should prove to possess, intrinsically, any real advantages, it need scarcely be difficult to produce them cheaply enough.

TRANSMISSION OF HEAT THROUGH SCREENS.—Bodies that are transparent to light are by no means equally so to radiant heat. This arises from two causes, which require to be carefully distinguished from each other, and which may be separately illustrated by a parallel action on the rays of light. A glass containing pure water absorbs very little light, and transmits almost all that it does not reflect; if the attempt be made to measure its transparency by ascertaining the distance at which a page printed in small type is legible when the water is interposed, and afterward, when it is removed, the difference in the two cases is hardly appreciable. If a few drops of a mixture of Indian ink and water be added, the transparency will be diminished, and the characters will be legible at a smaller distance; a further addition of ink will diminish the transparency more and more, until the letters can be no longer discerned. The light that is transmitted, however, although diminished in quantity, possesses the same character at the incident light; and a prismatic analysis shows that both consist of the same colours in proportion; if in this experiment indigo be substituted for Indian ink, the legibility of the page is diminished to an extent nearly equal; but the prism shows that certain of the rays have been absorbed more completely than others. Similar effects are produced with the rays of heat. There are, however, a number of substances which are almost perfectly transparent to light, viz.: among solids, glass, diamond, Iceland spar, ice, and a great number of crystals; among liquids, water, spirit of wine, ether, turpentine, and a multitude of other bodies; and among aeriform bodies, atmospheric air, and the greater number of gases. For heat, on the contrary, there is only one known solid that approaches perfect diathermancy, and that is rock salt; many colourless gases possess the property also in a still higher degree, but no liquid has yet been discovered which is free from absorptive action on the thermic rays.

NEW IRON BRIDGE.—There has been just completed, in the yard of the Regent's Canal Ironworks Company, a remarkable iron bridge, which is the largest yet constructed on a system invented by Mr. A. Sedley. The structure in question has been made to the order of the Indian Government, and is designed to be erected in India. The leading feature of the new principle is that, without the necessity of any subaqueous works, or the erection of any intermediate towers or piers, the bridge can be built to cross in a single span any river or chasm up to an extreme width of 500 yards, or 1,500 feet. The bridge just finished is of 75 feet span and 14 feet wide; its total weight is 22 tons, including the roadway, and it will support a nominal strain of four tons per sectional inch, but really a greater weight. Two great cantilevers, or wedge-shaped girders, are built up piece by piece till they are projected from opposite sides of the chasm or river which is to be bridged over, and extended till they approach within a distance something less than a third of the whole span. Across this space a central girder is thrown, which, while it completes the continuity of the bridge, acts, when fixed in position and rivetted down, as the key-stone, so to speak. The wedge-shaped girders which project from each side of the stream are at their wide ends

embedded and built into massive piers of masonry on the shores. The base of the wedge is fixed by iron tugs, in an upright position; the central arm of the girder supports the actual roadway of the bridge; the lower arm, stretching to the point of the girder, becomes a bracket support; and the upper arm, passing over the summit of the upright end, which makes the thick end of the wedge, is extended backwards as a tension bar, and anchored firmly in the earth, thus giving suspensory support to the central arm, which attains a perfect rigidity. Upon the piers the whole strain is thrown. The roadway is constructed of the iron-buckled plates, invented by Mr. Mallet, which have done such good service on Westminster-bridge. For the hill-roads in India the bridges constructed on Mr. Sedley's new system seem well adapted.

A NEW RUBBER CEMENT.—We have purchased rubber cement of different makers but have found none so inexpensive or that dries so rapidly as a kind made with benzine in the following manner:—Cut virgin or native rubber with a wet knife into the thinnest possible slices, and with shears divide these into threads as fine as fine yarn; the finer it is divided the better the cement and quicker made. Put a small quantity of the shreds (say one-tenth or less of the capacity of the bottle), into a wide-mouthed bottle, and fill it three-quarters full with benzine of good quality, perfectly free from oil—such as may be procured at any paint shop. The rubber will swell up almost immediately, and in a few days, especially if often shaken, assume the consistency of honey, with a thick sediment at the bottom, which does no harm. Of course it must be kept well corked except at the time of using. If it incline to remain in undissolved masses, more benzine must be added; but if too thin and watery, it needs more rubber. A piece of solid rubber of the bulk of a walnut will make a pint, more or less, of the cement of proper consistency. This cement dries in a few minutes, and by using three coats in the usual manner, will unite leather straps, patches, rubber soles, backs of books, etc., with exceeding firmness. It succeeds perfectly if benzine free from oil is used in making it; while chloroform is twenty times more expensive, and cannot result in a better product.

HEIRS TO THE RUSSIAN THRONE.

SIR.—Will you allow me through your columns to correct a slight historical error which has appeared in several of the newspapers, and which was inserted in *THE LONDON READER*—viz., that there has been no instance of the death of an heir to the Russian throne since 1233?

I remember that several rather notable instances are recorded in the history of Russia at periods subsequent to that date. The eldest son of Ivan the Great (1468—1505), who was also called Ivan, died nine years before his father, and his physician Leo was put to death for not having succeeded in saving his life. He had served with distinction in the war in which Russia emancipated herself from the Tartar supremacy, and left an only child, Demetrius, who on the death of his grandfather was deposed by his uncle, Basil IV., and died miserably in a dungeon. The second son of Ivan the Great also died before his father, in 1502. He had been defeated in a battle against the Poles, and his father was so enraged that he is said to have put him to death with his own hand.

Ivan the Terrible (1535—1584) lost his eldest son at the age of two years. His next son, Ivan, who consequently became heir to the throne, died from the effects of a blow which his father had given him with his iron staff or sceptre, when he knelt down before him to try and calm the anger he had excited by pleading for mercy towards some of Ivan's subjects. A favourite who stood by seized the Czar's arm, to prevent him from administering a second blow, but Ivan violently shook him off, and again raising his staff, laid the Czarovitch at his feet bathed in blood. This sight instantly calmed his fury. He sprang from his throne, and kneeling down by the side of the young prince, tried to stop the blood which flowed from a deep wound. "Wretch that I am," he exclaimed, "I have slain my son!" And he watched by him from morning to night till he expired, four days afterwards, in great suffering.

This event is mentioned in the journal of Sir Jerome Horsey, who was then accredited at the court of Moscow as ambassador from Queen Elizabeth, and in a book called "The Russe Commonwealth," written by Dr. Giles Fletcher, who was sent to Russia about the same time, as agent to the Russia Company and Mercantile Association in Moscow.

Dr. Fletcher says:—"That the Emperor meant his son no mortal harm when he gave him the blow, as may appear by his mourning and passion after his son's death, which never left him till it brought him to the grave. Wherein may be marked the justice of

God, that punished his delight in shedding of blood with this murder of his son by his own hand, and so ended his days and his tyranny together, with the murdering of himself by extreme grief for this unhappy and unnatural act."

Sir Jerome Horsey adds, speaking of the Czarovitch, "But the kingdom had the greatest loss, the hope of their comfort, a wise, mild, and most worthy prince, of hereditary condition, of comely presence, twenty-three years of age, beloved and lamented of all men." This Czarovitch left a widow, but no children.

In the reign of Theodore I. (1584—1598), the feeble son and successor of Ivan the Terrible, the heir to the throne, his younger brother Demetrius, was murdered, or mysteriously disappeared, when residing with his mother at a distance from Moscow. He was the innocent cause of several insurrections in different parts of the empire, led by various pretenders, each of whom assumed his name.

In the reign of Boris Godunoff (1598—1605), the Emperor's eldest son, Ivan, died several years before his father, and the cause assigned by the German physicians who attended him was that, when suffering from a wasting disease, his father caused him to be taken into a church, though it was winter, where prayers were being offered up for his recovery, and the priests sprinkled him or immersed him in consecrated water, which actually froze as it dropped upon the pavement.

Alexis, the eldest son of the Czar Alexis Romanoff (the father of Peter the Great), died before his father, in the year 1671; and the unhappy fate of the Czarovitch Alexis, the eldest son of Peter the Great, is almost too well known to need further mention. He had been condemned to death by a special tribunal for conspiring against his father, and died in prison the night before the execution was appointed to take place. Many believe that he was poisoned, but the cause officially given was that, on hearing of the sentence which had been passed upon him, he fell into convulsive fits, of which he at last expired. Some of the Russian writers have declared that Peter never actually intended to have the sentence carried into effect, but had only allowed it to be passed to justify himself in altering the direct line of succession, as he considered his eldest son quite incapable and unwilling to carry out his plans for the aggrandizement and improvement of Russia; but this must always remain a matter of doubt.

The melancholy category closes with the prince just departed, whose funeral cortege has so lately touched on the English shores. He died under very different circumstances to most of his predecessors, and was a striking but not very usual example of most perfect harmony and affection between a sovereign and his heir.

DIAPYSALELE.

THE PARSONS GUN.

A TRIAL of the Parsons gun has recently been made at Gavre, in France, by direction of the Emperor Napoleon, and it has shown extraordinary strength and endurance. The gun was originally an ordinary smooth-bore cast-iron 30-pounder, and it was converted into a 100-pounder rifled gun by the insertion of a reinforced lining tube of homogeneous metal. The weight of the gun when altered was a little over three tons, about one-fourth of which was homogeneous metal. It sustained upwards of a thousand rounds without detriment, 500 of which were with a charge of 16 lbs. of powder and a 100-lb. projectile. It is stated that this result has not been surpassed, if equalled, by any gun yet made, even though composed entirely of steel or wrought iron; and if we compare it with the performance of guns in this country of about the same weight and calibre, this statement appears to be justified.

For instance, in the report of the Committee on Ordnance, we find a long list of 110-pounder Armstrong guns, made entirely of coiled wrought-iron, and weighing over four tons, which have failed at various stages between 57 and 383 rounds, with charges only of 12 lbs. of powder and 118-lb. projectiles; and two Whitworth 60-pounders, also weighing four tons each, one of which failed at the eighty-first round with 12 lbs. of powder and a 70-lb. projectile, and the other at the thirteenth. It is, perhaps, hardly fair, however, to make a comparison with these early guns, as probably they had defects which have since been remedied; but this cannot be said of the Armstrong and Whitworth competitive guns, which no doubt embody all the improvements available up to the latest date. These guns weigh three-and-three-quarter tons, and are made entirely of steel and wrought-iron; the first has a calibre of 6" 5, the same as the Parsons gun, the Whitworth being of rather less calibre. Both these guns have shown a very creditable amount of endurance with charges of 10 lbs. of powder and 70-lb. projectiles, and with occasional charges of 12 lbs. and 14 lbs.; but this will bear no comparison to the charge of 16 lbs. of powder

and a 100-lb. projectile sustained continuously by the Parsons gun, especially when it is remembered that it is of less weight by three-fourths of a ton.

An estimate of the comparative cost is still more in favour of the Parsons gun. The cost of the wrought-iron and steel guns may be taken at £150 per ton, the price of a three and three-quarter ton gun would therefore be about £560, whereas the price of the Parsons gun, which is composed three-fourths of cast-iron, could not amount to more than £60 or £70 per ton, so that a three-ton gun would cost about £200. This would do as much, and more, work than a gun made of steel and wrought-iron on our present system costing £560, thus effecting a saving of 65 per cent., which, if calculated on the millions of money that it will be necessary to spend in guns during the next ten years, will be found to amount to a very pretty little sum that the nation will not be sorry to save.

FACETIE.

"I'll take the responsibility," as Jenks said when he held out his arms for the baby.

A MARRIED gentleman, present at a rapping circle, being informed that the power depended wholly on the will, begged that his wife might try it, as he had never seen anything resist her will.

A JOLLY Jack Tar having strayed into a menagerie to look at the wild beasts, was struck with the sight of a lion and a tiger in the same den. "Why, Jack," said he to a menagerie, who was chewing his quid in silent amusement, "I should not wonder if next year they were to carry about a sailor and a marine living peaceably and quietly together." "Ay," said his married companion, "or a man and wife!"

HATED BOTH.

"Did you attend church to-day?" said a planter to his late slave.

"Sartin, sar," was the reply; "and what two awful big stories dat preacher did tell!"

"What stories were they?"

"Why he tell the people no man can serve two masters; now dis is de fust story, kase you see once I serve you, my old massa, and also young Massa John. Den de preacher says he will love de one, and hate de odder, while de Lord knows how I hated yo both!"

DAVID AND WELLINGTON.—During David's exile at Brussels, the Duke of Wellington called on him, and said: "Monsieur David, I have called to have my portrait taken by the illustrious painter of Leonidas at Thermopylae." David, eyeing fiercely the man who had humbled his country, and dethroned her emperor, replied: "Sir, I cannot paint the English!"

At Boston, in Lincolnshire, there is an old charter, or custom, whereby the mayor of the borough is at liberty, during Lent, to take a couple of eggs out of every basketful exposed for sale in the market. For many years the mayors have refrained from exercising this privilege, and it was thought to have become obsolete. The present incumbent, however, has insisted on his right, to the great indignation of the people, who propose to disregard the old adage, and put all their eggs in one basket.

"HARDLY KNEW YOU."

A MAIDEN lady, residing in great seclusion, had not been to church for several years; but, on the accession of a small property, she bought herself a new bonnet, shawl, and dress, with the appropriate gloves, boots, etc., and appeared on the following Sabbath in a style which almost destroyed her identity with the hitherto shabby and hopeless old maid.

Just as she was walking up the aisle, and as every eye seemed to be turned upon her, the choir commenced singing an anthem, the burden of which was "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" The indignant spinster retraced her steps down the aisle in high dudgeon, exclaiming:

"Hardly knew you, indeed! Why, this is not the first time I've been dressed up. 'Hardly knew you!' I don't come here again very soon!"

THERE'S MANY A CHANGE IN A WINTER DAY.—The late Professor Duncan, of St. Andrew's, was, prior to his appointment to his chair, rector of an academy in Forfarshire. He was particularly reserved in his intercourse with the fair sex, but, in prospect of obtaining a professorship, he ventured to make proposals to a lady. They were walking together, and the important question was put without preliminary sentiment or note of warning. Of course the lady replied by a gentle "No!" The subject was immediately dropped; but the parties soon met again. "Do you remember," at length said the lady, "a question you put to me when we last met?" The Professor said that he remembered. "And do you remem-

ber my answer, Mr. Duncan?" "Oh! yes," said the professor. "Well, Mr. Duncan," proceeded the lady, "I have been led, on consideration, to change my mind." "And so have I," drily responded the professor. He maintained his bachelorship to the close.

PROGRESS AT HIGH PRICES.

We're rejoicing in old-fashioned weather,
But we live in a new-fashioned day;
Is it better or worse, altogether,

Then the past that has vanished away?
Less than we our progenitors traded

In construction, and texture, and store,
And we make much more money than they did,
But we have to pay very much more.

We've repealed a vast load of taxation,
From all trammels to set Commerce free;

But prices rises on that operation,
As when duty is taken off tea.

Bread is cheap; gutta serena, and supple
India-rubber at small cost abound!

But now fowls are nine shillings a couple,
And beef's more than a shilling a pound.

There is cheap stuff for claret that passes,
But good port's inaccessible dear,

With regard to the drink of the masses,
You can hardly get any good beer.

The cigar that at threepence was sold,
Can't be had under double that figure;

While it costs twice as much as of old,
Neither better the weed is, nor bigger.

Ways and means of investing your cash
At much profit, once few, now are many,

If you just run the risk of a smash,
With the chance of not getting back any.

Rate of interest higher you'll find,
If you take no account of futurity,

Nor bear Wellington's maxim in mind,
That good interest means bad security.

There are railways, increasing old towns,
Forming new ones round every station;

But they've cut up the fields and the downs,
And disfigured the face of the nation.

And there now is a project on foot
To make Oxford materially greater

By a Factory, smirching with soot
The grey piles of that fair Alma Mater!

Manufactures and arts, bearing fruit,
Have extended, but refuse deliver,

With the sewage of towns, to pollute
Every once crystal streamlet and river;

Bleach the herbage and blacken the air
With the foul acrid smoke that they vomit,

Which you, but for his hue might compare
To the tail of a pestilence comet.

They have poisoned the grayling and trout;
They have nearly destroyed all the salmon.

Thus it is, with high wages, no doubt,
We are paid for the service of Mammon.

To our new ways, advanced on our old,
Some advantages, doubtless, are owing,

We are getting a great deal of gold;
Very well, but oh! where are we going?

Punch.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON MOONLIGHT.—The *Sacramento Union* quotes the following from the *Carson Post*:—"The following is said to have been read in one of our city schools:—"Twas a calm, still night; the moon's pale light shone soft o'er hill and dale. Not a breeze stirred; not a leaf stirred; not a dog stirred; not a horse stirred; not a man stirred; not an owl stirred; not a hog stirred; not a cow stirred; not a sheep stirred; not a cat stirred; not a mouse stirred; not a hen stirred; not even a goose stirred." Here the teacher interrupted with the observation that the composition appeared to relate more to agriculture than moonlight."

On a Sabbath evening, very recently, a minister from a distance was officiating in a well-known church in Belfast. A stranger, who sat right opposite to the preacher, appeared at least not to be captivated by the eloquence of the pulpit, for he frequently pulled out his watch as if measuring the time for his departure. Just as he was in the act of examining his timepiece for the fourth or fifth time, the pastor, with great earnestness, was urging the truth upon the conscience of his hearers. "Young man," said he, "how is it with you?" whereupon the young man with the gold repeater bawled out in hearing of nearly the whole congregation, "A quarter past eight." As may be supposed, the gravity of the assembly was very much disturbed for a time.

WOMAN'S VOICE.—"The voice of woman, gentlemen," said a swaggering individual in an argument, "the voice of woman, no matter how much some of you may be inclined to sneer at the sentiment, exercises a soothing, an inspiring, a hallowing influence upon

the ear of man; comforts him in affliction, encourages him in dismay, and banishes from his mind all those troubles which, when she is absent, conspire to sink him into the depths of despondency."—"Tom! you rascal!" exclaimed his wife, bursting at this instant into the room, "come home, you loitering scamp, and leave these worthless fellows to themselves. Oh! when I get you home, won't you catch it?"

WEIGHING THE WEIGHTS.—A South African paper states that a wool farmer who came into town lately to sell his wool, having heard that there had been an assizing of weights for four years, went into a store and brought up the subject of weighing people. Stepping on the platform scale, he said, "I wonder what I weigh now?" His weight was quickly read off; a few similar trials were made, and away he went to the next store, and so on to others. When he came back he knew who had the lightest weights, and there he went with his wool.

WEST'S AMBITION.

His notions of a painter, at this time, were also very grand, as the following characteristic anecdote will show:

One of his schoolfellows allured him on a half-holiday from school, to take a ride with him in a neighbouring plantation.

"Here is the horse, bridled and saddled," said the boy, "so, come, get up behind me."

"Behind you!" said Benjamin; "I will ride behind nobody."

"Oh, very well," replied the other; "I will ride behind you; so mount."

He mounted accordingly, and away they rode.

"This is the last ride I shall have for some time," said his companion; "to-morrow I am to be apprenticed to a tailor."

"A tailor!" exclaimed West; "you will surely never be a tailor?"

"Indeed, but I shall," replied the other; "it is a good trade. What do you intend to be, Benjamin?"

"A painter."

"A painter! What sort of a trade is a painter? I never heard of it before?"

"A painter," said West, "is the companion of kings and emperors."

"You are surely mad," said the embryo tailor.

"And do you really intend to be a tailor?"

"Indeed I do; there is nothing surer."

"Then you may ride alone," said the future companion of kings and emperors, leaping down; "I will not ride with one who is willing to be a tailor!"

THE DOCTOR'S DEGREE.—When the Rev. Dr. B. obtained the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, a farmer in the parish took an early opportunity of stating the news to his shepherd, with whom the minister was a particular favourite. "You will be glad to hear, John, that the University of St. Andrews has conferred on our minister a doctor's degree." "I am no ways surprised at that," said the shepherd, "mair than twenty years syne he cured my wife's colic. He should have been a doctor lang syne!"

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

(From the *Zoological Gazette*.)

The elephants residing in the Regent's Park packed up their trunks last Saturday, and started for their favourite watering-place, namely, the big pond at the back of their residence.

The two seals have been receiving company last week as usual, but, in consequence of the heat, they have remained under water more than usual while receiving it.

The frog who would a-wooing go, having returned after his honeymoon, has been handsomely entertaining a select circle of friends, who have joined the happy couple in a nightly game of Croquet.—*Punch*.

IN-CHOIR WITHIN.—We are assured by the editor of the *Papermaker's Journal* that the reason why no cathedral is considered complete without a couple of dozen choristers in white surplices is that there must always be twenty-four sheets in a quire, or place where they sing.—*Fun*.

AT THE ACADEMY.

Mr. Emerald Green (to altered one, artfully):—"What do you think of that little bit? Rather badly hung, eh?"

Adored One:—"Oh, it's a horrid dandy! I would it they hung it at all!"

[Agony! It is Mr. E. G.'s own.]—*Fun*.

EMIGRATION EXTRAORDINARY.—In consequence of the extreme heat of the weather, all the Coolies have gone to Chill.—*Fun*.

TUNNY FISH.—This fish, which, when it is killed, is much esteemed in France as a hors d'œuvre or relish, is generally rather scarce, but recently an enormous quantity were taken in the waters of a little fishing village called Sausset, between Port de Bouc and

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Marseilles, and accounts from the last named place say that the number brought to market there has been about fifteen hundred a day, and that the quantity remaining still in the *madrague*, or great net used for catching this fish at Sausset, is so great that it is feared a large portion will be lost for want of means of preserving the fish quickly enough. The single haul at which all these fish were taken is believed to have yielded about 40,000 francs (£1,600) to the society of fishermen at Sausset, and that after a certain amount is withdrawn, according to established custom, for the reserved funds of the society, each fisherman will have about £24 for his share of the proceeds.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

TO PRESERVE MILK.—Take bottles perfectly clean and thoroughly dry, into which, if possible, let the cow be milked. As the bottles are filled, cork them, and wire down. Then spread a little straw at the bottom of your boiler, put in the bottles, fill the boiler with cold water, heat until it boils, then slacken the fire until the water is cold again; then remove the bottles, pack in hampers with dry straw and sawdust. The milk so preserved will keep good for eighteen months.

TRACING-PAPER.—Open a quire of "double-crown" tissue-paper, and brush the first sheet with a mixture of mastic varnish and oil of turpentine, equal parts; proceed with each sheet similarly, and dry them on lines by hanging them up singly. As the process goes on, the under sheets absorb a portion of the varnish, and require less than if single sheets were brushed separately. The inventor of this varnish for tracing-paper received a medal and premium from the Royal Society. It leaves the paper quite light and transparent; it may readily be written on, and drawings traced with a pen are permanently visible. Used by journeymen to draw out lines. The paper is placed on the drawing, which is clearly seen, and an outline is made taking care to hold the tracing-paper steady. In this way elaborate drawings are easily copied.

OXYGEN.

OXYGEN, in its native condition, is a gas or air. It floats freely in the atmosphere, forming, by measure, above one-fifth of the whole, and by weight a much larger proportion. It is the vital principle in the air—that which supports both life and flame; the support of each of which is more nearly allied to each other (as we shall see ere long) than most people think. But though it floats freely in the air, oxygen is never found there alone. If it were so, flame and life would burn with too much energy and rapidity. It is always diluted with another gaseous element, called nitrogen, in the proportion of twenty-one parts of the former to seventy-nine of the latter. There are also small and varying quantities of other gases and vapours in the air; but these quantities of its chief components are always constant, whether the air be light or heavy, expanded or compressed.

Oxygen exists also abundantly in water. There it is not free, but chemically combined or united with hydrogen; two elements thus combined always forming a very different substance from what either of them is alone. Oxygen will mix with hydrogen as gas; but wherever they may be in the proportions of two-thirds, by measure, of hydrogen and one-third of oxygen, they have such an affinity or liking that, if a spark or flame come in contact with them, they will explode, and, uniting together, form water; existing in that state in many thousand times less space than they occupied as gas or air. Thus water is oxygen and hydrogen united or married, and flame is the priest that marries them. And fire will unite oxygen with many other elements besides hydrogen. In fact, either by that or other means, it may be made chemically to unite with at least sixty-three out of the sixty-five elements which have been discovered. And in such union it exists abundantly on the surface of the earth, forming about one-half of its solid crust, or outer surface, as far as man has penetrated.

Oxygen, however, when thus married, is far from being a faithful spouse. Its restlessness, and the preference it gives to one element over another, causes it to be continually seeking fresh combinations. Thus, when it is quietly settled down in water, the water may be set on fire by throwing a piece of potassium in it; because the nearest particles of oxygen leave the hydrogen, with which in water they were combined, to unite by flame with the potassium, which they like better, and form potash. And thus, in a quieter way, if iron be thrown into water, oxygen will leave the hydrogen and seize upon the outer particles, to form oxide of iron (rust), though this process goes on much more rapidly in damp air, where the oxygen was free. And a volume might be written upon the uses to which this oxide of iron is turned,

for it forms the red, orange, and yellow colouring of sands, and clays, and marbles, and the pigments of many paints. It gives strength to vegetables, and through them to animal frames, where it is distinctly traced, as the colouring matter of the blood; and, in fine, supplies the warm and glowing tints of nearly all outward nature.

Restless, however, as oxygen is generally, its union with some elements, especially some of the less known metals, is hard to be severed. This is the case with calcium, aluminum, sodium, magnesium, and potassium, which are only met with in a pure state after having passed through the laboratory of the chemist; because oxygen likes them so well that they can scarcely be parted. To these firm combinations we are indebted for clay, sand, lime; yea, nearly all our earths, which are really only, for the most part, oxides of other elements. Their changes—nay, their very existence—are due to the preference which oxygen gives to one element over another, and to its restless seeking for new combinations; and by it nearly all the material operations of nature, slow or rapid, minute or grand, are carried into effect.

SEEK FOR IT.

DARKLY hid beneath the quarry,
Masons, many a true block lies;
Hands must shape and hands must carry,
Ere the Overseer will prize.
Seek for it, measure it,
Fashion it, polish it;
Then the Overseer will prize.

What though shapeless, rough, and heavy,
Think ye God his work will lose?
Raise the block with strength he gave ye,
Fit it for the Master's use.
Seek for it, measure it,
Fashion it, polish it;
Then the Overseer will use.

'Twas for this our fathers banded—
Through life's quarries they did roam;
Faithful-hearted, skilful-handed,
Bearing many a true block home.
Noticing, measuring,
Fashioning, polishing,
For the glorious temple-home!

GEMS.

SOME people are ever sighing over glorious dreams for ever fled, grandeur and happiness passed away; pining for the return of hours gone by. Let them only look hopefully to the future, and life will become a pleasant journey.

TRUE happiness must be found in one's own bosom. The foundation of it must be laid by a diligent and persevering cultivation of a spirit of contentment, under all circumstances, and in every vicissitude of life.

WISE PROVERBS.

Confession of a fault makes half amends for it.
Better to go to bed supperless than to rise in debt.
Good to begin well, better to end well.
Envy never enriched any one.
Fall not out with a friend for a trifle.
In time of prosperity friends will be plenty;
In time of adversity not one amongst twenty.

LOOK out of your door, take notice of that man: see what disquieting, intriguing and shifting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain dealing; three grains of honesty would save him all this trouble—alas! he has them not.

THE common fluency of speech in many men and women is owing to a scarcity of words; for whoever is master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas, common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready; so people come faster out of church when it is nearly empty than when a crowd is at the door.

QUEER CUSTOM.—It was an ancient custom, from the time of Charlemagne until nearly 1830, that every traveller who came to St. Goar, on the Rhine, for the first time, should submit to a mock imprisonment at the hands of his fellow-travellers, from which he could escape only by further submitting to the baptism of water, or of wine. If he chose the first, a pitcher of the Rhine water was poured over his head; if the second, he was obliged to empty at one draught a huge beaker of wine to the health of Charlemagne, of the Queen of England, the reigning duke, and the company. The rules of the order of Merry Fellows were then read to him, his brows were encircled with a

gilded crown, and he was admitted to the right of fishing at the Lorelei, and of hunting on the banks, two valuable privileges, with the slight drawback that neither place was accessible. Finally, the new member was obliged to make a contribution to the poor, and have his name inscribed in the records of the order.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A YOUNG man named Lawson, son of a working silversmith of Oxford, is the winner in the Dublin lottery of the ex-Lady Mayoress's state chariot, horses, and harness, value 400 guineas.

At the Mansion House, Messrs. Kitchen and Turnbull were fined £27 each for placing upon three pockets of hops a false description of the place where they were grown, with intent to defraud.

THE *Sheffield Independent* states that the amount of damage done by the bursting of the Bradfield Reservoir is £327,000. Of this sum £14,073 is for loss of life and bodily injury, and of the remainder, £276,824 is for injury to business and property.

FROM a Melbourne journal, the *Australasian*, we learn that there is a silk-worm native to the Australian continent. It feeds on the leaves of the gum trees, and its silk is said to be exceedingly fine and lustrous.

WE are informed that at the present time it is necessary to examine gold coinage, as several sovereigns have been detected which have clearly undergone some chemical sweating, and been thereby reduced in value to the extent of two shillings and more.

JOHN FROST, the once celebrated Chartist, completed his eighty-first year on Thursday, May 26th. Though so old a man, yet his health is unimpaired, and he is now as hale and hearty as he was thirty years ago. He resides at Pontypool, and has been for some time engaged on his autobiography.

A PARIS correspondent of the *Journal de Geneve* says: "I send you a very curious fact. M. Plon, the publisher of the *Life of Caesar*, printed 140,000 copies of the first edition. He is said to have not yet got rid of more than 22,000, and he complains bitterly. They are waiting for the Emperor in order to issue at five francs the edition which still costs ten francs."

THE oil wells in Barmah, India, it is estimated, have been yielding their present supply of 800,000 barrels per annum at least 100 years, amounting during that period to about 80,000,000 barrels, English measure. These, if arranged, would form a continuous line of oil barrels 27,300 miles long. Oil wells also exist in Persia, and, it is said, have lately been discovered near the Sea of Azof, while on the island of Samos they existed 500 years before the Christian era.

THE REVEREND E. KNEEL exhibited, at a meeting of the Literary and Photographical Society, held at the Hartley Institution, Southampton, some curious specimens of ancient Roman workmanship, recently dug up from the site of the old Roman station of Vindomis, near Andover. There have been great disputes as the site of Vindomis, some antiquarians fixing it at Basingstoke and others at Silchester. The Rev. Mr. Knell has just discovered the site of a mediæval glass manufactory in Western Hampshire.

HOW THE MONEY GOES.—There are unobtrusive paragraphs to be seen from time to time which cause reflecting people to think our affairs are not in the wisest of all possible management. This week we learn that the thousands of pounds spent on the Basset Lighthouse, on the coast of Ceylon, might as well have been thrown into the mid-Atlantic. Last month about £50,000 worth of the Alderney Breakwater was swept into the sea; the week before a lot of money sank into the mud on the shores of the Medway. Shall we say a word of the golden foundations laid at Portsmouth? Prodigality and stinginess are brothers, and so Parliament votes £5,000 to begin the Cork Dockyard, and £50,000 to fortify Quebec.

LOST PICTURE FOUND.—M. Triccia, of Florence, a painter and restorer of pictures, has made a fortunate discovery. He was engaged by an amateur to examine a collection of miscellaneous matter, when he discovered a large canvas, eight feet long and more than six feet high, which struck him immediately as a work of importance, and he succeeded, after some trouble, in deciphering the name of the painter, "Luca Signorelli." Such a work is specially mentioned by Vasari, who says that Signorelli visited Florence to study the great masters of that school, and painted for Lorenzo de Medici a picture called "The Naked Gods," which had a very high reputation. Vasari adds, "we have no information whatever about the fate of this picture." M. Triccia declares that there is no doubt that the work which he found neglected in a loft is that to which the critic refers.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. M. F.—We shall not lose sight of your request.

CLAPHAM.—The character of the handwriting is more masculine than feminine.

LIZZIE ANNE.—The Queen's printers are Eyre and Spottiswoode, of New Street Square.

MARIAN R.—We regret that we cannot avail ourselves of the lines entitled "My Willie," which are declined with thanks.

X. L.—The Royal Academy dates back to 1768. There is a catalogue published, from which you will obtain the further information desired.

LINDA.—In words which come to us from the French, *ch*, as a general rule, is sounded *sch*; consequently "chaperon" should be pronounced *shaperon*, not *kaperon*.

H. H.—A gift or annuity to a married woman generally secures to her the sole enjoyment and sole power over it, during marriage, and so often as marriage is contracted.

J. G.—who is twenty years of age, tall, and has brown hair and eyes, would (with a view to matrimony) be happy to correspond with a young lady who has some musical ability.

MINNIE.—The designation may, perhaps, be derived as an affectionate diminutive from the French *mignonne*, or "little darling"; which is very similar to the Latin *Mabel*, signifying "lovely."

ALICE.—When visiting or paying a morning call, and another visitor is announced, it will be proper to retire, unless you are on intimate terms with host and hostess and the new comer.

B. C.—We doubt very much whether the desired object would be accomplished by levying a tax upon bachelors now-a-days; though such a tax was imposed in 1693, again in 1735, and in 1796.

OCTOBER.—The practical test of the receipt may be very easily made; and if one application does not remove the warts, why, in all probability, a little perseverance will attain the desired result.

A. A. M.—The Adelphi buildings in the Strand were erected in 1770. They were the property of two brothers named Adams, and in the Latin name "Adelphi" the former fact is signified.

EDW. R.—Yes; the affirmation of persons belonging to the persuasion of Quakers is "sufficient for any purpose whatsoever," instead of an oath; and has been legally made so, we think, for about forty years.

D. L. KING.—There is now no such officer as Lord High Admiral of England. The office is discharged by a commission, or board. The last Lord High Admiral was the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV.

GEORGE H.—who is nineteen years of age, 5 ft 3 in. in height, very dark hair and complexion, offers himself as a candidate for the heart and hand of any young lady, who is fair, and about his own age. *Curtis* to be exchanged.

T. A.—No, certainly not. The terms "black man" and "negro" are by no means synonymous. The pure negro of the woolly head is found in a very limited area of the American continent; whilst black men are scattered over Asia and Africa.

MINERVA.—We beg to differ from you: we do think rather favourably of the sketch entitled "First Love;" but do not see how we can avail ourselves of it. It is therefore declined, with many thanks, both for it and accompanying good wishes.

S. P.—The distinction is this:—Our necessities develop the intellect, but the passions are the principle or cause of everything great which man performs, whether good or bad. Great poets, heroes, conquerors, and criminals, are men of strong passions.

IRENE, who is tall and fair, with hazel eyes, and brown hair, is considered extremely good-looking, and, as the daughter of a highly-respectable tradesman, has tolerable expectations, wishes to correspond matrimonially with a tall, dark gentleman.

B. R.—Probate of a will made in the county of Warwick is granted by the district registrar at Birmingham. If the will has been deposited in Doctors' Commons, you can obtain a copy (unless it is a very long one) for about £1. (See also answer to "A Sufferer.")

ALEX. Y.—You are quite correct in asserting that the word "adieu" comes from the French; but wrong in supposing that the expression originated in that language. It is only a shorter form of the Latin farewell—*ad deum* (I commend you to God).

BELLA ST. MAUR.—The following is considered a good remedy for heartburn, if taken occasionally:—Mix the juice of an orange with sufficient loaf sugar to flavour, and after mixing these together in a tumblerful of water, add a little carbonate of soda. Drink while effervescent.

ALEXANDER FORSTH.—It is rather a difficult question as to which is the most important of the senses; but from the remotest time, touch has been generally so considered: it has indeed by some been said to be the cause of human reason. This idea you will find expressed in the writings of Buffon and others. Buffon, in particular gives such importance to the sense of touch, that he thought one man had little more ability than another, except in so far as he had been in the habit of making use of his hands. But our own opinion is that the touch does not possess any very

great importance above the other senses; for if it in certain cases assists the eye or the ear, it receives aid from them in others; and there seems no sound reason to believe that it exerts in the brain ideas of a higher order than those which are produced by the other senses.

MADAME VERNET.—To prevent the thinning and falling off of the hair, the following is a good pomade:—Beef suet, one ounce; oil of origanum and bergamot, each ten drops; tincture of cantharides, one teaspoonful. Melt the suet, and when nearly cold, stir in the other ingredients: use when wet.

MINNIE, who is twenty-eight years of age, 5 ft 5 in. in height, has blue eyes and brown hair, is considered passable, and is thoroughly domesticated, would be happy to correspond with a gentleman between the age of thirty and forty (a widower not objected to), with a view to matrimony.

C. O. M.—Light is an excessively subtle fluid, which emanates from the bodies called luminous, as the sun, the fixed stars, &c. It is composed of atoms which move with a prodigious velocity, it being computed that a ray of light passes through about eighty thousand leagues of space in a second.

A SUFFERER.—If executors or trustees deposit money in a bank in the ordinary discharge of their duty, and the bank fail, the executors are not liable for the loss. But if, on the failure of a bank, it be found that the trust money was placed to the executor's own credit, or mixed with his own money, he is liable for the loss.

FAITH.

Away to the golden sunset
In the shadows long and deep,
Afar in the misty clouds I see
The face of a child asleep.

Her brow is pure as the lilies white
That open on the lighted lake,
And her hair, in shaded, waving folds,
Into golden sunbeams breaks.

The smile of heaven is on her face,
In her peaceful silent rest;
She seemeth to me as once I loved,
With her white hands on her breast.

In the holy twilight's shadowy calm,
When the peaceful hours have come,
I see her face in the embers bright,
Who hath gone to the beautiful home.

And then, in the dreamy hours of night
Her form beside me stands,
I feel her light breath on my face,
And the touch of her childish hands.

I see her ever in my dreams,
On the hills, by the sounding sea;
In the forest glades and the opening flowers,
And I know she will come for me.

H. M.

J. P.—A simple and harmless application for the removal of scurf is to be had by mixing a lump of fresh quick-lime of the size of a walnut in a pint of water. Let stand to settle ten or twelve hours, then strain off free from sediment, add a quarter of a pint of the best vinegar, and apply to the roots of the hair only.

GEORGE T. HEARTWELL, who is twenty-five years of age, fair, considered, good-looking, about 5 ft 9 in. in height, and an engineer by profession, wishes to correspond matrimonially with a lady, who is younger than himself, respectively connected, musical, and capable of making home happy. (It is suggested that perhaps "A. C. B." would respond.)

PERVART.—If a person die intestate, or without making a will, after payment of debts owing by deceased, his personal property is divided between his wife and issue in the proportion of one-third to the former and the rest to the child or children. There seems, however, to be some complication in the case as stated, and you had better consult a solicitor.

DEAC G.—You may use, to allay the skin irritation and remove the spots, an ointment compounded of two ounces flowers of sulphur, four ounces hog's lard, half-an-ounce white hellebore powder, and sixty drops oil of lavender. Or you may use a lotion made with two drachms hydrochlorate of potash, and eight ounces distilled water. To both you; other questions, yes.

ALFRED, who is twenty years of age, 5 ft 4 in. in height, fair, and has blue eyes, desires, with a view to matrimony, to form the acquaintance of a young lady, who has an amiable disposition and good temper, is domesticated, prepossessing in appearance, has brown hair and blue eyes, and who would not object to at least two years' courtship. Handwriting requires practice.

A. S., who is twenty-five years of age, rather tall, has a fine figure, and is possessed of some money, the result of economy, may be happy to obtain an introduction to some respectable and deserving tradesman who is in search of a good wife. Good looks not stipulated for; but respondent should not be short, nor under twenty-five years of age; and a widower not objected to.

FRED. H.—There are several preparations for the purpose the following however is a good recipe for making bandoline or fixative pomade for the hair: Gum tragacanth, one drachm and a half; water, half a pint; proof spirit (equal parts of rectified spirit and water, mixed) three ounces; otto of rose, ten drops; soak for twenty-four hours, and strain. (Colour of hair: "F. H." light brown; "S. A. J." ordinary brown.)

WIESBADEN.—Any one of the "monks of old" would have replied to the question of "how to get fat," that it was simply necessary to eat very little meat and a great deal of lenten (or farinaceous) food. In the present day, the regimen for achieving *embonpoint* is equally clear and plain:—The chief item is milk—to the exclusion of all other fluids, as far as possible. It should form a large part of every meal, extending the consumption of chocolate and coffee, of puddings and custards, soup, mashed potatoes, and even bread, says a very recent medical writer on the subject. The same end will be promoted by a free indulgence in cream. Corn-flour is also good as a material for puddings. The quantity of meat need not be large, but bread and

potatoes, the latter mashed with milk, sugar, and butter, should be conspicuous elements in the daily fare. Tea should be almost wholly avoided, or if indulged in, should merely colour the cup, nearly full of milk or cream. A few spoonfuls of rum may be added to the daily quantity of milk; and a moderate quantity of home-brewed ale may also be taken with great advantage.

A. P. A.—If you cannot discharge the claims of your creditors, there is no other course open to you but to submit to a petition of bankruptcy being filed against you by them. You may file a petition yourself, but it must be attested by a solicitor—in fact, the services of a solicitor cannot be dispensed with in bankruptcy proceedings—and the expenses would depend on circumstances, being often a matter of arrangement.

AMELIA and ADA wish to correspond matrimonially with two gentlemen, who must be tall, dark, good-looking, and have good incomes. "Amelia," whose age is twenty-three, is 5 ft 2 in. in height, has brown hair, expressive grey eyes, fair complexion, and very good features. "Ada," who is nineteen years of age, is *petite*, has light brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, and is a good pianist. Both are considered pretty, are well educated, and thoroughly domesticated. *Curtis* de *visite* required as a preliminary.

W. T.—There are many methods of exterminating black beetles. You may place a few small lumps of unsalted lime where they frequent; or set a dish containing a little beer or some syrup at the bottom, placing a few sticks slanting against its sides, so as to form an ascent for the beetles, up which they will creep, to fall headlong into the trap; or mix equal parts of red lead, sugar, and flour, and place it nightly near their haunts. A French chemist, however, has discovered that chloride of lime is the surest extirpator, not only of black beetles, but rats, mice, and all other such "small deer."

HENRY R. and MARTIN W., two friends, whose homes are in the far west of America, and who are on a visit to friends in the old country, would be glad to meet with two young ladies of good attainments and appearance, and of cheerful and kind disposition, with a view to matrimony. They possess sufficient to render life enjoyable, are musical and otherwise well educated. Their plantations are extensive, well cultivated, and situated in one of the loveliest spots of America. They are both dark, well proportioned, and respectively twenty-eight and thirty; and intimacy that they would be happy to hear from "Alice" and "Minnie."

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:—

J. M. and J. R. will be glad to correspond matrimonially with the two cousins, "Alice" and "Minnie."

A. T. O. has no objection to commence a matrimonial correspondence and exchange *cartes* with "Robertus" (No. 182).

Dor's response to "J. K." should have been addressed to "J. R." who is requested to observe the error, and take the reply as for himself instead of "J. K."

EDWARD would be very happy to hear further from "Lillian," matrimonially. (The handwriting would probably be good enough for any public office.)

H. T. wishes to open a matrimonial correspondence and exchange *cartes* with "Maude." Is nineteen years of age, of dark complexion and considered handsome.

SUN, who is eighteen years of age, has dark hair and eyes, would be happy to correspond and exchange *cartes* de *visite* with "Abbie," with a view to matrimony.

T. T. would be happy to correspond with "Eliza," with a matrimonial view. Is twenty-one years of age, rather tall, well educated, of good appearance and belongs to an excellent family.

LIZZIE does not object to correspond matrimonially with "Lonely Will." Is nineteen years of age, of medium height, with dark complexion and hazel eyes. Had a small fortune.

MINNIE, who is nearly nineteen years of age, is 5 ft 4 in. in height, has blue eyes and dark hair, is respectable and considered nice-looking, would like to correspond matrimonially with "Wilhelm."

ELLEN, who is thirty years of age, rather *petite*, dark, and in possession of a small fortune, would be glad to hear further from "Widower," with a view to a matrimonial arrangement.

C. R. wishes to correspond and exchange *cartes* with "Olive" with a view to matrimony. Is nineteen years of age, 5 ft 4 in. in height, dark complexion, considered good-looking, and is in a respectable position.

FLORENCE and GEORGE will be most happy to receive matrimonial communications from "Roberts" and "Henry," and exchange *cartes* de *visite*. "Florence" is eighteen years of age, tall, fair, and considered pretty. "Georgie" is also eighteen years of age and tall, is dark, and prepossessing.

LIZZIE and KATE would be happy to hear matrimonially from "Robert" and "Henry." "Lizzie" is a blonde, and considered handsome; while "Kate" is a brunette, and is also considered handsome. Both are well educated, and thoroughly domesticated.

ANNE R., who is twenty-eight years of age, 5 ft 5 in. in height, has blue eyes and brown hair, is considered passable, of cheerful disposition, thoroughly domesticated, and most respectably connected, is willing, with a view to matrimony, to correspond and exchange *cartes* with "C. W. D."

ANNE would like, with a view to matrimony, to exchange letters and *cartes* with "C. W. D." Is twenty-three years of age, of medium height, rather fair complexion, of general appearance, is highly respectable, thoroughly domesticated, has received a good plain education, without accomplishments, and would make a good and industrious wife.

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London: Printed and Published for the Proprietors, at 314 Strand, by J. E. GILDER.